THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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A. S. Burleson, Postmaster General

JULY 19, 1919

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**In This Number: Mary Roberts Rinehart — Irvin S. Cobb — Hugh Wiley
Gerald Morgan — Baron Rosen — A. Mitchell Palmer — Kennett Harris**

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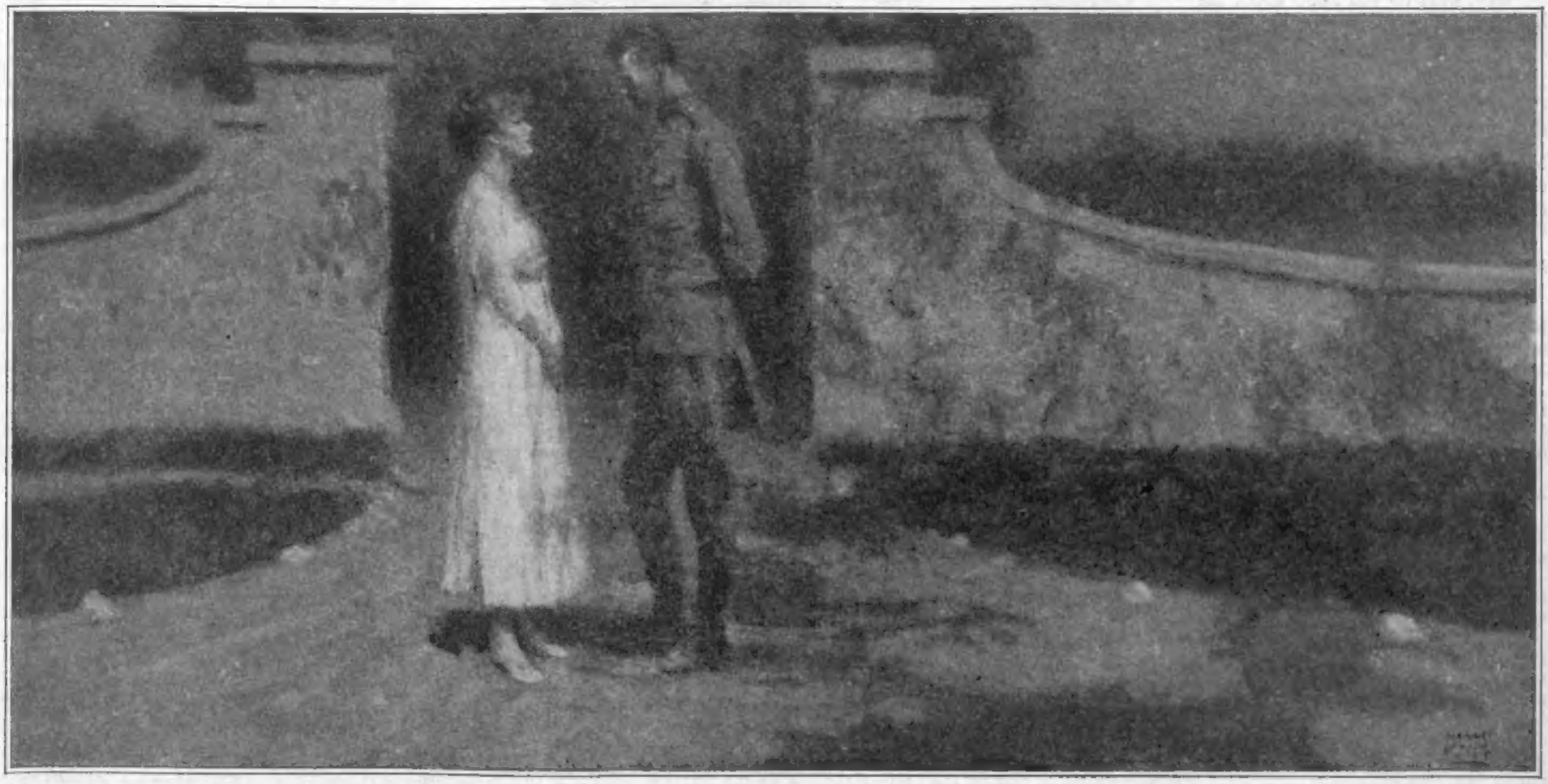
"ÇA NE FAIT RIEN"

A Sergeant Gray Story



He Had Already Said Good-by to Her and if He Hadn't Had a Sense of Humor He Would Probably Have Said a Great Deal More

By Mary Roberts Rinehart

ILLUSTRATED BY HARVEY DUNN

NOW the rivalry between Captain Trowbridge, the general's youngest aide-de-camp—called Tommy by the general when there were no inspectors or other nuisances hanging round—and Sergeant Gray began before they sailed for France. Not that Tommy would have conceded rivalry. The distance vertically between an aide-de-camp and a sergeant is something between the aviation record for altitude and the farthest fixed star.

As for significance and insignificance, there were times when Sergeant Gray felt that he hardly cast a shadow, and numerous instances when Tommy, though in the same room with him, could not see him at all. This fading away of Sergeant Gray had begun with his leaving Harvard and enlisting as a private in the Army, with a sort of Harvard idea of proving that, in spite of certain indications to the contrary, he was really no better than anyone else. But his almost complete erasure—so far as Tommy was concerned—had begun with the affair of the general's niece and the bran muffin.

By thus enlisting he had, of course, expected merely to demonstrate his true democracy; and then after a suitable time to take such training as was deemed necessary and immediately thereafter put on a Sam Browne belt and a silver bar—perhaps two. Probably two. And have a striker to polish his boots, and wear spurs and carry a crop and have people look after him in the street and say: "I'll bet that fellow's some scrapper, what?"

As a matter of honesty, one of the first investments he made after enlisting was in a Sam Browne belt. He kept it locked up in the brown tin trunk under his camp bed, of course, along with the signed photographs of several débutantes and a reserve store of cigarettes and some hand-knitted socks and three pairs of silk pyjamas with his monogram on the pocket, which he hid with a sense of deadly shame. After a day or two with the troop he began to have nightmares about somebody discovering those pyjamas.

But as a matter of fact things slipped up badly. First the Government, unable itself to swank round in anything but sack suits, issued a ban against the military belt, and made a lot of otherwise well set-up and slim young officers—and others—look as though they had dressed in a hurry and forgotten something. Stout generals who had depended for years on the belt rather than on their rectus and oblique muscles suddenly extended in the direction in which they were going and had to have a supplementary hook and eye put on below the lowest button. Thus the Army at one stroke lost all waistline whatever, and a man was likely to find his breeches reaching up to his armpits or clinging perilously to his hip lines, depending on his tailor's taste in figures.

That was the first blow, and Sergeant Gray took it sulkily. During the first meeting of the staff after the aforesaid ruling he voiced his sentiments to the general's horse, which he was in process of polishing to that varnished perfection which generals affect.

"Headquarters looks like a blooming maternity ward," he muttered bitterly.

On top of that came the second blow. No one could enter an officers' training school until he was twenty-one. And Sergeant Gray was exactly twenty years, eight months and three days old.

"Holy mackerel!" he reflected gloomily. "You'd think the Germans were going to ask for our birth certificates. If I'm strong enough to valet twenty horses I guess I could bear up under a Sam Browne belt."

This second blow did something rather terrible for a time to Sergeant Gray. He still loved his country, but he hated the War Department. It had reflected on his manhood.

"Oh, very well," he said to himself. "If I'm too young for responsibility, I'm too young—that's all."

He then proceeded to demonstrate his lack of responsibility for four lively months.

"What the devil has got into the Headquarters Troop, Tommy?" inquired the general pettishly.

"Lot of young porch climbers! If they persist in jumping the M. P.'s somebody's going to get into trouble. The hospital's full of 'em now."

That, however, was before the situation developed between Gray and Tommy and so Tommy merely said: "Not enough to do, sir, probably. Some of them might help at the remount station. Lot of wild horses there now, sir."

"Anybody know anything about horses?"

"I believe Gray does, sir. I understand his people have a ranch in the West, and he plays polo somewhere on Long Island."

"Curious thing, this new Army," observed the general. It was not the first time he had made the remark. The first time was when he had happened on his youngest brother-in-law scrubbing the floor at division headquarters. "But—*c'est la guerre*, Tommy. *C'est la guerre.* Send him in."

So Sergeant Gray came in and the general viewed his tall figure with shrewd and kindly eyes—veiled, however, with the fiercest of eyebrows.

"I understand you know all about horses, sergeant," he said.

"No, sir."

"Humph!" said the general. "Know anything about them?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, what do you know about the horse?"

Sergeant Gray considered.

"Sorry, sir," he apologized. "Afraid I've forgotten most of it. It's a quadruped, of course, sir, belonging to the genus ——"

Here the general, who had a cigarette in one hand and a lighted match in the other, angrily put the match in his pocket and the cigarette on the floor and got up. He was a very large man in several dimensions.

"Don't be funny with me," he snarled. "Don't be funny with me!"

Sergeant Gray looked plaintively misunderstood.

"If the general will only explain what he means, sir," he said. Generals and so on are supposed to be addressed in the third person; see the Manual for Instruction in Military Courtesy.

The general was eying him with the searching glance that comes with the first star on a man's shoulder and so increases with their number that by the time a man has four he can see entirely through the War Department.

"It was you, wasn't it," he inquired, "who sneezed into my horse's ear the other day when I was mounting?"

"It came on me suddenly, sir. One minute I was all right, and the next—I've had a touch of coryza, sir. The dust ——"

The upshot of it was that Gray went temporarily to the remount station and in the intervals taught the Headquarters Troop—which is cavalry—to ride.

He stood, tall and relentless, in the middle of a muddy ring at monkey drill; and round him circled the terrified rookies on unsaddled horses, clutching madly first at manes; then, as they slid inevitably back, gripping with frenzied legs at the hip bones of their mounts; and finally sliding with the slow relentlessness of fate off the rear, giving a last despairing clutch at the tail as they fell into the mud.

"That fellow's got real horsemanship, Tommy," observed the general one day. He had ridden up outside the paddock and, unseen by Gray, was watching the scene. "Good-looking young devil too. Perfect seat. What's he got those horses running for?"

It is unfortunate to have to record that at this moment the general suddenly left his saddle and flew over the paddock fence. One moment he was there, a fine soldierly figure on his English saddle with exactly an eighth of an inch of white collar at the neck of his blouse—and the next moment he was gone.

"Good Lord!" said Tommy.

On the other side of the paddock fence what appeared to be a largish heap of mud stirred and then raised itself to a semisitting posture and attempted to loosen a rope which was inexplicably about its chest. That failing, it cleared away the mud from one eye and mumbled: "What the hell happened to me?"

The one eye, rolling wildly, finally focused on a blue-white young face bent over it.

"I didn't see you, sir," explained Sergeant Gray wildly. "I'm sorry. I can't tell you—let me at the rope, sir."

The general was now sitting up and spitting mud. He said nothing. He moved first one leg and then the other and then stared round him wildly. Through the slats of the paddock fence he could see Tommy, alighted and supporting himself by his horse's neck and torn apparently by emotion. He was quivering from head to foot.

"Nothing hurt, Tommy," said the general finally. "If you can find a hoe or something I should like to open my right eye."

Tommy, thus adjured, took his handkerchief out of his mouth and gulped twice.

"Very well, sir," he said.

The general, still sitting, then turned his gaze on Gray and commenced a sort of monologue which shall here be indicated as follows:

"!!!!!!!?!?!?!?!?——— ?——— ?—— ?"

Sergeant Gray's color came back slowly. After all, if the Old Man could talk like that he wasn't dead or dying. Nobody facing eternity would so risk his soul.

"I was roping them, sir," he said. "I didn't see you. I used to be able to throw a rope fairly well and I—— You were behind the horses, sir," he finished feebly. "I hope you don't think it was intentional. Why I—I might have killed you!"

"There's No Hurry. The Voyage Will Last Ten Days and I'm Prepared to Stand Here Until You Salute Me"

"You've damned half killed me as it is," said the general, carefully standing up.

Then suddenly he began to shake. His vast figure quivered, his breath came in gasps. Sergeant Gray, watching him with dreadful anxiety, heard a deep stentorian rumble interspersed with breathless wheezes. The general was laughing!

"I'd give a million dollars to have seen Tommy's face," he said, and shook again.

There was after that a queer sort of understanding between the general and Sergeant Gray, based as it were on mutual admiration—not unmingled with apprehension. Sometimes there was a little twinkle in the general's eye when Gray's back was turned, though his severity never relaxed. He told the story on himself once or twice at dinners, too, and made a great hit with it, though he always told that Tommy had fainted; and as it was Tommy's duty to go to dinners with him and see that the general was on the hostess' right, with the prettiest débutante in the room next to him, Tommy got rather fed up with it.

"Never knew what struck me," the general would say with his deep-chested rumble. "One minute I was on Sachem and the next I was over the fence and completely buried. Had to be excavated—like a sewer. And there was Tommy, crumpled up in a faint, and this young devil of a Gray digging for me. Only found me by the end of the rope sticking up."

So Sergeant Gray's commission remained in the dim future, and round the barracks he took to humming rather mournfully a song that ran like this:

On his sleeve he wore a piece of ribbon;
He wore it in the summertime and on an August day.
And when they asked him why in hell he wore it—
It stood for his commission, which was far, far away.

The lieutenant inspected all the rifles;
And when he'd done inspecting them he said what he'd to say.
Then all the lit-tle soldier boys were worried—
They knew that their commissions were far, far away.

"Far, far away!" bellowed Sergeant Gray in a plaintive howl like a dog baying at the moon.

Then the division got ready to move and did move eventually. And owing to the wager about a bran muffin, Sergeant Gray met the general's niece and went straight clean crazy about her. The pink hat she wore covered the universe. The world was awheel when she was in her little car. And the depth of his madness about her was exactly the profundity of his jealousy of Tommy. They were held up for a week at the port of debarkation after all; and every day for as many hours as possible Sergeant Gray was mentally on the ground letting her walk on him. And every evening Capt. Tommy Trowbridge took her to the theater or sat on the veranda and spoke plaintively about a fellow's chances over there; and if he didn't come back he wanted her to know that she had meant a lot to him, and that somehow or other he was a changed man the last few days.

"I'll be darned glad," said Peggy's father—her name was Peggy—"when I can sit on my own front porch again and not be mentally assassinated by some young idiot in spurs who wants to rave about never coming back."

But Peggy's mother only smiled and sent the butler out with orangeade and cookies. She knew that they were all little boys really—for all their trappings. And she knew, too, that some of them would not come back.

On the night they were finally to go Sergeant Gray very deliberately went A. W. O. L. for three hours and lurked in the shrubbery round Peggy's house. He had already said good-by to her and if he hadn't had a sense of humor he would probably have said a great deal more. But she had only known him seven days; and all he said to her was that if he didn't come back he wanted her to know that she had meant a lot to him, and that somehow or other he was a changed man the last few days.

So he lurked round the shrubbery—and Tommy was there of course. But so was the general and the elderly divisional chaplain, who was an old family friend; and Gray's fear of a sentimental parting between Tommy and the girl died painlessly. Though even hearing her voice set his heart alternately sinking because of leaving her, and beating one hundred and twenty to the minute at the thought of coming back in a Sam Browne belt, and so forth, and laying his one bar—possibly two, certainly two—at her feet.

Ultimately he wandered back to the camp and was stopped by a sentry. Sergeant Gray was singing.

"The hours I spent with thee, dear heart," he warbled, "are as a string of pearls to me."

"Aw, stop that racket!" said the sentry coldly. "Where's your pass?"

"Each hour a pearl, each pearl a tear," caroled Sergeant Gray. "Why, look who's here!"

"Your pass!" repeated the sentry firmly.

"Now look here," argued Sergeant Gray. "You're not going to be persistent, are you? Why, man alive, you are going to stay here, and I"—he lowered his voice to a wistful key—"I am going, who knows whither! In an hour, or perhaps two, I shall be gone, probably never to return." He became sepulchral. "As for man, his days are as grass ——" He forgot the rest of it.

After a time the harassed sentry let him by and stood staring after him. "Gee!" he muttered.

Sergeant Gray swung along the dusty road between the line of barracks and stopped outside headquarters. Late as it was, the building was brilliantly lighted and through one of the windows the chief of staff could be seen mixing himself a mild drink. Sergeant Gray stopped and stared in at him. He admired the chief of staff. After all, why only one bar—or two? If the war lasted long enough he might get to the very top and be dined to the limit by people with sons who wanted commissions. And then ——

He gave an unconscious imitation of the stride of the chief of staff as he went toward the troop headquarters.

The troop was frightfully busy. It was assembling in full kit and was to march to the lighter carrying saddlebags, blanket roll, rifle, belt, bayonet and pistol. The saddlebags bulged like pop-overs, since they contained clothing, toilet articles and cigarettes. Also cigarettes. Also more cigarettes. And yet again ——

Sergeant Gray, still humming, wandered into the barracks, where the stable sergeant said: "Where the hell've you been? Having a last drink with the general?"

Sergeant Gray surveyed him with a loving eye. He loved the stable sergeant. He loved the mess sergeant. He loved the whole mangy troop. He loved the world.

"Let's make it up, dear," he said sweetly. "Kiss me, won't you?" The stable sergeant eyed him menacingly and then thought better of it. "I've been out under the stars," cooed Sergeant Gray, "thinking about the exigencies of war and that you and I may perhaps be separated over there, never to meet again. I'm all broken up, old man. If it happens, promise me ——"

The stable sergeant retired, muttering.

Gray then made a final inspection of his barracks bag, which contained cigarettes. Also and incidentally:

(*a*) Extra uniform.
(*b*) Socks.
(*c*) Winter and summer underwear.
(*d*) Extra blanket.
(*e*) Extra shoes.
(*f*) Writing paper.
(*g*) Books, ranging from a Testament to a detective yarn.
(*h*) Pencils.
(*i*) Chocolate.
(*j*) Spurs.
(*k*) Sewing materials.
(*l*) Letters to read on shipboard.
(*m*) Foreign service cap.

Nor was this all. Surreptitiously stowed away was a pair of leggings and a trench coat of great expense and admirable fullness of tail. These for that great day when he received his commission. He packed and rolled carefully, humming meanwhile:

I want a belt just like the belt
That all the shavetails wear.
It has a strap that goes up the back
And makes the ma'm'selles stare.
It's made of leather with a hook or two,
And you can bet it makes the girls love you.
I want a belt just like the belt
That all the shavetails wear.

At last he was ready. On his head he placed his steel helmet and then proceeded to hang his accouterments onto various parts of his person. He weighed about three hundred pounds by that time and walked rather like a diver ready to submerge.

"Holy mackerel!" he groaned to the mess sergeant. "How far is it to the blooming lighter, anyhow?"

"Only six miles," said the mess sergeant cheerfully.

"I'm about as portable as a steel range."

Nevertheless, he felt that now for the first time he presented a truly martial appearance. He wished the girl could see him. He set his mouth in grim and rather ferocious lines and took a glance at himself in the broken mirror on the wall. Now bring on the Hun!

However, some of his joy in his appearance was dimmed by the appearance on the scene at one A. M. of a camp orderly carrying a portable typewriter. The troop, lined up and totally unable to sit, cast agonized glances at the case.

"An extra machine for the general," said the camp orderly in a bored voice. "The general intrusts it to Sergeant Gray, who will be held responsible for it."

"Holy mackerel!" protested Sergeant Gray. "Look here, son! Look me over! Do you see any place to hang that damned thing? You go back and tell the general that if he wants me to carry it I'll have to swallow it."

However, in the end he had to take it; and something of his fine military frenzy died in him.

At four that morning the division, as it stumbled in more dead than alive, had coffee on the pier. Sergeant Gray, by getting into line ever and anon, managed to land four cups, which he supplemented with some doughnuts. He felt a trifle low in his mind, however. And for quite two minutes he stood gazing in the general—and quite erroneous—direction of the abode of the general's niece. He then sighed and ate his eighth doughnut and in due time went aboard ship. It took some four hours to load five thousand troops; and during all that time Sergeant Gray stood as lithe and graceful as a steel safe and guarded the general's typewriter.

All attempts to get rid of it were abortive. He appealed to the general's secretary, a wan and distracted young man, without success.

"Where is he anyhow?" he asked.

"In the bridal suite."

"Well, you take this thing, won't you?"

"Me? Don't you think I've got anything to do? The staff's in bed and the aides——" Here words failed the secretary. "And keep away from the bridal suite. The Old Man's trying to get his wife on the ship's telephone and Central's threatened twice to report him."

By seven o'clock he got rid of the typewriter by placing it outside the general's door, where the division adjutant fell over it five minutes later. Being a person of quick temper, when he had picked himself up he kicked it and permanently disabled it. This is, so far as is known, the only casualty suffered at any time by the division as a whole, because—but why worry about the armistice now?

By seven o'clock the effect of the doughnuts and coffee was entirely gone and there was no hint of breakfast.

"When do we eat?" inquired Sergeant Gray of the supply sergeant.

"Paris probably," returned the sergeant. "D'you know our heavy freight's gone astray? All we've got, so far as I can make out, is the box with the chaplain's communion service and the Old Man's air mattress. Not a saddle. Two hundred of 'em somewhere—probably shipped to the Belgians."

"Don't find 'em," implored Sergeant Gray. "If they're found I'll have to carry the whole blooming lot. Seem to think I'm a slow freight."

At ten o'clock Sergeant Gray performed a melancholy duty. This was to sit at the peril of his life in an open gangway and write post cards announcing his safe arrival on the other side. "If we get over," explained the noncom who distributed them, "they'll cable and the cards will be mailed. If we don't——"

Sergeant Gray sent one to his mother first. After that he wrote one for the girl. After that he sat and thought about Tommy for quite a length of time. As man and man, he'd have given Tommy the race of his life and won, he felt. As between Harvard and Yale, too, he'd back old Harvard every time. But as between officer and noncom! And girls were queer too. They fell for rank right along. Put an officer's insignia on any sort of a stuffed shirt, he considered miserably, and they'd put his photograph in a silver frame and set fresh flowers in front of it.

"The thing to do," he reflected, "is to work hard and keep out of trouble. Then when I get my commission ——"

This is the story of how Sergeant Gray kept out of trouble.

Now it should be understood from the start that Sergeant Gray had nothing on Tommy as to jealousy. And it hurt his aide-de-camp-ly pride to be jealous of a sergeant. And though he was normally a kindly young man with good manners who always asked the dowagers to dance while hoping they wouldn't, he considered that the best way to hide his jealousy was to assume an attitude that either ignored Gray altogether or kept him underfoot.

So he found the general's typewriter, badly wounded and with the key with the interrogation mark entirely gone—and any general will know that this absolutely impaired its usefulness, because generals are always writing letters to Washington asking why certain things are not being attended to—and he followed the scent as a dog trails a rabbit. Which brought him to Gray. Not that this was surprising. It was Tommy who had sent the typewriter to Gray to carry.

"Gray, did you leave that typewriter outside the general's door?" he demanded in his best imitation of the general's manner when a recommendation of his had come back from the War Department marked "Disapproved."

"I did, sir," said Gray. The "sir" irked him fearfully just then.

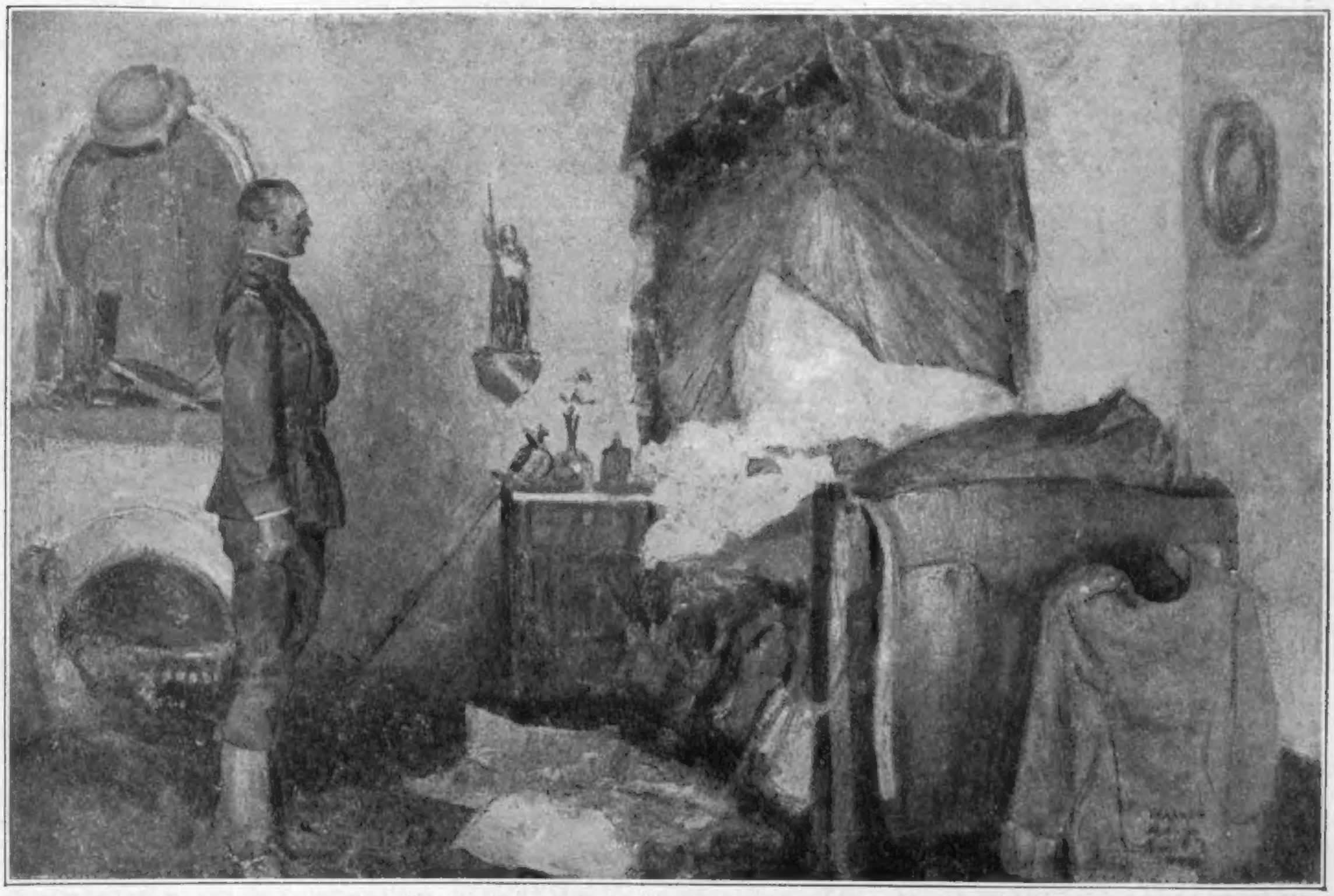
"You didn't by any chance kick it when you did so?" asked Tommy.

"I didn't understand that I was to do so, sir," said Gray.

Tommy gulped. It was he who found his rank a handicap just then.

"Go and get it," he ordered, "and put it where it belongs. And don't try to be funny with me."

(Continued on Page 146)



"Run Away and Play, Tommy," Said the General. "There are Moments When I Realize My Age and General Unfitness for the Service. But I'm Still Running This Division"

WILSONVILLE—By Gerald Stanley Lee

THIS is where some people think the nation has got to go.

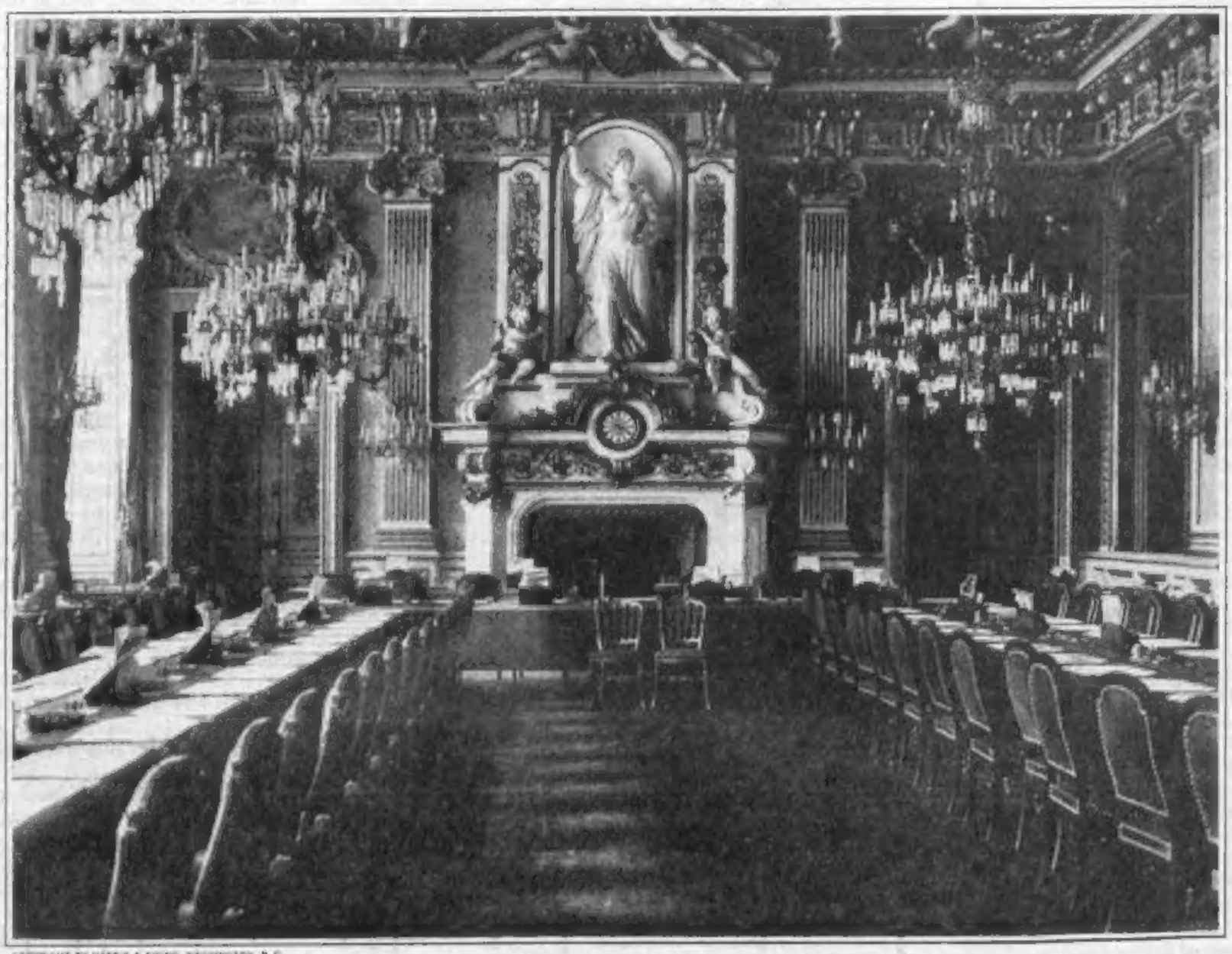
They think of Mr. Wilson's personality as a world by itself lying out just ahead, threatening to swallow us up. They speak under their breath of Mr. Wilson as if he were a kind of monstrous village that all the cities and countries have got to flock to now and live in always after this.

They do not pine to live in Wilsonville.

II

I BELIEVE in being sensitive to people, keeping one's likes and dislikes lively and freshened up and in repair, and in having a good healthy sense of sweet and sour in folks—especially of the insipid in folks. It seems to be a matter of ordinary spiritual hygiene and decency to like and dislike with some relish.

But it is one thing to keep on hand a fine flourishing set of likes and dislikes to have the use of, to use daily to see things and put things through with, and it is another to let oneself be used by one's likes and dislikes, and to let one's whole world and vision of a world kotow to them.



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The Head of the Peace Conference Room, the Famous "Hall of the Clock"

III

I AM not going to let myself be jammed back in a great roomy human crisis of the world like this one, and cooped up in my own little cubby-hole of temperament by the strength of my desires. At the very moment when great events on the hinge of history can be seen turning one way or another before my eyes for a thousand years—I will not step back out of my chance to help hold up the hands of the world's most notable and most lonely man because he is being a different kind of idealist from the particular kind I should like to try to be.

But he is an idealist, and any kind of idealist at all, building unflinchingly and alone what God has given him into the structure of a world, commands my daily loyalty, because the bare spectacle of a man alone who does not explain himself, who flings out, who casts off his soul like bread upon the waters upon the next thousand years—I say the bare spectacle of this fills a place in the world for me that I have been waiting to have filled without knowing it since I was a boy and waded in rivers and looked up at the hills and at the sky and respected the world.

I dislike Mr. Wilson. I say this because it only adds to the necessity under which I speak; because I hope it will give me in the eyes of his enemies a larger liberty and let me speak with a wider range of experience of Mr. Wilson. I wish to turn to his aid and employ in his behalf and in the world's behalf the things my dislikes make me see.

I propose to draw my course up against myself to the line hewed out for it by the time in which I live, by the infinite sudden need of nations, and by the cry I have heard across half a world—of great peoples in splendid emptied cities, weeping in the streets.

Whether or not Woodrow Wilson be now, to-day, the man I think he is, I believe that we, the hundred million people of America, are going to take this man that has been seized by Fate, thrust forward by the huddling up of nations into the position of head idealist to a world—this man upon whom the ends of the ages have fallen—we are going to take this man and swing him with our desires, dedicate him with our expectations, drive him through and pray him up, this man we have, into the man we want, into the man we have got to have. We will make him be the man we have got to have, whether he wants to be or not.

I know that I have said it before and in so many words, but in the present stupendous moment—which if I could I would hold still a hundred years for my people to take a long, deep look, before they act for their children and children's children, and judge for their children's children—I can only say that I believe now what I have believed before:

"If a nation really wants a great man it invents him. We have but to see we really want him, and that no other machinery will work, and we will invent him.

"Here in these United States sixty years ago, were we not all at work on a man named Abraham Lincoln? We had been at work on him for years, trying to make him into a Lincoln. He could not have begun to be what he was without us, without the daily thought, the responsibility, the tragical national hope and fear, the sense of crisis in a great people. All these had been set to work on him, on making him a Lincoln."

Lincoln would not have dared not to be a great man, an all-people man, with a whole mighty nation, with all those millions of watchful, believing people laying their lives quietly, their very sons' lives in his hands. He did not have the smallest possible chance, from the day he was named for President, to be a second-rate man or to back down out of being himself. He had been filled night and day with the vision of a great nation struggling—with the grim glory of it. He was free to make mistakes for it, but there was no way he could have kept from being a true, mighty, single-hearted man for it if he had tried. We clinched Lincoln in 1862. He was caught fast in the vise of our hopes.

Perhaps it is because at certain times in history nations seem to be siding with the worst things in their public men and expecting the worst in them that they get them.

If a crowd wants to be represented, wants to touch to the quick and kindle the man in it, the man filled with vision, the man who is born again into its desire, the crowd-man, they have but to surround him and overshadow him. They will create him, in scorn and joy will they conceive him, and before he knows who he is they will bring him forth.

It would not be hard, I imagine, to be a great man, with a true steadied, colossal single-heartedness, if one were caught fast in the vision, the expectation of a great nation.

To be born again is simple with a hundred million people to help.

If Wilson is not a great man make him one. We will drive him to it—one hundred million people in America, and forty nations—by putting him in one brave difficulty after another where only a great man could get out. We will not admit that the American people would have made a botch of making a great man of Lincoln if it had not been for Wilkes Booth. It ought to be possible, with forty desperate nations to line up and help, to draw Woodrow Wilson out into a great man.

Mr. Lodge is helping, Mr. Borah and Mr. James M. Beck.

The whole problem that crowds or vast psychological masses of people have to face in dealing with a leader is whether or not we propose to take a motor or constructive point of view toward him. It is Mr. Wilson's main distinction as a statesman, and has fastened upon him the attention of a world, that he has already taken a motor view toward the people. It is our turn now to take it toward him.

IV

IF IT ever had been or ever could be like Abraham Lincoln to go snooping round watching one President after the other plugging away on being a Lincoln, rows of them, the way we have had to watch them all these years one after the other down in Washington, the first thing Mr. Lincoln would probably do when he saw Woodrow Wilson putting in the usual regular daily exercises in being a Lincoln that all Presidents are supposed to take, would be to step into the White House and let Wilson off. He would drop in on him some quiet Sunday morning when the President was just looking at the sheep and tell him point-blank to drop the whole miserable pathetic Lincoln responsibility Presidents have lumbered themselves up with for forty years and just be Wilson. "Just be Wilson harder."

The idea of Woodrow Wilson's being a Lincoln offhand, ex officio, as it were, and just because he is wedged into it by the time and by forty nations, is an idea that would amuse Woodrow Wilson as much as any man. A little sadly, perhaps, he would take his one or two minutes off to be amused at the idea of his being a Lincoln; then he would go on and just be the best Wilson he could. This is the gist of the situation as it really has got to be faced by Mr. Wilson and by those of us who like him or who dislike him.

A hundred million people have chosen him and stood by him, and then forty nations chose him. We ought to be proud of being a country that can produce a man forty nations could choose, a man who can say or can do the things that make the forty nations believe in us. Woodrow Wilson made forty nations trust a hundred million people, trust us tragically, sublimely, pitifully, as no other hundred million people in all time have ever been trusted before. Woodrow Wilson did this by trusting us himself, by trusting us as only a man with a genius for history, for history while it is being made, would have had the vision to trust a hundred million people. He trusted us not only because he saw history was being made but because he saw the people about him being made with it. He had watched Americans growing day by day, beckoning to what we are going to be. All we can do now is to set our teeth and believe Woodrow Wilson about ourselves, believe the forty nations about ourselves, and prove to Woodrow Wilson and prove to a world that the trust Woodrow Wilson and forty nations have in us in the desperate moment of the world shall not be betrayed.

V

I DO not want to be disposed of in what I am trying to say in this article by anyone's supposing I have not been properly educated by friends who are experts in disliking Woodrow Wilson. I have been especially equipped in this direction. Nearly all the people I am personally

inclined to like and that I am spiritually lazy with—the people with whom my mind sits down naturally when I am with them in a kind of spiritual morris chair—take up their papers every day and have their regular morning orgy about the way Mr. Wilson is tinkering with the world. Then on one point after another they come to agree with him, each agreement pulled out of them like an eyetooth. And yet in some way they seem to keep on having agreements pulled out, one a month regularly, always a month later than others; but they do it.

I cannot deny also that the qualities in my friends which give them this edge toward Mr. Wilson are the qualities which in my own special neat little compartment of temperament I like people for most—and yet —— Well, all I can say is, to them and to myself: "Woodrow Wilson is a genius."

Every few days I sit before my soul and scold it. I say to myself, I say to everybody, in the words of Augustine Birrell on Carlyle: "Brother dunces, lend me your ears! Not to crop, but that I may whisper into their furry depths: 'Do not quarrel with genius. We have none ourselves, and yet are so constituted that we cannot live without it.'"

VI

THE President has done the fourteen points. The fifteenth is one that he would make a botch of if he tried it, and that he will naturally leave to be done for him by a hundred million people.

It seems to be a habit of nations to do their thinking naturally in the terms of people. People not only seem to be the suggestion material—the origin of a nation's thoughts—but they are the best, most lively, most universally acceptable, most concrete and vivid form in which nations can express them. Nations cannot talk to one another without personalities. Woodrow Wilson, because he has said and done things that have touched the imagination of all men in all nations, is America's most stupendous asset in the world. He is a kind of accumulated vocabulary for a hundred million people to talk to nations with. It would be an incalculable and bottomless blunder for America to throw away the attention of forty nations, and this is what we are going to do if we decide that the man who has got it for us and the man who is making the world listen to us does not represent us; if we elbow in now and shout, even a minority of us, that Woodrow Wilson does not represent us.

The problem before America is not a problem of local politics. We are concerned with the practical question of how a hundred million people three thousand miles away, having gripped the attention and possessed the imagination of the world, can now do something worthy of it. According to the laws of psychology and statesmanship, the way to do this is through the accumulation and concentration of personality. The practical way for America to express herself powerfully and quickly is for the hundred million people to take one man to back up, to drive in, to pound down and thunder through the consciousness of the world the vision to help and the will to help of a hundred million people. Let the wills of a hundred million people come down like pile drivers on President Wilson's words for this nation, and drive them once and forever into the new foundations of the world. Let everybody in every nation know it as he stands with his little pathetic gloriously uncompleted League of Nations. Let everybody in England, in France, in Germany, in Italy, China and Japan and the isles of the sea feel our hopes, our prayers, our wills heaping up round him.

It will be pitiful to see a hundred million people by a few wild, weak, cluttering words in the Senate and by little effeminate jerks of their own local politics dawdle with and throw away the attention of a world. It is the first time in all history that the attention of a whole world all at once has been had, and when one thinks of what it has cost for America to get the attention of a world it does seem as if a hundred million living men in America to-day would be ready to do anything, any little thoughtful thing they could, to keep it. We will give up our local politics, our childish shadings of opinion. We will not stand out for our mauve, our orange, our emerald or our pink convictions, and we will not split hairs. I may be as full as a paper of pins of nice little points I would like to prick into Mr. Wilson's way of starting or helping to start a League of Nations, but I am going to keep still. And I wish Senator Lodge would.

VII

THE dislike that men who get what they want as a rule out of other men have for Mr. Wilson, when they try to get what they want out of Mr. Wilson, is partly due to the fact that all the ordinary human wiles in a man when tried on a man like Mr. Wilson do not wile. Mr. Wilson cares for a different set of things, and he is daily truing his conduct and his contact to a different standard of judgment and to another set of values. Before he makes a judgment Mr. Wilson habitually takes a walk with a hundred years. Sometimes he walks backward with a hundred years, sometimes forward. But he has an historical imagination and is always going off and taking lonely walks with a century or so. He never forgets that he is an author of histories. "If a hundred years from now I should be writing the history of what I do this next week," Woodrow Wilson keeps saying, "how should I look? How should I as a conscientious historian feel obliged in my relation to Lodge, for instance, or Borah or Reed or Major General Wood or Josephus Daniels or Colonel Harvey or Colonel House, to make myself look?"

I do not mean to seem to say that Mr. Wilson is posing to posterity, or attitudinizing in twenty volumes before a thousand years. But I do think he has the habit of seeing himself as a master of perspective in a setting of history in a row of twenty volumes on a shelf, in an index with clouds of scholars—embedded as he is in the most important eight years America or the world has ever had—with thousands of people poring over the leaves for a thousand years looking Woodrow Wilson up.

Naturally it makes Mr. Wilson seem aloof to many people, going off quietly to a door which looks like the door of a room, and taking a walk alone with a century or so. It has seemed to me that this gives Mr. Wilson his personality, his characteristic point of view, a point of view unpolarized by the men who are merely by his side and who are merely living in one generation and who are merely thinking of him as he looks at the moment or as he looks before he is through.

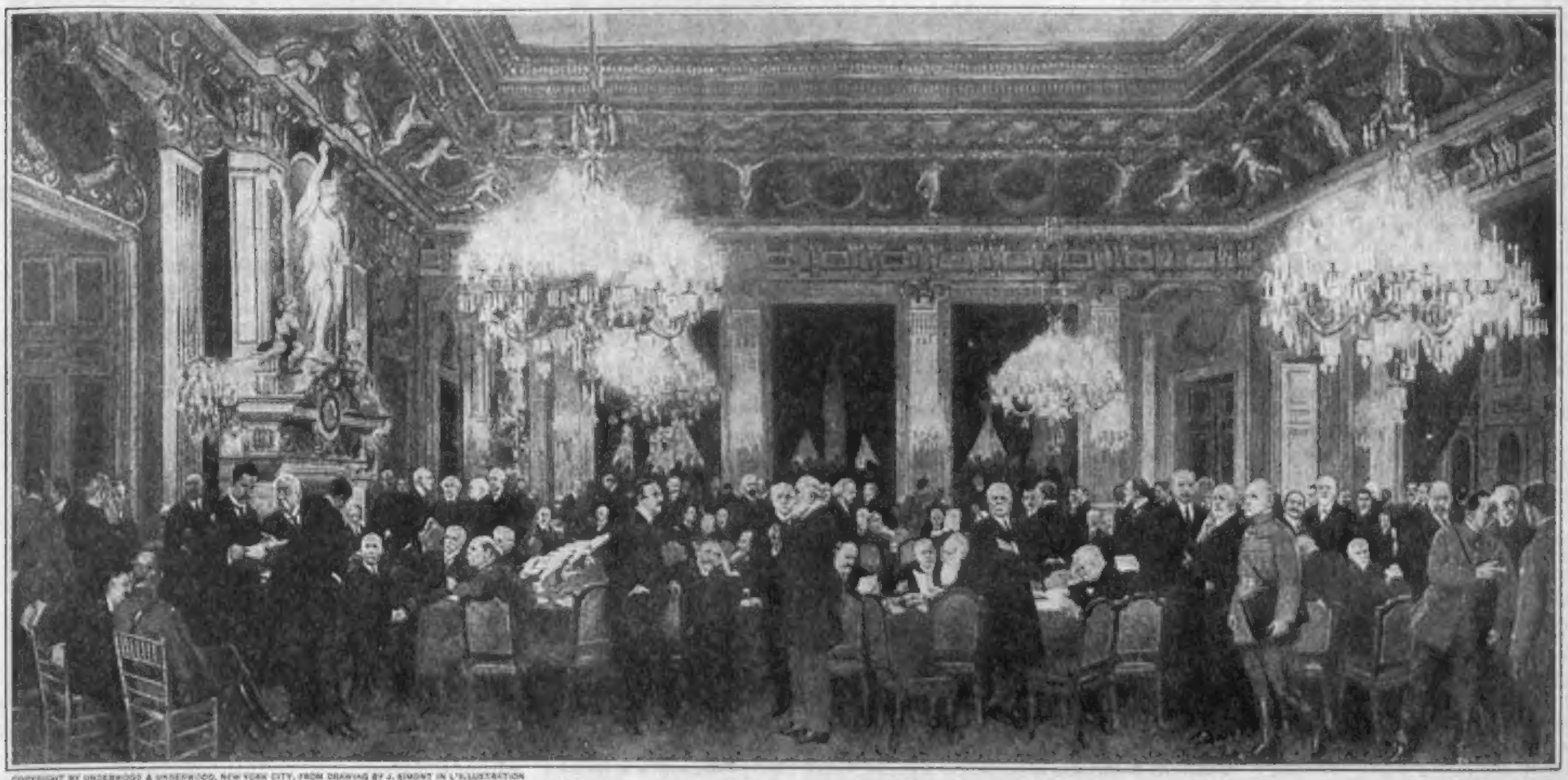
If I were being asked by Senator Lodge or if a little hint were dropped to me that Senator Lodge would like someone to suggest how he could really get his way with Mr. Wilson, how he could make Mr. Wilson stand a little more in awe of him, I should venture the theory that the way to do with Mr. Wilson is not to throw at him the wrath of a citizen of the Back Bay or the wrath of a senator in the Senate, but ruthlessly to reveal himself—Henry Cabot Lodge—to the world and to Woodrow Wilson as an immortal master of English prose, as a man whose words, merely because they are his words and are wrought with his vision, will be read as classics, will be the companions of crowds for thousands of years, while Mr. Woodrow Wilson's more executive though distinguished, internationally balanced style would not make itself read, comparatively read at all. The way for Henry Cabot Lodge to do would be to hurl him off over the precipice of a classic; let him like a bowlder in the Grand Cañon go solemnly rolling and thundering down all time.

If Henry Cabot Lodge were Carlyle, or if he could do a cartoon, like Aristophanes, of Woodrow Wilson which would make Woodrow squirm in public a thousand years, which would enlighten a public that would not take the trouble to look up Woodrow Wilson's speeches—this would be the way to get what one wanted with Mr. Wilson, to go up to him and fling at him a few centuries, these centuries he is so interested in, these centuries his enemies say he is posing to, hurl a classic at him, a book that people will stop living to read, in a style like a universal coupling hitching on to all ages.

This would be the way for Mr. Lodge to do. As for the rest of us, in whatever spirit of fairness or unfairness an interpreter may regard Mr. Wilson, this historical perspective with which Mr. Wilson is governing his conduct and philosophy as President of the United States is the main thing that has to be borne in mind about him whether in dealing with him or interpreting him, whether as the sitter in a masterpiece or as an enemy in a political fight.

If a man is picking out and putting into his picture or his composition of the world what will be of permanent interest to it, no one can deny that the kind of perspective Mr. Wilson has, this habit of historical perspective, makes the safest kind of President America could hope to have at just this time. A President who is doing what he would wish he had done in a thousand years is bound to be more right, more farsighted, more self-poised than his political enemies are willing to take the time to be. They are merely doing everything from the point of view of the moment, or from the point of view of the next election, or the Republican Party next week, or the New York Sun in

(Continued on Page 138)



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The Peace Conference in Plenary Session in the Clock Room at the Foreign Ministry of the Quai d'Orsay

HOODWINKED

By IRVIN S. COBB

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL GREFÉ

SPY stories rather went out of fashion when the armistice was signed. But this one could not have been told before now, because it happened after the armies had quit fighting and while the Peace Conference was busily engaged in belying its first name. Also, in a strict manner of speaking, it is not a spy story at all.

So far as our purposes are concerned, it began to happen on an afternoon at the end of the month of March of this present year, when J. J. Mullinix, of the Secret Service, called on Miss Mildred Smith, the well-known interior decorator, in her studio apartments on the top floor of one of the best-looking apartment houses in town. For Mullinix there was a short delay downstairs because the doorman, sharp on the lookout to bar pestersome intruders who might annoy the tenants, could not at first make up his mind about Mullinix. In this building there was a rule against solicitors, canvassers, collectors, peddler men and beggar men; also one against babies, but none against dogs—excepting dogs above a certain specified size, which—without further description—should identify our building as one standing in what is miscalled the exclusive residential belt of Manhattan Island.

The doorman could not make up his mind offhand whether Mullinix was to be classified as a well-dressed mendicant or an indifferently dressed book agent; he was pretty sure, though, that the stranger fell somewhere within the general ban touching on dubious persons having dubious intentions. This doubt on the part of the doorman was rather a compliment to Mullinix, considering Mullinix's real calling. For Mullinix resembled neither the detective of fiction nor yet the detective of sober fact, which is exactly what the latter usually is—a most sober fact; sober, indeed, often to the point of a serious and dignified impressiveness. This man, though, did not have the eagle-bird eye with which the detective of fiction so often is favored. He did not have the low flattened arches—frontal or pedal—which frequently distinguish the bona-fide article, who comes from Headquarters with a badge under his left lapel and a cigar under his right mustache to question the suspected hired girl. About him there was nothing mysterious, nothing portentous, nothing inscrutable. He had a face which favorably would have attracted a person taking orders for enlarging family portraits. He had the accommodating manner of one who is willing to go up when the magician asks for a committee out of the audience to sit on the stage.

Not ten individuals alive knew of his connection with the Secret Service. Probably in all his professional life not ten others—outsiders—had ever appraised him for what he was. His finest asset was a gift of Nature—a sort of protective coloration which enabled him to hide in the background of commonplaceness and do his work with an assurance which would not have been possible had he worn an air of assurance. In short and in fine, Mullinix no more resembled the traditional hawkshaw than Miss Mildred Smith resembled the fashionable conception of a fashionable artist. She never gestured with an up-turned thumb; nor yet made a spy-glass of her cupped hand through which to gaze upon a painting. She had never worn a smock frock in her life.

The smartest of smart tailor-mades was none too smart for her. Nothing was too smart for her, who was so exquisitely fine and well-bred a creature.

She was wearing tailor-mades, with a trig hat to match, when she opened the door of her entry hall for Mullinix.

"Just going out, weren't you?" he asked as they shook hands.

"No, just coming in," she said. "I had only just come in when the hall man called me up saying you were downstairs."

"I had trouble getting him to send up my name at all," he said with a half smile on his face. "He insisted on knowing all about me and my business before he announced me. So I told him everything nearly—except the truth."

"I gathered from his tone he was a bit doubtful about you; but I was glad to get the word. This is the third time you've favored me with a visit and each of the other times something highly exciting followed. Come in and let me make you a cup of tea, won't you? Is it business that brings you?"

"Yes," he said, "it's business."

They sat down in the big inner studio room; on one side of the fireplace the short, slow-speaking, colorless-looking man who knew the inner blackness of so many whited sepulchers; and on the other side, facing him from across the tea table, this small patrician lady who, having rich kinfolk and friends still richer and a family tree deep-rooted in the most Knickerbockian stratum of the Manhattan social schist, nevertheless chose to earn her own living; and while earning it to find opportunity for service to her Government in a confidential capacity. Not all the volunteers who worked on difficult espionage jobs through the wartime carried cards from the Intelligence Department.

"Yes," he repeated, "it's business—a bigger piece of business and a harder one and probably a more interesting one than the last thing you helped on. If it weren't business I wouldn't be coming here to-day, taking up your time. I know how busy you are with your own affairs."

"Oh, I'm not busy," she said. "This is one of my loafing days. Since lunch time I've been indulging in my favorite passion. I've been prowling through a secondhand bookstore over on Lexington Avenue, picking up bargains. There's the fruit of my shopping."

She indicated a pile of five or six nibbled-looking volumes in dingy covers resting upon one corner of the low mantelshelf.

"Works on interior decorating?" he guessed.

"Goodness, no! Decorating is my business; this is my pleasure. The top one of the heap—the one bound in red—is all about chess."

"Chess! Did anybody ever write a whole book about chess?"

"I believe more books have been written on chess than on any other individual subject in the world, barring Masonry," she said. "And the next one to it—the yellow-bound one—is a book about old English games; not games of chance, but games for holidays and parties. I was glancing through it in my car on the way here from the shop. It's most interesting. Why, some of the games it tells about were played in England before William the Conqueror landed; at least so the author claims. Did you ever hear of a game called Shoe the Wild Mare? It was very popular in Queen Elizabeth's day. The book yonder says so."

"No, I never heard of it. From the name it sounds as though it might be rather a rough game for indoors," commented Mullinix. "For a busy woman who's made such a big success at her calling, I wonder how you find time to dig into so many miscellaneous subjects."

"I don't call the time wasted," she said. "For example, there's one book in that lot dealing with mushroom culture. It seems there's ever so much to know about mushrooms. Besides who knows but what some day I might have a wealthy client who would want me to design him a mushroom cellar, combining practicability with the decorative. Then, you see, I would have the knowledge at my finger tips." She smiled at the conceit, busying herself with the tea things.

"Well, I suppose I'm a one-idea-at-a-time sort of person," he said.

"No, you aren't! You only think you are," she amended. "Just now I suppose you are all so wrapped up in the business you mentioned a moment ago that you can't think of anything else."

"That's a fact," he confessed. "And yet all my thinking doesn't seem to have got me anywhere in particular." He paused to glance about. "Where's your maid? Is she, by any chance, where she could overhear us?"

"No, she's out. This is her afternoon off."

"Good! Then I'll start at the beginning and tell you in as few words as possible the whole thing. But before I do begin, let me ask you a question. It may simplify matters. Anyhow, it has a bearing on my principal reason for coming to see you to-day. Isn't Mrs. Howard Hadley-Smith your cousin?"

"Only by marriage. Her husband was my second cousin. He belonged to the branch of the family that owns the hyphen and most of the money. He died six or seven years ago. He was not the most perfect creature in the world, but Claire, his wife—his widow, I mean—is a trump. She's one of the finest women and one of the sanest in New York."

"I'm glad to hear that. Because before we're through with this job—you see I'm assuming in advance that you are going to be willing to help me on it—I say, before we get through it, providing of course we do get through it, it may be necessary to take her into our confidence. That is, if you are sure we can trust absolutely to her discretion."

"We can. But please remember that I don't know what the business is all about."

"I'm coming to that. Oh, by the way, there is one question more: To-morrow night your cousin is giving a costume party or a fancy-dress party of some sort or other, isn't she?"

"Yes; an All Fools' Day party; not a very large one though."

"And you will be going to it, won't you?"

"Yes, indeed! I'm doing the decorating and acting as sort of assistant director of the affair. But what can my cousin and her April Fools' Day party and all that have to do with the matter that brings you here?"

"A good deal, I hope. But I expect I had better go back to the beginning and tell you the tale in some sort of orderly way. Of course I am telling it to you as one responsible representative of our Government to another."

"I understand. But go ahead, won't you? My curiosity is increasing by the moment."

"Well then, here it is: Six days ago there arrived from the conference at Versailles a high army officer, acting for this occasion as a confidential messenger of the Administration. He brought with him a certain communication—a single small sheet or strip of parchment paper containing about twelve or fifteen typewritten lines. But those few

"Naturally Everything Possible Was Done at Washington to Safeguard a Dispatch of Such Tremendous Importance. But Within Forty-eight Hours It Disappeared"

lines were about as important and, under certain circumstances, as dangerous a collection of typewritten lines as it is possible to conceive of."

"Weren't they in code?"

"Naturally. But the signature was not. The signature was in the handwriting of the man—let us say the personage—who dictated the wording of the dispatch. You would know that handwriting if you saw it. Nearly every man, woman and child in this country who can read would know it and would recognize it at a glance. Even between us, I take it that there is no need of mentioning the name."

"No. Please go on. The thing has a thrilling sound already."

"That communication dealt directly with perhaps the most important single issue now in controversy at the Peace Conference—a phase of the Asiatic muddle. In fact, it was an outline of the private agreement that has been reached as between our envoys and the envoys representing sundry friendly powers in regard to this particular question. If it should fall into the hands of a certain other power—and be translated—the entire negotiation would be jeopardized. Almost inevitably at least one Oriental nation would withdraw from the conference. The future of the great thing for which our own statesmen and the statesmen of some of the countries provisionally leagued together with us are working—well, that result, to put the thing mildly, would be jeopardized. The very least that could happen would be that four governments would be tremendously embarrassed.

"Indeed it is hard offhand to calculate the possibilities of disaster, but this much is quite sure: Our enemy—and Germany is as much our enemy now as she was during active hostilities—would almost inevitably succeed in the very thing she has been plotting to bring about, which is the sowing of discord among the Allies, not to mention the increase of a racial distrust and a racial antagonism which exist in certain quarters, and, on top of all that, the widening and deepening of a problem which already has been sufficiently difficult and delicate."

"I see. Well?"

"Well, naturally everything possible was done at Washington to safeguard a dispatch of such tremendous importance. No copies of the communication were made. The original was put in a place where it was presumed to be absolutely safe. But within forty-eight hours it disappeared from the place where it had been put."

"How did it disappear? Is that known?"

"It was stolen. A government clerk named Westerfeltner, a man who held a place of trust and confidence, was the man who stole it. For it he was offered a sum of money which would make him independent for life, and under the temptation he weakened and he stole it. But first he stole the key to the cipher, which would make it possible for anyone having both the key and the message to decode the message. Once this is done the damage is done, for the signature is ample proof of the validity of the document. That is the one thing above all others we are trying to prevent now."

"But why couldn't the thief have decoded the dispatch?"

"He might have, excepting for two things. In the first place his principal, the man who corrupted him to betray his honor and incidentally to betray his Government, would not trust him to do this. The head plotter demanded the original paper. In the second place an interval of a day and a half elapsed between the theft of the code and the theft of the dispatch. Before the thief secured the dispatch the key had already passed out of his possession."

"How do you know these things with such certainty?"

"Because Westerfeltner has confessed. He confessed to me at three o'clock yesterday morning after the thefts had practically been traced to his door. He made a clean breast of it all right enough. The high points of his confession have all been verified. I am sure that he was honest with me. Fear and remorse together made him honest. At present he is—well, let's call it sequestered. No outsider knows he is now under arrest; or perhaps I should say in custody. No interested party is likely to feel concern regarding his whereabouts, because so far as he was concerned the crooked contract had been carried out and completed before he actually fell under suspicion."

"Meaning by that, what?"

"Meaning just this: On the night he secured possession of the key he handed it over to his principal, who still has it unless he has destroyed it. It is fair to assume that this other man, being a code expert, already has memorized the key so that he can read the dispatch almost offhand. At least that is the assumption upon which I am going."

Her Lips, Stiff With Fright, Twisted to Form Words That Would Not Come. Her Shoulders Heaved as She Strove to Wrench Her Arms Free

"All this happened in Washington, I suppose?"

"Yes, in Washington. The original understanding was that as soon as possible after stealing the dispatch Westerfeltner would turn it over to the other man. But something—we don't know yet just what—frightened the master crook out of town. With the job only partially accomplished he left Washington and came to New York. But before leaving he gave to Westerfeltner explicit instructions for the delivery of the dispatch—when he had succeeded in getting his hands on it—to a third party, a special go-between, with whom Westerfeltner was to communicate by telephone.

"Late the next day Westerfeltner did succeed in getting his hands on the document. That same evening, in accordance with his instructions, he called up from his house a certain number. He had been told to call this number exactly at eight o'clock and to ask for Mrs. Williams. Without delay he got Mrs. Williams on the wire. Over the wire a woman's voice told him to meet her at the McPherson Statue in McPherson Square at eleven-fifteen o'clock that night. He was there at the appointed hour, waiting. According to what he tells me, almost precisely on the minute a woman, wearing plain dark clothes and heavily veiled, came walking along the path that leads to the statue from Fifteenth Street. It was dark there, anyhow, and for obvious reasons both the conspirators kept themselves well shielded in the shadows.

"As she came up and saw him waiting there, she uttered the catchwords which made him know her for the right person. The words were simple enough. She merely said to him 'Did you go to the pawnshop?' He answered 'Yes, I went there and I got your keepsake.' 'Thank you,' she answered, 'then give it to me.' 'Here it is, safe and sound,' he replied and passed to her the paper, which was wadded up, he says, in a pellet about the size of a hazelnut.

"Up to this point the pair had been speaking in accordance with a sort of memorized ritual, each knowing from the instructions given to both by their employer what the other would say. But before they parted they exchanged a few other words. Westerfeltner tells me that, having his own safety in mind as well as a natural anxiety for the safe delivery of the paper to its real purchaser, he said to her: 'I hope you understand that you should keep this thing in your possession for every minute of the time until you hand it over to our mutual friend.'

"As he recalls her answer, as nearly as possible in the words she used, she said: 'Certainly I do. It will be kept on my person where I can put my hand on it, but where no one else can see it and where no one else will ever suspect it of being.' Then she asked him: 'Was there anything else you wanted to say to me?' He told her there was nothing else and she said good night to him and turned and walked away in the direction from which she had come. He waited a minute or so and then walked off, leaving the square on the opposite side—the Vermont Avenue side. He went directly home and went to bed.

"He is unmarried and lives alone, taking his luncheons and dinners out, but preparing his own breakfasts in his rooms. At three o'clock in the morning he was in bed and asleep when I rang his doorbell. In his night clothes he got up and let me in; and as soon as I was in I accused him. As a matter of fact the double theft had been discovered the evening before, but unfortunately by then several hours had elapsed from the time the dispatch was taken, and already, as you know, the dispatch had changed hands.

"Within an hour after the discovery of the loss I had been set to work on the job. At once suspicion fell upon three men, one after the other. It didn't take very long to convince me that two of these men were innocent. So these two having been eliminated by deductive processes, I personally went after the third man, who was this Westerfeltner. The moment I walked in on him I was convinced from his behavior that I had made no mistake. So I took a chance. I charged him point-blank with being the thief. Almost immediately he weakened. His denials turned to admissions. As a conspirator Westerfeltner is a lame duck. I only wish I had started after him three or four hours earlier than I did; if only I had done so I'm satisfied the paper would be back where it belongs and no damage done. Well, anyhow, if I am one to judge, he told me everything frankly and held back nothing."

"Well, then, who is the woman in the case?"

"He didn't know. To his best knowledge he had never seen her before that night. He is sure that he had never heard her voice before. Really, all he does know about her is that she is a small, slender woman with rather quick, decided movements and that her voice is that of a refined person. He is sure she is a young woman, but he can furnish no better description of her than this. He claims he was very nervous at the time of their meeting. I figure he was downright excited, filled as he was with guilty apprehensions, and no doubt because of his excitement he took less notice of her than he otherwise might. Besides, you must remember that the place of rendezvous was a fairly dark spot on rather a dark night."

"He has absolutely no idea of his own, then, as to the identity of Mrs. Williams?"

"He hasn't; but I have. The telephone number which figures in the case is the number of a pay station in an all-night drug store in Washington. Westerfeltner freely gave me the number. Both the proprietor of this drug store and his clerk remember that night before last, shortly before eight o'clock, a rather small, slight woman wearing a black street costume with a dark veil over her face came into the place and said she was expecting a telephone call for Mrs. Williams. Within two or three minutes the bell

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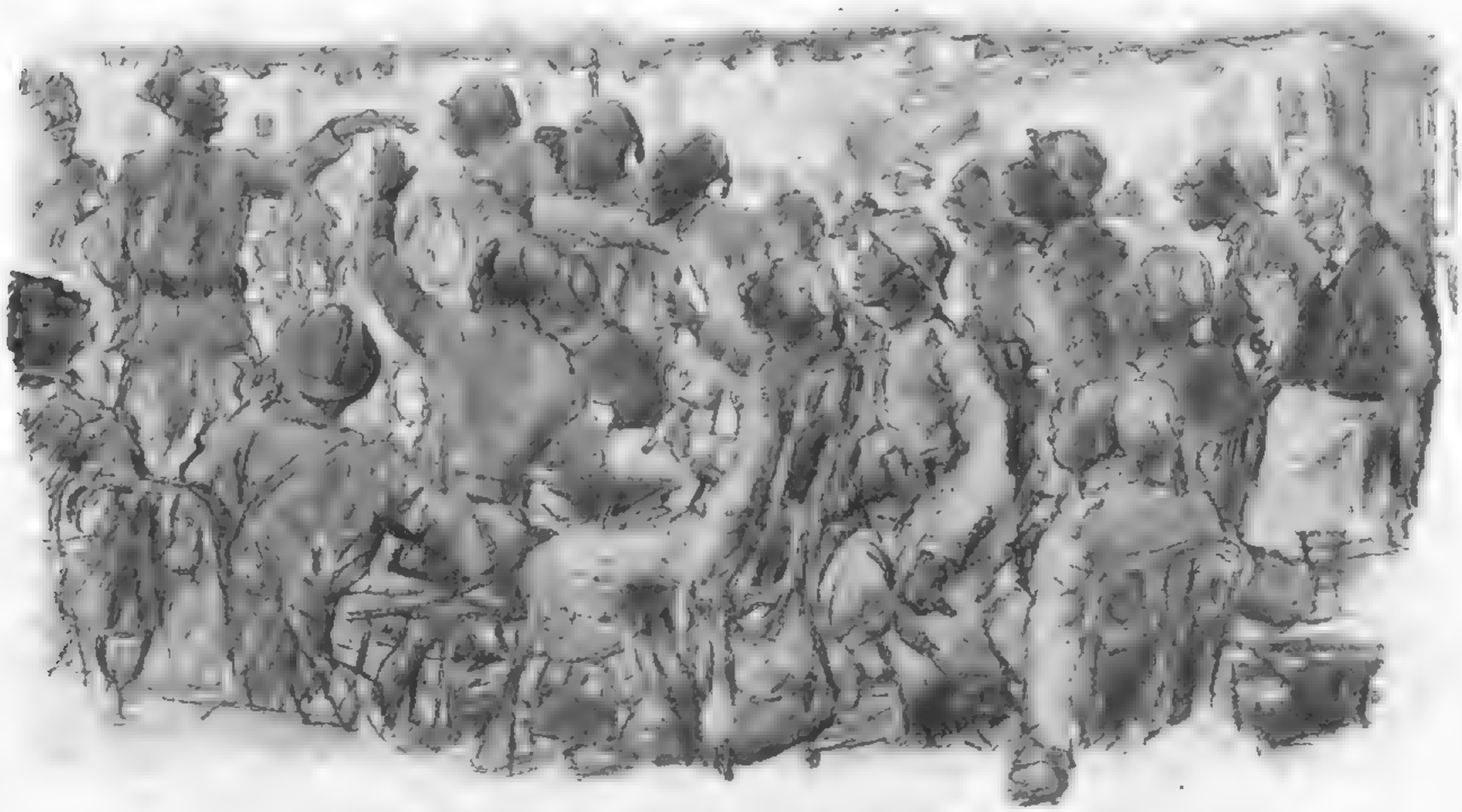
THE BOOM-A-LOOM BOOM



The Wildcat and His Companion Said Farewell to Their Furlough Friends and Left the Cafe

By HUGH WILEY

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE WRIGHT

SERGEANT VITUS MARSDEN, the military Wildcat of the Fust Service Battalion, A. E. F., reached round back of his head and picked a bunch of grapes from a discouraged vine in whose shade he was doing the best he could to rest himself. He ate two or three of the grapes and threw the rest of the bunch at a saddle-colored water boy who was sprawled out on the warm ground beside him.

"Lizard," he said, "how come grapes is free an' no good, but when these French folks makes wine f'm 'em us niggers pays money for it, an' like as not finishes up cote-martialed?"

The Lizard assembled his organs of speech from where they were festooned round the lower part of his face. "Wil'cat, how come? Pusson'ly I likes dis yere coonyak f'r action."

"Ruckus juice, boy. Ruckus juice an' best let be, 'ceptin' when you gits a all-day pass to Bo'deaux on a Sat'day an' they ain't no mo' work befo' Monday."

"Water-r-r boy! Water me like a mule!" Somebody in the Wildcat's spiking gang was thirsty. The Lizard accumulated himself and started away down the track with his water bucket. A mile down the yard the quitting whistle screeched.

"Tell 'em to pick up their tools an' bring 'em in," the Wildcat called after him. He started to walk to camp, two miles away. "Where at is my li'l easy rider gone?"

Halfway to camp, where the rising masses of the half-completed warehouses of the great storage depot broke the horizon, the Wildcat halted and looked round. Pretty soon he found what he was looking for. He walked over to a pile of scrap lumber against which lay an old gunny sack. From the sack he drew forth a quart bottle of white wine. He sought the secluded interior of an adjoining warehouse and for five minutes he applied himself to the task in hand.

"Vinegar juice, jazz my trailin' feet."

Before he reached camp he was feeling middlin' agile.

The captain's striker, a New Orleans brunet barely able to eat several times a day when he was not playing a guitar, sat in the doorway of the Wildcat's quarters.

"Cinnamon, you measly dog-robber, how is you?" the Wildcat asked in greeting.

"Poo'ly in de flesh but my spirit's rollin' high," the troubadour replied. "Ise Bo'deaux-boun' in de mawnin'," he added.

"How come?"

"Cap'n detailed me to roun' him up some mushrooms an' roosterfire sauce an' some mo' fixin's fo' a dinnah he's givin' to-morr' night."

"Whut day's this?"

"Friday."

"Cinnamon, you sure has a drag with Ol' Lady Luck. Here you is triflin' roun' all day, 'terpretin' a little, account you speaks N'O'leans French, whilst us boys busts ourselves buildin' railroads. What us needs is mo' pleasure an' less work. Wish ol' pay boat was whistlin' roun' de bend. Mebbe us could git to Bo'deaux."

"Some is lucky an' some is rich. Pay horn sound some day, Wil'cat."

"I ain't both. See kin yo' find me a Memphis Blues in de groan box. I likes it."

Cinnamon snatched a handful of melody from his guitar. From round the corner of the barracks an orderly trotted in search of the Wildcat.

"Wil'cat, cap'n says burn yo' feet arrivin' at his quarters."

"I never seed such a pesterin' war!"

The Wildcat dragged his way to the captain's quarters. "Wondeh did some guard see me wrastlin' ol' demon wine an' tell cap'n."

Generally the Wildcat had a clouded conscience. He disliked interviews with white folks—particularly the officers of his company.

"They knows me—wondeh what Ise 'criminated fo' now."

With the captain was a stranger who called himself Special Representer of the Colored Heroes Home-Tie Band.

He was a goggle-eyed mulatto product in linoleum putties, whose mission in life was to impose an uplifting influence on soldiers who could get along fine without it.

"Sir, Sergeant Vitus Marden repo'ts to de cap'n." The Wildcat stood at rigid attention.

"Wildcat, how many of you boys can dance?"

"Cap'n, yessuh!" The Wildcat's relief had him twisted a little bit.

"Boy, listen to me. I asked you how many of you boys know how to dance."

"Cap'n, suh, mos' all kin dance some; some knows all de steps what is, an' some makes up as they rambles along."

"How many of them can read?"

"Cap'n, suh, they's your boy Cinnamon, an' DeWitt Massey, an' five o' six triflin' school niggers, an' Cube, an' de Backslid Baptis', an'—mebbe a dozen all told—but mos' of 'em is field hands." The Wildcat looked sideways at the Special Representer.

"Wildcat, that spiking crew of yours doesn't give you enough work to keep you out of trouble. From now on I'm going to work you day and night. I'll issue an order to-night detailing you to help Special Representer Huntington Boone with amusements and entertainments and educational work for the company. Whatever he wants, you do! Can you read and write?"

"Cap'n, suh, I learned my letters but I never learned my words—'ceptin' to speak 'em."

"You join on one of the night-school classes then. Railroad work during the day, night school and entertainments for the company at night—I guess that'll hold you. You do whatever Boone wants you to do. That's all."

"Cap'n, yessuh. Thank you, suh."

The Wildcat rendered a perfect salute, stumbled over a wastebasket, and in company with the Special Representer made his exit.

Before the Wildcat had reached his quarters the potential alibis of his immediate future had him dazed.

"If they asks me where was you at 'stid of runnin' them spikin' niggers, I says Special Representer Honey Tone Boone had me detailed. If ol' Special Representer says why ain't I here, I says Honey Tone, I was 'cumulatin' some boards f'r some seats f'r a show us boys is plannin', or sumpin'—an' all de time me an' Cinnamon might be in Bo'deaux projectin' roun'."

The Special Representer's accomplice steered a course to the company kitchen and started to uplift a roast-beef sandwich after he had absorbed a shot of lemon extract.

At his quarters the Wildcat encountered Cinnamon seated in the doorway. Cinnamon looked up at him.

"Whut did cap'n do to yo', Wil'cat?"

"Man, oh, man! Us boys is goin' to have a meetin' every night; shows an' cuttin' de buck an' night school an' Ise in charge of—of the Gran' Military Lodge of Pleasure. Dat's me! Boy, distribute some melody; my feet feels triflin'."

At suppertime every member of the company made a verbal application for active membership in the Lodge of Pleasure. At nine o'clock that night an order issued putting the Wildcat in charge of amusements for the company under the direction of the Special Representer. By the time taps sounded the Wildcat had dreamed a dozen plans wherein the Lodge of Pleasure would become a source of personal benefit to himself and a select group of his intimates who could remember to return favors.

"Lady Luck, at yo' feet, at yo' feet!"

Next morning before work call sounded the Special Representer sought the Wildcat.

"Sergeant, what entertainin' games can you siggest for the boys?" Honey Tone was beginning to function as an uplifter.

"They likes policy, sick horse an' poker some—but mos'ly they's got cube craze."

The Special Representer was not entirely clear on the subject of cube craze.

"Clickin' golf," the Wildcat explained; "gallopin' dominoes, where yo' collects on seven, an' yo' point."

"Fo'bid by regulations. You go to Bo'deaux to-day and buy five or ten sets of regular dominoes an' checkers an' some slates an' pencils, an' to-night we starts some 'musements in the mess hall. I'll get you a pass now an' you can come back on the seven o'clock train to-night."

"Where at's de money?" The Wildcat was coldly practical even in the ecstasy of his freedom.

The Special Representer returned from the captain's quarters with a pass for the Wildcat. He handed him the pass and a fifty-franc note.

"The captain's orderly is going to Bo'deaux this mornin'. You go with him an' he can interpret for you. To-night the entertainment will consist of a ten-minute lecture, games, maybe a song or two, an' educational features for the first class in reading and writing."

"Honey Tone, yo' sure is a whirlwin'. Us niggers has needed you for a long time. Ise on my way." The Wildcat tore round the corner of the barracks in search of Cinnamon.

"Boy," he said when he found him, "boy, you is goin' to Bo'deaux, is you? Well, you an' me both!"

"How come?"

"Lodge o' Pleasure business. Ol' Honey Tone details me fo' gettin' dominoes an' checkers an' slates an' some mo' utensils fo' a gran' ruckus what starts when we gits back to-night. If you is ready le's go! Ise rarin' f'r action."

The pair started down the track toward the station, which lay half a mile from the barracks. Presently the train dragged itself out of the distance and while the conductor and engineer and their several grimy accomplices were consuming a wine ration the Wildcat and Cinnamon climbed into a third-class compartment. In the compartment were half a dozen negro soldiers from the French Congo country.

"Crowd in, Cinnamon! What f'r is yo' holdin' back?"

"These boys gin'ally has cooties, Wil'cat; an' you know what cap'n did to me las' time I got 'fested."

"Boy, get in! What's troublin' you youse 'fraid you'll have to steam yo' raiment. I never seed such a fool fo' clothes. Get in!"

The Wildcat boosted Cinnamon into the crowded compartment and wedged him into a space between Libenga Zongo and Palla Dikoa, two childish fighting men from Kamerun.

Cinnamon produced a cigarette from his pocket and lighted it.

"Boy, gimme one o' dem cigarettes what the cap'n smokes." The Wildcat held out his hand. "Gimme de deck—mebbe dese boys smokes."

He handed a cigarette to each of the African battlers. They exhibited the delightful embarrassment of children. By cold statistics an American cigarette meant more to each of them than a week's pay.

Presently the accomplished Cinnamon addressed Dikoa in New Orleans French. The Wildcat's eyes rolled with secondhand pride.

"Cinnamon, you sure does beat all! How come you talks dis boom-a-loom talk to blue-coat niggers whilst Ise speechless?"

"They speaks French."

"Go on! Is they Lou's'ana boys—or is you lyin' to me?"

"Man, I'm tellin' you these furlough niggers is French, 'ceptin' they skin."

"Sho' is a crazy rig. Far as I'm concerned they's plumb dumb. Wuz I penned up 'long wid dese boys an' us was hogs, I couldn't grunt 'good mawnin' to 'em if I was stuck wid a Barlow. How come these furlough niggers is niggers an' French both? I'm goin' to ask ol' Honey Tone about 'em when we gits back. I bet ol' Special Representer can 'splain all 'bout furlough niggers an' why they is."

The Wildcat's scientific contemplation endured until a cartload of bananas at the exit of the Bastide station in Bordeaux distracted him. "Cinnamon, wait till I gets me a hand o' bananas and a pocket o' goobers." Thenceforth across the stone bridge which spans the Gironde the Wildcat's munching jaws kept time with his marching feet.

"Keep yo' lower jaw still an' chew with th' top half of yo' head an' save yo' strength, Wil'cat." Cinnamon was mildly critical.

"Whut yo' mean?" The Wildcat looked sideways at his companion like a mule.

"I means yo' is overloadin' yo' neck. Come over heah an' us'll git us a r'ar o' coonyak."

By the time the pair reached the Rue Ste.-Catharine the Wildcat was stepping heavily.

"Sho' is gran' that streets cross each other, else where at would they put these gratifyin' café saloons? Ise a blue-coat battler an' I talks boom-a-loom talk. Cinnamon, you dressed-up preacheh, come on in dis French sto' an' tell ol' Mister Man I wants some fancy clo's."

The Wildcat dragged his companion into a tailor shop and presently the tailor was running down the dimensions of the Wildcat's anatomy.

"Tell dis man I wants de gran'est clo's what is. I needs 'em f'r mah Lodge o' Pleasure."

The Wildcat left the tailor shop staggering under a contract to deliver six hundred francs within two weeks from that time, in return for which he was to receive two olive-drab uniforms—"skin-tight one f'r Sundays an' a loose-hung one f'r weekdays."

The pair proceeded to a near-by café.

"Us gits one li'l dram mo' of coonyak an' then us gits our chores done—slates an' dominoes an' yo' roosterfish sauce an' them fixin's f'r cap'n."

Seated near them were several groups of blue-coated furlough boys talking their boom-a-loom talk. The Wildcat offered one of them a cigarette and was immediately surrounded by a dozen of them.

"Set down, field han's! Pacify yo'selves. Cinnamon, how come all dese boys idlin' roun' here 'stid o' workin'?"

Cinnamon derived a few statistics from his subsequent conversation, and relayed it to the Wildcat.

"Sho' beats all," the Wildcat reflected aloud. "Us boys workin' day an' night; an' goin' on ten thousan' boom-a-loom furlough boys restin' here all de time in Bo'deaux."

"They changes off," Cinnamon explained. "Sticks Germans a year wid bay'nets an' blows 'em up, an' gits a week's furlough f'r it."

The Wildcat evidenced a trace of sympathetic curiosity. Through the accomplished Cinnamon he investigated front-line conditions.

"Whut does they get to eat?"

Cinnamon enlarged upon the bread-and-wine ration, sleeping conditions, cooties, cognac and combat.

"Wil'cat, is you figgerin on a shiftin' roun' some?"

"Not now; but I was jus' ponderin'."

"How come?"

"Boy, suppose cap'n say 'Lay a mile o' sidetrack'—us lays it. Then suppose it rains that night an' ol' Napoleon or Sara Jane or some other hay-burnin' enjine gits lonely an' starts 'cross the fields fo' a visit with them main-line enjines. Cap'n says 'Burn yo' feet gittin' that enjine back on de track an' git dis wreck cleared up'—us does it. Up all night mebbe."

The Wildcat was silent. Cinnamon looked at him inquiringly.

"Well, whut of it? Drink yo' ruckus juice an' le's ramble."

"An' ten thousan' boom-a-loom niggers loafin' close by in Bo'deaux," the Wildcat continued. "Cinnamon, us feeds good. Us is got tobacco an' mo' cigarettes 'n whut these furlough niggers ever saw. You tell 'em I says does they want two heavy meals ev'ry day an' all de cigarettes they can chew, all they got to do is hunt me up at St.-Sulpice, ready f'r goin' to work."

Cinnamon opened his eyes and then dropped his lazy lids.

"Where at is uniforms f'r dese niggers?"

The Wildcat met him:

"Us is loaded down with spare clo's. Ol' supply sergeant got mo', in case we runs out."

The proposition was presented with due elaboration to the furlough negroes. Cinnamon turned to the Wildcat.

"They wants to know when they can start in."

"Tell 'em I kin use a hundred han's all de time, an' work starts Monday."

And thus from a mixed parentage of lassitude and ruckus juice was born the illegal boom-a-loom contract which later strained the diplomatic eloquence of a dozen Sam-Browned defenders of democracy.

The Wildcat and his companion said farewell to their furlough friends, and left the café in search of the sauce for the captain's banquet and the various instruments for use in the Special Representer's uplift movement. At evening, their mission accomplished, the pair sauntered back across the bridge which led to the Bastide station. The Wildcat looked at the ebbing tide.

"How come dis yere river runs one way in de mawnin' an' backwards at night? Sho' is runnin' upstream."

"Boy, you is full of ruckus juice an' can't see."

"I sees all dem big steamboats layin' downstream where they was this mawnin' an' they's there yet. Dis mawnin' de ol' stream was runnin' to'ards 'em an' now it's headed dis way."

Cinnamon's seaboard science was equal to the occasion. The Wildcat got his first lesson in tidewater tactics.

"A boy could ride fr'm one town to another without rowin' a-tall," he remarked. "I gits in a ol' skiff here, an' by noon Ise downstream at Poleyak. Den I sees Royan, where de Lannick Ocean is. Den she turns roun' an' fo' long here I is!"

"Cinnamon, you liar, youse crazy o' Ise twisted roun'."

En route to the St.-Sulpice camp the Wildcat reviewed his plans for utilizing the wasted energy of the boom-a-loom soldiers. By the time he arrived at the St.-Sulpice station his

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Suddenly He Extended His Neck Full Length Like a Hard-Shell Turtle. On the Bridge of the Ship There Stood an Officer He Knew

THE CENSOR'S SIDE OF IT

By Gerald Morgan, Major Field Artillery, Chief Field Censor, A. E. F.

I WAS chief field censor of the American Expeditionary Forces from the October evening in 1917 when the First Division entered the trenches for training near Arracourt in Lorraine to the day of the armistice in November, 1918, and after that with the Army of Occupation on its march from Verdun to the Rhine. From October, 1917, to February, 1919, I censored the dispatches of forty or fifty regularly attached correspondents—I suppose the average was about fifteen, for they were constantly changing—and I don't know how many transient visitors. Out of all those forty or fifty regularly attached correspondents I can state that I never met one who was not willing to sacrifice his own personal interests at any moment for the interests of the American Army. I think, in view of that reason, America has a right to be proud of the American Press.

Floyd Gibbons

Major Gerald Morgan, Chief Field Censor of the American Expeditionary Forces

Rival Groups of Writers

MOST people imagine the censor rather as an institution than as an individual. As a matter of fact a censor who had no ordinary humanity or sympathy with the press could not succeed. Successful administration of censorship means cooperation of the censor with the correspondents to a common end: the same end for which the whole people was striving—the winning of the war. And you cannot get that cooperation unless the censor and the correspondent are friends.

When I first joined the Press Division in the autumn of 1917 there existed both interior and exterior friction, which was due to various causes. The interior friction consisted in lack of harmony among the correspondents, among the officers and between the correspondents and the officers. First, there was jealousy among the accredited correspondents who were living at Neufchâteau in the training area and the accredited correspondents who had temporarily left the A. E. F. to cover Paris and the S. O. S.

The Neufchâteau men, who were living in a second-class provincial hotel in order to do the work of the Army, considered themselves privileged over the others who were living comfortably and for the time being writing stories in which the A. E. F. was usually merely incidental. But the correspondents who had left Neufchâteau had armed themselves with an official leave of absence and let it be known that they regarded themselves privileged to return on a par with the others whenever they saw fit. It was about like this:

Neufchâteau correspondent meets another correspondent living in Paris.

NEUFCHÂTEAU CORRESPONDENT: "You Paris birds think you can come out any time you feel like it and if there's any big story you think you'll have the same filing privileges that we have. Fat chance!"

PARIS CORRESPONDENT: "We're just as much accredited as you are and you needn't think just because you choose to live in a dump and write about soldiers throwing dummy grenades that you've got anything on us. We're coming out when we're good and ready, and when we do we'll file as we please."

This state of affairs did not work for harmony between the two groups of correspondents.

The friction between officers and correspondents was due partly to the fact that some of the junior officers originally chosen as press officers had no experience in and little respect for the press and its representatives, and partly to the fact that the correspondents did not on their side make any very serious attempt to keep their tempers with the junior officers. Officers with press experience would of course have been attached to the Press Division had any been available in the early days of the A. E. F., but it was not until the first Plattsburg graduates began to come over that any could be found.

The friction which existed among officers is a delicate subject. Suffice it to say that relations between reserve and regular officers were never perfect in any department of any army—British, French, American or German.

The exterior difficulties in the Press Division in the autumn of 1917 were with the French. The French never swallowed all the modern principles of military publicity. They never wholly got over the effect of their conviction that French war correspondents' reports in the War of 1870 had had a good deal to do with their losing that war. So their rules, particularly regarding the circulation of correspondents, were found to be strict when the American Press Division wished to follow the First Division into the training sector near Einville and Arracourt. The French were horrified to learn that American correspondents traveled about without conducting officers, and it was not till 1918 that they adopted a half acquiescent, half look-the-other-way attitude toward our methods—strange to them—with the Press. In October, 1917, they knew nothing whatever about it.

Getting Writers to Arracourt

THE process of getting the correspondents up to the Arracourt sector was as follows: The chief press officer asked permission from the French mission at Chaumont, to which the mission assented. If we had gone ahead after that without reporting to any other French authority, which was very likely what the mission expected—our own G. H. Q. had of course given us permission—we could certainly have marched right in with the infantry. But as it was, when we reported at Sommerviller, which was the headquarters of General Bordeaux, commanding the French division with which our First Division was to train, General Bordeaux was surprised to see us. He let us go as far as Einville and no farther, and we watched the troops go in from there.

This naturally did not please the correspondents, who thought they should be allowed to follow American troops anywhere they went. Moreover, in the course of the evening the correspondents

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Will Irwin

Irvin S. Cobb at Liège

Frederick Palmer on the Somme Front

LOOKING BACKWARD

Men, Women and Events During Eight Decades of American History—By Henry Watterson

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES M. PRESTON

Mr. Cleveland Was in Truth a Strong Man, With a Real Desire to Serve the Country

THERE were, as I have said, two Grover Clevelands—before and after marriage—and it might be added, between his defeat in 1888 and his election in 1892. He was so sure of his election in 1888 that he could not be induced to see the dangers of the situation in his own state of New York, where David Bennett Hill, who had succeeded him in the governorship, was a candidate for reëlection, and whom he personally detested, had become the ruling party force. He lost the state, and with it the election, while Hill won; and thereby rose an ugly faction fight.

I did not believe as the quadrennial period approached in 1892 that Mr. Cleveland could be elected. I still think he owed his election, and Harrison his defeat, to the Homestead riots of the midsummer, which transferred the labor vote bodily from the Republicans to the Democrats. Mainly on account of this belief I opposed his nomination in that year. In the Kentucky State Convention I made my opposition resonant, if not effective.

"I understand," I said in an address to the assembled delegates, "that you are all for Grover Cleveland?"

There came an affirmative roar.

"Well," I continued, "I am not; and if you send me to the National Convention I will not vote for his nomination, if his be the only name presented, because I firmly believe that his nomination will mean the marching through a slaughterhouse to an open grave, and I refuse to be a party to such a folly."

The answer of the convention was my appointment by acclamation, but it was many a day before I heard the last of my unlucky figure of speech.

Notwithstanding this splendid indorsement I went to the National Convention feeling very like the traditional "poor boy at a frolic." All seemed to me lost save honor and conviction. I had become the embodiment of my own epigram, "a tariff for revenue only." Mr. Cleveland, in the beginning very much taken by it, had grown first lukewarm and then frightened. His Free Trade message of 1887 had been regarded by the party as an answering voice. But I knew better. In the national platform, over the protest of Whitney, his organizer, and Vilas, his spokesman, I had forced him to stand on that gospel. He flew into a rage and threatened to modify if not to repudiate the plank in his letter of acceptance. We were still on friendly terms, and upon reaching home I wrote him the following letter. It reads like ancient history, but, as the quarrel which followed cut a certain figure in the political chronicle of the time, the correspondence may not be historically out of date or biographically uninteresting:

"COURIER-JOURNAL OFFICE,
LOUISVILLE, July 9, 1892.

"*My dear Mister President:* I inclose you two editorial articles from the Courier-Journal, and that their spirit and purpose may not be misunderstood by you I wish to add a word or two of a kind directly and entirely personal.

"To a man of your robust understanding and strong will, opposition and criticism are apt to be taken as more or less unfriendly; and, as you are at present advised, I can hardly expect that any words of mine will be received by you with sentiments either of confidence or favor.

"I was admonished by a certain distrust, if not disdain, visited upon the honest challenge I ventured to offer your Civil Service policy, when you were actually in office, that you did not differ from some other great men I have known in an unwillingness, or at least an inability, to accept, without resentment, the question of your infallibility. Nevertheless I was then, as I am now, your friend and not your enemy, animated by the single purpose to serve the country through you, as, wanting your great opportunities, I could not serve it through myself.

"During the four years when you were President I asked you but for one thing that lay near my heart. You granted that handsomely; and if you had given me all you had to give besides, you could not have laid me under greater obligation. It is a gratification to me to know, and it ought to be some warrant both of my intelligence and fidelity for you to remember that that matter resulted in credit to the Administration and benefit to the public service.

"But to the point: I had at St. Louis in 1888 and at Chicago, the present year, to oppose what was represented as your judgment and desire in the adoption of a tariff plank in our national platform; successfully in both cases. The inclosed articles set forth the reasons forcing upon me a different conclusion from yours, in terms that may appear to you bluntly specific, but I hope not personally offensive; certainly not by intention, for, whilst I would not suppress the truth to please you or any man, I have a decent regard for the sensibilities and the rights of all men, particularly of men so eminent as to be beyond the reach of anything except insolence and injustice. Assuredly in your case I am incapable of even so much as the covert thought of either, entertaining for you absolute respect and regard. But, my dear Mister President, I do not think that you appreciate the overwhelming force of the revenue-reform issue, which has made you its idol.

"If you will allow me to say so, in perfect frankness and without intending to be rude or unkind, the gentlemen immediately about you—gentlemen upon whom you rely for material aid and energetic party management—are not, as to the tariff, Democrats at all; and have little conception of the place in the popular mind and heart held by the revenue-reform idea, or, indeed, of any idea except that of organization and money.

"Of the need of these latter no man has a more realizing sense or larger information and experience than I have. But they are merely the brakes and wheels of the engine, to which principles and inspirations are and must always be the elements of life and motion. It is to entreat you, therefore, in your coming letter and address not to underestimate the tremendous driving power of this tariff issue, and to beg you not even to seem to qualify it or to abridge its terms in a mistaken attempt to seem to be conservative.

"You cannot escape your great message of 1887 if you would. I know it by heart, and I think that I perfectly apprehend its scope and tenor. Take it as your guiding star. Stand upon it. Reiterate it. Emphasize it, amplify it, but do not subtract a thought, do not erase a word. For every vote which a bold front may lose you in the East you will gain two votes in the West. In the East, particularly in New York, enemies lurk in your very cupboard, and strike at you from behind your chair or table. There is more than a fighting chance for Illinois, Iowa and Minnesota, and next to a certainty in Wisconsin, Michigan and Indiana, if you put yourself personally at the head of the column which is moving in your name, supposing it to be another name for reduced taxes and freer exchanges.

"Discouraged as I was by the condition of things in New York and Indiana prior to the Chicago convention, depressed and almost hopeless by your nomination, I can see daylight if you will relax your grip somewhat upon the East and throw yourself confidently upon the West.

"I write warmly because I feel warmly. If you again occupy the White House—and it is my most constant and earnest prayer that you may—be sure that you will not be troubled by me. I cannot hope that my motives in opposing your nomination, consistent as you know them to have been, or that my conduct during the post-convention discussion and canvass, free as I know it to have been of ill-feeling or distemper, has escaped misrepresentation and misconception. I could not, without the loss of my self-respect, approach you on any private matter whatever;

(Concluded on Page 97)

HAND OF A GOD

By Will Levington Comfort and Zamin Ki Dost

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LIVINGSTON BULL

Skag Had Met Fear There—Something of Monstrous Proportion, More Powerful Than Will. It Stayed With Him

THE Indian jungles were showing Skag deep secrets about wild animals—knowledge beyond his hopes. Some things that he thought he knew in the old days as a circus trainer were beginning to look curious and obsolete, but much still held good, even became more and more significant. The things he had known intuitively did not diminish. These had to do with mysterious talents of his own, and dated back to the moment he stood for the first time before one of the "big cat" cages at the Lincoln Park Zoo in Chicago. That was his initiation day in a craft in which he had since gone very far, as white men go—even into the fascination of the cobra craft.

Skag was meeting now from time to time in his jungle work some of the big hunters of India—men who went out after the man-eaters and man-killers only, whose lives were a-seethe with tales of adventure. As a rule these men were not talkers. When they talked Skag slowly but surely grasped the fact that what they had was "outside stuff." They knew trails, defensive and fighting habits, species and calls; they knew a great collection of detached facts about animals; but it was all like what one would see in a strange country—watching from outside its wall. There was a certain boundary of observation which they never passed. All that Skag cared to know was on the inner side of the wall.

As for the myriad of little hunters, they were tame; only their bags were "wild." They never even approached the boundary. Skag reflected much on these affairs. It dawned on him at last that when you go out with the idea of killing a creature, you may get its attitude toward death, but you won't know much more about how it regards life.

The more you give, the more you get from any relation. This is not only common knowledge among school-teachers, but among stock raisers and rose growers. Almost every man has had experience with a real teacher at least once in his life—possibly only a few weeks or even days—but a bit of real teaching when something within opened and answered as never before. It was like an extension of consciousness. If you look back you'll find that you loved that teacher, at least liked that one differently, very deep.

Now this is the hardest kind of stuff. It was life to Skag, not theory; yet he was so unsentimental that you would have hesitated to open a letter from home in his presence. More and more as the years passed he had loved old Alec Binz, the elephant keeper of Cloud's Wild Animal Show, who had first told him about India and these very jungles, and about mastering animals in and outside himself. Old Alec Binz's memory was like his own Kashmir rose jar.

Skag wanted a great deal. He wanted more from the jungle doubtless than was ever formulated in a white man's mind before. He wanted to know what certain holy men know, men who dare to walk to and fro in the jungles without arms, apparently without fear. He wanted to know what the priests of Hanuman know about monkeys; and what mahouts of famous beasts like Neela Deo and Gunpath-Rao and Mitha Baba of the Hurda stockade know about elephants.

At this point one reflection was irresistible: The priests of Hanuman gave all they had—care, patience, tenderness, even their lives—to the monkey people. There were no two ways about the mahouts; they loved the elephants, at times even reverently, never regarding them as mere beasts only. As for the holy men—the sign manual of their order was love for all creatures. No, there was no getting away from the fact that you must give yourself to a thing if you want to know it. . . . Skag would come up breathless out of this contemplation—only to find it was the easiest thing he did—to love wild animals.

Now it would be very simple to work up an idea like this and dwell upon it faithfully, feeding it with one's thought force, until one couldn't see over or through his own opinion. Skag had reason to hold high his trust in animals. He had entered the big cat cages countless times and always had himself and the animals in hand. He made good in the tiger pit trap and certainly the loose tiger near the Monkey Glen didn't charge. All this might have established the idea that all animals were bound to answer his love for them.

But India was teaching him otherwise.

In the hills back of Poona he had met a murderer. That cat scream at the last "crawled" him at the very center of things. Cheetahs were malignant; no two ways about that. Skag hadn't failed. He was never better. There was no fear nor any lack of concentration in his work upon the cheetah beast. Any tiger, he knew, would have answered to his cool force, but the cheetah didn't.

It was the same with the big boa constrictor in the grass jungle. Skag had met Fear there—something of monstrous proportion, more powerful than will, harder to deal with by a wide margin than any plain adjustment to death. It stayed with him. It was more formidable than pain. He had talked with his friend Cadman, the American writer and camera man, about a peculiar inadequacy on his part in sending enough "lovingkindness" into a cable length of boa constrictor to work in time. Cadman knew too much to hoot at Skag's dilemma. The more a man knows the more he can believe.

"It would be easier with a cobra than a constrictor," the writer-man said. "You'd have to strike just the right key, son. This is what I mean: The wireless instruments of the Swastika Line answer to one pitch; the ships of the Blue Toll to another. . . . But I've seen things done—yes, I've seen things done in this man's India. . . . I saw a saint from one of the little Brotherhoods of the Vindhyas sing a nest of cobras into felicitous repose; also I have seen other Brothers pass through places where the deadly little *karit* is supposed to watch and wait and turn red. That little *karit* is so bad that the bitten one spoils before you can bury him ——"

The more Skag listened and learned and watched in India, the more he realized that if he knew all there was to know about the different orders of holy men, all the rest of knowledge would be included, even the lore of the jungle animals. He had come into his own considerable awe through what he had seen in the Monkey Forest with the priests of Hanuman, but Things-to-Learn stretched away and away before him like range upon range to High Himalaya. Skag sighed.

"I was just thinking," he said contemplatively, "that it never even occurred to me to use anything but a six-shooter on hyenas. That's queer too. I just went out and got that gun—down Poona way."

"Same thing we're talking about. Hyenas are the last word. They haven't got the faculties to take your powers. They're pitched way low, son. They don't register us. It would be the same with a mugger ——"

"The more I learn about animals the more I respect tigers," Skag said.

Cadman laughed. "There is a lot to that. The holy men say most tigers have been cats for a long time."

Skag glanced at him quickly.

"I don't get that ——"

"I'm not so impatient about your case as you are yourself, son. Speaking of fancying tigers, you haven't seen a real man-eater yet?"

Skag shook his head, saying, "I've heard that man is strong meat."

"Yes, it's the lotus island thing for the big tiger cats. They don't care for much else after they get their first full gorge, and they don't last long."

Then they fell to talking about cobras.

Cadman had referred to Skag's progress in a few months of Indian life—coming into certain interesting adventures; a valuable servant in Bhanah; the Great Dane dog, Nels; an important post with the English Government in the Department of Natural Research—to say nothing of the girl Carlin, who was not to be compared in the same breath or paragraph with anything else.

These were days. Skag and Carlin had come back from Poona, where five of Carlin's seven brothers had been present at her marriage. There were weeks in Hurda now while Skag's equipment for jungle work arrived bit by bit. They lived some distance from the city and back from the King's Highway in Malcolm M'Cord's bungalow, a house to remember for several reasons.

Malcolm M'Cord was the best rifle shot in India. The natives called him Hand of a God. As usual they meant a lot more than a mere decoration. M'Cord was one of the big engineers especially used by the English Government in the engine construction—a Scot nearing fifty now. For many years he had answered the cries of the natives for help against the destroyers of human life. Sometimes it was a mugger, sometimes a cobra, a cheetah, often a man-eating tiger that terrorized the countrysides. There are many sizable Indian villages where there is not a single rifle or short piece in the place; repeated instances where one pampered beast has taken his tolls of cattle and children of men for a full generation.

The natives are slow to take the life of any creature. They are suspicious toward any who does it thoughtlessly or for pastime, but the Hindu also believes that he is within the equity of preservation in doing away with those ravagers that learn to hunt men.

In the early days M'Cord began to take the famous shoot trophies. Time came when this sort of thing was no longer a gamesome event, but a foregone conclusion. His rifle work was a revelation of genius—like the work

of a prodigious young pianist or billiardist in the midst of mere natural excellence.

He had wearied of the game-bag end of shooting, even before his prowess in the tournaments became a bore. So there was only the big philanthropy left. The silent steady Scot gave himself more and more to this work for the hunted villagers as the years went on. It sufficed. Many a man has stopped riding or walking for mere exercise, but joyously, and with much profit, taken it up again as a means to get somewhere.

It was Carlin who helped Skag overcome his early antipathy toward the M'Cord bungalow.

"It *is* 'papered' and carpeted and curtained with the skins of animals, but you would have to know what the taking of those skins has meant to the natives, and how different it is from the usual hunter-man's house. The M'Cord bungalow is a book of man-eater tales—with leather leaves."

Carlin, who had been one of M'Cord's favorites since she was a child, saw the man with the magic of the native standpoint upon him, which Skag could only learn slowly and from experience. With all its richness there was nothing of the effect of the taxidermist's shop about the place. Altogether the finest private set of gun racks Skag had looked upon was collected in the dim front hall. Bhanah and Nels had a comfortable lodge to themselves, and there was a tiny summerhouse at the far end of the lawn that had been an ideal of Carlin's when she was little. This playhouse had but one door, which was turned modestly away from the King's Road. It was vined and partly sequestered in garden growths, its threshold to the west. The Scottish bachelor had turned this small house over to the child Carlin years ago as eagerly as his entire establishment now. Yet the woman was no less partial to the playhouse than the child had been.

They hardly saw the Scot; in fact, it was only a moment in the Railway Oval. Skag looked into a gray eye that seemed so steady as to have a life all its own and apart in the midst of a weathered countenance both kindly and grim.

There was a tiny locked room on the south side of the bungalow, vividly sunlit—a room which in itself formed a cabinet for mounted cobras—eight or ten specimens with marvelous bodies and patchy-looking heads. . . . The place was heavily glazed, but not with windows that opened. Skag caught the hint before Carlin spoke—that the display might have a queer attraction for cobras that had not suffered the art of the taxidermist.

Skag turned to the girl as they stood together at the low heavy door leading into the library. Something in her face held him utterly—something of wisdom, something of dread—if one could imagine a fear founded on knowledge.

A brilliant mid-afternoon. Bhanah and Nels had gone to the stockade. Since the chase and rescue of Carlin, Nels and the young elephant Gunpath-Rao were becoming friends—peculiar dignities and untellable reservations between them, but undoubtedly friends.

There was a kind of stillness in the place and hour as they stood together that made it seem they had never been alone before. Deep awe had come to Skag. As he looked now upon her beauty and health and courage with eyes that saw another loveliness weaving all wonders together he knew a kind of bewildered revolt that life was actually bounded by a mere few years, that it could be subject to change and chance. Thus he learned what has come to many a man in the first hours after bringing his great comrade home—that there must be some inner fold of romance to make straight the insistent torture at the thought of illness and accident and death itself; something somehow to enable a man to transcend all three-score-and-ten affairs and know that birth and death are mere hurdles for the runners of real romance.

The sunlight brought out faint but marvelous gleamings from the serpents. It was as if every scale had been a jewel. Skag looked closer. It wasn't bad mounting. It was really marvelous mounting. His eye ran from one to another. Every cobra's head had been shattered by a bullet. The broken tissues had been gathered together, pieced and sewn—the art of the workman not covering the dramatic effect entirely, yet smoothing the excess of horror away.

"I've heard of cobras always, yet I never tire and never seem any nearer them," Carlin was saying. "I remember the word cobra when I heard it the first time—almost the first memory. It never becomes familiar. They are mysterious. One can never tell the why or when about them. One never gets past the fascination. The more you know the more you prepare for them in India. It's like this—any other room would have windows that open. . . . Yet cobras have much fidelity. We think of them as reptiles; and yet they are life-and-death mates, like the best tiger pairs. One who kills a cobra must kill two or look out ——"

Carlin had strange lore about mated pairs; about moths and birds and other creatures—as well as men-things—finding each other and living and working together; about a male tiger that had mourned for many seasons alone, after some sportsman had killed his female; about another rollicking young tiger pair that leaped an eight-foot wall into a native cattle yard in early evening, made their kill together of a plump young cow, and passed it up and over the wall between them.

"The cubs were hungry," Carlin had said.

Still they did not leave the doorway of the cobra room. Skag saw that something more was coming. Once more he was drawn to the mystery of the holy men by her tale:

"I was a little girl. It was here in Hurda. I had strayed a way into the open jungle, not toward our Monkey Glen, but farther south where the trees were scarce. Of course, I shouldn't have been alone ——"

Skag was staring straight at one of the cobras. Carlin turned and placed her hand upon his sleeve. She knew that he was fighting that old dread that had come upon him on the day of the elephant pursuit, a dread well enough founded upon many tragedies of the pitfalls and menaces and miasmas of old Mother India, the infinite variety, craft, swiftness and violence of her deaths. White hands were certainly clinging to Skag. One's vast careless attitudes to life are fearfully complicated when life means two and not the self alone.

"This isn't a horrible story," she said.

He cleared his throat; then laughed.

"I'll get past all this," he muttered. "Go on, Carlin."

"I heard a step behind," she said. "It was my uncle—the most wonderful of many uncles. I have not seen him since that day. He is a little older than my eldest brother, possibly thirty at that time, tall, dark, silent, a frowning man, but not to me. Even then he belonged to one of the little Brotherhoods of the Vindhyas—lesser, you know, in relation to the Great Brotherhoods of the High Hills. In fact it was from the Vindhya Hills that they move on when they are called—up the Great Highway and beyond."

Another of Carlin's themes, always the dream in her mind of climbing to the roof of the world.

"We walked on together through one of the paths; sometime I will show you. It was not like anyone else coming to find a child or coming to take one back. A most memorable thing to a little one, this elaborate consideration from a great man. He did not suggest that I turn. He made himself over to my adventure."

She waited for Skag to see more of the picture from her mind than her words suggested:

"Ahead on the path—leisurely, like nothing else—a cobra reared, a king cobra, as great as any of these. He barred our way. There comes a penetrating cold from the first glance. It's like an icy lance to the center of consciousness. Then I felt the man's presence beside me. My confidence was that which only a child can give. What the mind knows and fears has too much dominion afterward. The appalling power and beauty of the cobra fascinated me. I have never quite forgotten. There was a lolling, trailing grace about the lifted length, the head slightly inclined to us, the hood but partly spread—something winged in the undulation, a suggestion of that which we could not see, faintly like the whir of a hummingbird's wings. That is it: an intimation of forces we had not senses to register—also colors and sounds. My hand was lost in the great hand. My uncle did not turn back. He was speaking. There was that about his tones which you had to listen for—a low softness that you had to listen to get. Oh, yes, it was to the cobra that he spoke.

"There was never a poem to me like those words, but they did not leave themselves in continuity. I could not say the sentences again. I seem to remember the vibration—some sense of mysterious kindred with all creatures—and a vast flung scroll of wisdom and poetry, as if the serpents had been a great and glorious people of blinding, incredible knowledges—never like us—but all the more marvelous for their difference. . . . And the cobra hung there, his eyes darkening under the gentleness of the voice—then reddening again like fanned embers.

"Then I heard my uncle ask to be permitted to pass, saying that he brought no harm to the mistress, undoubtedly near, nor to baby cobras—only good will, but that it was not well for a man and a little girl to be prevented from passing along a man-path.

"It was only a moment more that the way was held from us. There was no rising at all to fighting anger. A cobra doesn't, you know, until actual attack. In leisurely undulations he turned and entered the deeper growths. A moment later my uncle pointed to the lifted head in the shadows. One had need to be magic-eyed to see. We went on a little way and walked back. It was not that we had to pass, but that we must not be obstructed."

"Ahead on the Path a Cobra Reared, a King Cobra. There Comes a Penetrating Cold From the First Glance. It's Like an Icy Lance to the Center of Consciousness"

This was the India that astonished Skag more than all hunter tales, more than any hunter prowess; but there were always two sides. The weeks in Hurda were unlike any other he had ever known. The mystery deepened between him and Carlin. Almost the first word that he had heard of her was that she was unattainable—yet they had known each other at once. Still Carlin was unattainable; forever above and beyond. Such a woman is no sooner comprehended on one problem than she unfolds another; much of man's growth is from one to another of her mysteries. And always when he has passed one he thinks all is known; and always as another looms he realizes how little he knows after all.

A thousand times Skag recalled the words of the Learned One who had spoken to Cadman and himself on their way to the grass jungle:

(Concluded on Page 105)

Forty Years of a Diplomat's Life

By BARON ROSEN

Former Ambassador From Russia to the United States

ONE of the questions that grown people usually ask of little boys when they are called upon to make a show of interest in them is, "Now, look here, my boy: what do you propose to be when you grow up?" When a boy of six I used to reply to this somewhat indiscreet inquiry, "I want to be a cab driver."

I do not exactly know what prompted me to conceive such an exceedingly modest view of my future career. It may have been that I had a kind of premonition that it would be my sad fate at the respectable age of seventy-two to become a proletarian.

However, I am bound to say that my views for the future underwent a considerable change within a few years after this rather reckless declaration. When I grew a little older I used to reply to the same question, briefly, "I'll be an ambassador."

In those days I did not yet realize how little real satisfaction could be derived from reaching such a high rung on the ladder of honors. However, I must suppose that it was in some measure due to these childish dreams of my boyhood that when the time came to determine upon the choice of a profession I made up my mind to enter the diplomatic service of my country.

While at school and in college I had acquired a decided taste for the study of history and of political economy, in which I became very much more proficient than in the other branches of learning at the School of Laws in St. Petersburg, where I completed my education. The study of history, and especially of the history of my own country, led me to think a great deal about the question of the future of Russia.

It was then that two convictions were formed in my mind: First, that the expansion of the Russian Empire on the Continent of Europe had reached its extreme limit, beyond which any further acquisition of territory inhabited by alien races could only become a source of weakness; and, second, that the true interests of Russia lay in the development of her Siberian Empire and her possessions in Central Asia.

These convictions undoubtedly influenced me when, upon entering the diplomatic service, it became necessary for me to make up my mind which of the sections of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs I would join. In those days all the strictly political business was being transacted in two sections, one of which was called the Ministerial Chancellery, which dealt with all European affairs and was therefore considered to be the ranking branch of the service.

As a matter of fact, however, the young men who composed the staff of the chancellery had little else to do but to cultivate a beautiful handwriting and to copy dispatches; or to put into cipher or to decipher outgoing or incoming telegraphic correspondence. The other section of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, ever since the first organization of the ministry, had borne the name of Asiatic Department, and was considered from a social point of view inferior to the chancellery; but practically it had to transact all business connected with all countries of the world except Western and Central Europe; so that, for instance, the Balkan Peninsula and Egypt, as well as the whole American continent, belonged to the domain of this department, whose very name seemed to indicate, however, that after all Asia was considered or instinctively felt to be the real and most important field for the activity of Russia's foreign policy.

I had little hesitation in making up my mind to enter the service of this particular branch of the Foreign Office, the more so as it seemed to leave me a door open for beginning my service abroad in a country which then had just begun to emerge from an age-long seclusion from the rest of the world, and which I felt was destined to play a considerable part in the development of our interests in Asia.

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The City Garden in Sukhum

In those years—I mean the early '70's of the last century—our diplomacy was mostly active in connection with the affairs of Central Asia and the forward policy which our military commanders, such as Generals Tcherniaeff and Von Kauffmann, had been inaugurating in Turkestan. This brought us into conflict with British, or rather British Indian interests, which led to a lively exchange of notes between the two governments, with the copying of which I had much to do.

Though my participation in these diplomatic transactions was necessarily limited to the exercise of my more or less skillful penmanship I nevertheless gained a pretty fair insight into the causes of the mutual distrust which for almost a century characterized the relations between Great Britain and Russia, to the great detriment of both.

Soon after my joining the staff of the Asiatic Department I was put in charge of the Japanese Bureau. In this way it came about that when, in the beginning of 1875, negotiations with Japan had led to the conclusion of a treaty for the exchange of the southern half of the island of Sakhalin, which was then in the possession of Japan—the northern half belonging already to Russia—for the group of the Kurile Islands, I was intrusted with the task of drafting the articles of the proposed treaty.

I might mention as a curious detail that when I sat down to my work in connection with the drafting of the text of the treaty it struck me that the safest way to define in the text the limits of what we were to give up in exchange for the southern half of the island would be to do it by way of drawing simply geographical lines; that is to say, of stating in the text of the treaty that whatever islands were situated inside of the space determined by certain degrees of latitude and of longitude should be transferred to Japan. I conceived this plan because of the imperfection of the geographical maps at our disposal and the rather vague and uncertain nomenclature of the islands of the Kurile group, which rendered enumeration by name of the islands to be ceded a matter more or less of guesswork. I felt very proud of having devised this sagacious plan, which, however, to my disappointment did not meet with the approval of my chiefs; and I was directed to replace my carefully drawn text of that article of the treaty by a nominal enumeration of the islands to be ceded.

The result was that when, after a due exchange of ratifications of the treaty, a joint commission of Russian and Japanese officers proceeded to the formal exchange of the territories that were ceded by both sides they discovered to their great consternation that two islands had been overlooked in the enumeration contained in the treaty, which was due to the fact that they had not been marked on the existing maps. Of course this did not lead to any serious difficulty, the matter being settled then and there in accordance with the dictates of common sense. I merely mention this fact as a curiosity.

In the same year an opportunity offered to begin my service abroad at the legation in Japan, whose chief was to be raised to the rank of Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary from the first of January of the following year. I was to join him as First Secretary of Legation, being sent out to Yokohama in the summer of 1875 in the capacity of vice consul, in expectation of my transfer to the legation.

This appointment afforded me the possibility of realizing a long-cherished desire of mine to visit the United States, whose history and institutions had always been a favorite object of my studies in college.

II

DURING the Civil War in the United States I was part of the time at school and part of the time in college. We boys, like the overwhelming majority of public opinion, sided naturally with the Union. The reason for the educated classes in Russia taking up this attitude might have been explained by two considerations.

First, there was still rankling in the breasts of most people the recollection of our defeat in the Crimean War, inflicted on us by the Western Powers—by France and England; and both these countries having taken up an attitude favorable to the Southern States, public opinion in Russia naturally leaned the other way. But besides this there was unquestionably a kind of instinctive feeling of sympathy for the American people. Our government in those days took up a standpoint very decidedly in favor of the Union. This was in a great measure due to the political sagacity of Prince Gortchakoff, who was then Minister of Foreign Affairs, and who was strongly supported by the Emperor Alexander II's younger brother, the Grand Duke Constantine, who, as high admiral, stood at the head of the navy.

I think everyone of the older generation in this country will remember the sensation created here by the sudden appearance in the port of New York of the Russian squadron commanded by Rear Admiral Lessoffsky. The number of ships was certainly not great, and the individual vessels as fighting units were evidently not very important. Still, the appearance in American waters at that particular moment, when the fortunes of war seemed to be rather adverse to the Union cause, produced naturally a very great effect on the public mind. It was a manifestation of the decisive stand taken by the only great Power in Europe willing to support the cause of the Union.

I shall not go any deeper into the story that became very popular in this country, about the Russian admiral having had in his possession sealed orders to the effect that he was to hold himself at the disposal of the United States Government in the eventuality of a war between the United States and Great Britain or France. I am not in a position to say whether any such sealed orders really existed or not. This, however, is not a matter of very great importance, considering that as a fighting force this small squadron would not have constituted a serious asset in case of war. The importance of the event was merely political, and in any case it served to raise the spirits of the people here by bringing it home to them in a visible form that their cause had found the support of a powerful friend.

Attempts have been made in the press, especially in later years, to belittle the importance of that friendly demonstration by explaining that the action of the Russian Government had been inspired much less by an intention to come to the assistance of the Union than by the desire to make a hostile demonstration against the Western Powers, who at the time had been threatening an intervention on the side of the Poles during the Polish Insurrection in the years of 1863 and 1864.

It is just as likely as not that in the minds of the directors of Russia's foreign policy both these considerations may have influenced this decision. The result was the creation in Russia, as well as in the United States, of a strong feeling of solidarity and mutual friendship. These feelings manifested themselves in the great enthusiasm with which Admiral Lessoffsky and his fleet were received here, and in the unbounded enthusiasm with which Mr. Fox's mission, after the end of the Civil War, was greeted everywhere in Russia.

These demonstrations of enthusiasm in Russia I had witnessed myself, being then still a boy at college. We boys were naturally all full of enthusiasm and feelings of the warmest friendship for the American people. In those days the words "America," "American friends," "transatlantic friends" were household words everywhere.

I was naturally greatly delighted when the chance offered for me to visit at last the country for which I had already conceived a strong feeling of admiration, due to the study of its history.

Now the question rose, How to get there?

Being quite inexperienced in transatlantic travel I concluded the wisest plan would be to embark at the nearest port within reach, and that is the reason why I made up my mind to go to Hamburg, where I had a personal friend, Count Cassini, who was then Consul General of Russia and at the same time accredited as diplomatic representative to the Senate of the free city of Hamburg.

I embarked on one of the steamers of the Hamburg-America Steam Packet Company, a very modest little boat in comparison with the giant steamers the company built in later years. Those were the days of swinging oil lamps in the saloon and little bits of wax candles in the lanterns in the corners between two staterooms. Ocean travel in those days was very far from what it has been of late years and what, let us hope, it will be again when matters have straightened out.

However, somehow we managed to reach the port of New York after about fourteen days at sea. On the way I remember a little incident which in the light of recent events is perhaps rather amusing. We had just got out of the River Elbe into the open sea when I went on the captain's bridge, where I found an old French pilot employed by the company for taking their vessels into the port of Havre, whose acquaintance I had accidentally made at my hotel, where he was staying too. We were engaged in a friendly chat on the bridge—I mean the captain, the pilot and I—when I noticed on the horizon the smoke of some six or seven steamers, and just by way of keeping up the conversation I said to the captain:

"Hello, I see some steamers there. What might that be?"

Then he looked at me contemptuously and said: "Oh, that's probably the famous German fleet."

What struck me was the sneering contempt with which he uttered this remark, showing that the feeling of particularism, in spite of the recently achieved unification of Germany, must have been running pretty high in the ancient free city of Hamburg.

My first impressions on landing in New York, or rather at Hoboken, when I come to look back upon them now, seem to me rather strange, though I had conceived from the reading of many books of travel a pretty fair idea of the appearance of things in this country.

There were many aspects of things that seem to me now almost ludicrous. So, the wonderful hotel bus, hung high on C springs and ornamented with wonderful pictures of views of the Hudson River, that took me to the Fifth Avenue Hotel—in those days the most magnificent hostelry on the American continent.

It was, as far as I can remember, in the first days of June that I reached New York, and when I went to the bank to get a sterling draft I had in my possession changed for dollars, I found to my astonishment that greenbacks were at a discount of twenty per cent; and I was still more astonished further on, when, on my journey to San Francisco, I had crossed the Rocky Mountains, to find that in Nevada and California greenbacks, though legal tender, were not current at all. Nothing but gold and silver was accepted, and the smallest change was a quarter dollar; but for the use of the retail trade the Californians had invented a non-existing coin called "bit," so that every quarter contained two bits, a long bit of thirteen cents and a short bit of twelve cents, the short bit being the one you would get and the long bit being the one you would have to pay.

From New York I went first, as was quite natural, to see the greatest wonder of the world—Niagara Falls, with the majestic grandeur of which I was profoundly impressed.

For some reason I did not stop over at Chicago, but went straight on in the transcontinental train by the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad to Omaha; and from there, by the Old Reliable—as it was then called—Union Pacific and the Central Pacific, direct to San Francisco. At that time it took exactly seven days to reach San Francisco from New York, and on these transcontinental trains one used to live very much as one would on board ship. I mean to say that passengers would gradually become acquainted with each other—come together in the little smoking rooms that used to be at the ends of the Pullman cars and be quite sociable.

So it happened that on one occasion a Canadian joined me in the smoking room of my car, and introducing himself as a British subject and a Canadian said to me:

"You know, last year there was a royal intermarriage"—the Emperor Alexander II's only daughter, Marie, had been married to Queen Victoria's second son, the Duke of Edinburgh—"and this fact naturally creates between us a friendly fellow feeling."

Nowadays a similar laudable sentiment as a source of international cordiality would seem almost antediluvian.

Another amusing incident occurred somewhere when we were getting near the Rocky Mountains. At one of the stations a most formidable looking young man, with a face all sunburned and blistered, with pistols sticking out of every pocket, and a general look of wickedness, came into the car I happened to be in and took possession of the section next to mine. I must confess that his appearance, especially considering the whole arsenal that he was carrying about his person, did not inspire me with any great degree of confidence. He may have guessed that much from my looks, so that he presently disappeared and in about half an hour he joined me in the smoking room, having divested himself of all his formidable arms, his disreputable clothes and things, and presented himself in the guise of a young man belonging to the highest and most cultured circles of Boston society, and introduced himself as an undergraduate of Harvard University, just returned from an ascent of a famous mountain in the wilderness called Pike's Peak. He proved to be a most charming traveling companion.

Finally we reached San Francisco, where I spent some days visiting the neighborhood and was much impressed with the beauty of the site and the marvelous climate.

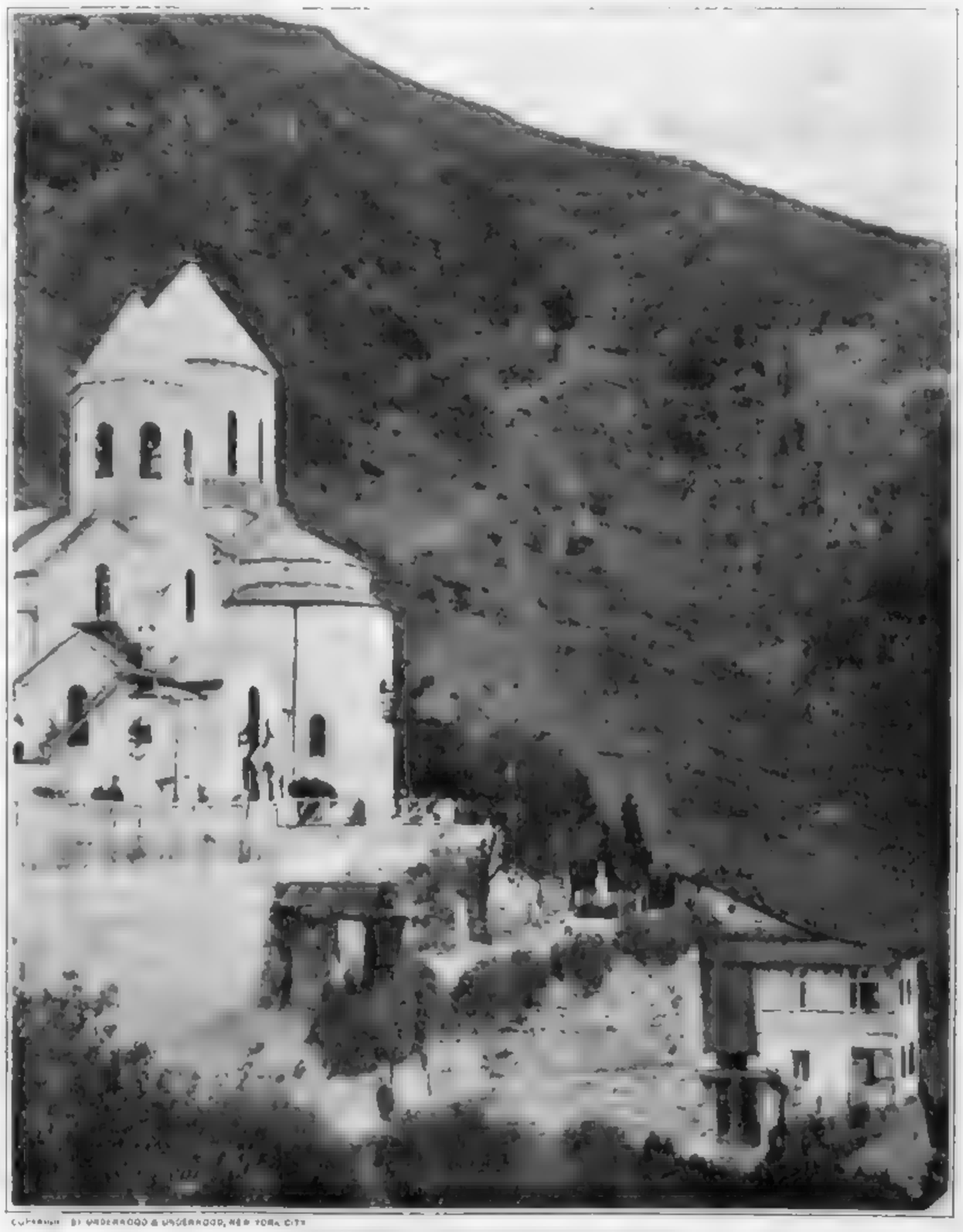
It so happened that one of my fellow travelers, who was a Californian, introduced me to his club, and there I was much interested in the talk I heard of olden times in California, from the lips of genuine Forty-niners.

I was much impressed with one of the many stories I was told. It related to those days in San Francisco when the town had just emerged from the condition of what might have been called a mining camp, when, however, some very fine residences had already been built by mining millionaires, in the higher part of the city, which rejoiced in the picturesque name of Nob Hill. The story was as follows:

One night a ball was taking place in one of the recently erected fine mansions on Nob Hill, to which naturally all swelldom of the city had been invited. At about four o'clock in the morning two young men left the ball in order to go home. It appears that in those days when the streets were not lighted and were not very safe people preferred not to walk alone at night. So these two friends started out on their way home, each of them carrying, as was the custom in those days, a pistol—or, as the thing used to be called, a shooting iron—in his hip pocket.

The night was dark. By the dim light of the stars they noticed, after having walked some distance, on the other side of the street another group of two men who were keeping pace with them. They stopped to look at them; the other pair did likewise. Then our friends

(Continued on Page 97)



The Monastery of St. David, Tiflis, Russia

THE EYE OF THE BEHOLDER

By KENNETT HARRIS

ILLUSTRATED BY RALPH PALLEN COLEMAN

"I'm Sent to Get You," He Says to Miss Smith. "Sorry," He Adds, Addressing Me With a Condescending Bow

IT IS very often said of a house that it has a forbidding or an inviting exterior; or that withindoors it is cheerless or that it is homelike; just as men and women are described as frigid or genial in their appearance or nature, or both. Events of the past year or two have not inclined me to rely too implicitly upon any such loose description. Mark you, I may not know the person or the house under discussion from the off ox that popular phraseology ascribes to our first father, Adam, but even under my present circumstances—which urge carefulness—I am willing to hazard a sum of real money that the critic, friendly or otherwise, is dead wrong. At least, I want to know first in what frame of mind the critic approaches his subject. If that subject is a man I desire to be informed as to the critical relations with that man: if a house I want to be more or less advised in regard to other things than the critical taste in domestic architecture. In any case he, Mister Critic, must satisfy me that he has had a glimpse or more than a glimpse of the soul of man or house. It "lies in the eye of the beholder."

Number 3684 Northumberland Avenue, *for example.*

William the Kid sings out my name in the tones of a budding train announcer with a conscientious division of syllables. I slide from my seat on a desk in the local room and enter the cubicle of my highly detested city editor. He is, I should say—rashly of course—a man of forbidding exterior—hairless, pasty-faced, long-nosed, ropy-necked and lean as a lath. He has a venomous tongue, a debased imagination, no more scruples than he has hair, and a diabolical omniscience that has won my respect.

He raises a fishy eye from his assignment book and regards me unpleasantly.

"That was a rotten story that you turned in last night," he says in a sort of unemotional croak. "An unusually rotten story—even for you. I don't know how it got past the copy desk, but I'm going to try to find out. Not a word about his roast of the clubwomen. Would you mind telling me why you didn't make that your lead and play it up?"

"It didn't seem to me to be important," I say, and instantly with a sick and sinking heart realize that it was of tremendous importance.

"I see," he says. "Yes, yes, I see! There was nothing to write about the funeral because the corpse got up and spoiled it by declining to take any further part in the ceremonies. Yes. Yes!"

I remarked that none of the other papers played it up.

"No," says he. "I don't pretend to have a monopoly of boneheads. Just a few more than my fair share, that's all—and an inferior quality of bone." He sighed profoundly; and then, more briskly:

"Well, chase out and see what Mrs. Christopher has got to say about it. Tell her that Mrs. Somerville-Jones believes the Reverend Boanerges said a mouthful, at that. That ought to start her and she may loosen up enough to spill the reason for Mrs. S.-J.'s resignation from the club. Get pictures. Get a picture of the daughter and ask if there's any truth in the rumor of her engagement. To whom? Anybody. Start the rumor yourself. You ought to be capable of that. And hustle back. I'd like to see what kind of a story you get—just out of curiosity. And drop in at the Megatherium on your way and see Della Ruffini about her husband. Here's the New York dispatch. Send McGill in."

I tell McGill and then appeal to Dick Evans, who is doing City Hall but knows everybody in politics and out. "Wise me to Mrs. Christopher, Dick," I implore. "Who is she and what club does she decorate and enlighten, and who are suitors for the hand of her lovely daughter, and what have you got on Mrs. Somerville-Jones?"

"What's the story?" Dick asks, and I tell him. He says it is Mrs. B. D. Christopher—Woman's, Saturday at E'en, Orpheus and some others; but it's the Woman's that Mrs. Somerville-Jones resigned from.

"She's the doughty dame who horsewhipped Lyddy Prosser in the Dutch Room of the Mazarin," he goes on. "But that was after she resigned, so it couldn't have been that. Nobody knows what it was. Maybe Mrs. Christopher will loosen up, as the Sachem says. If she does, it will make a peach of a story. Northumberland Avenue. Get the number in the directory. Joanna could give you some dope on the girl, but she's out on a morning assignment. Make a stab at any unmarried member of the University and see what happens. Give me a cigarette before you go."

I get the number in the directory—3684. Of course I know who B. D. Christopher is. I had seen him only the day before when his chauffeur came within a hair's breadth of running over a poorly-dressed little girl at the corner of Adams and State. B. D. was sitting in the back seat, and I was particularly impressed by the stony indifference of his manner in the face of what might easily have been a tragedy. Two or three men shouted and the little girl's mother—I suppose she was—screamed. Horror and alarm showed on every countenance and even the chauffeur was wild-eyed and white in the instant that he swerved. But B. D., the old scoundrel, sat there like a graven image of Juggernaut without a flicker of concern in the icy glance he threw at the child.

It was appalling! It made me think of one of the old seigneurs of France before the Terror—Monsieur the Marquis and the small huddled bloody heap beside the fountain. I suppose if the little one had gone under the wheel B. D. would have rated the traffic cop for not keeping the scum on the sidewalk where they wouldn't mess up his wheels—and flung a hundred-dollar bill to the mother before he drove on, perhaps. It's that sort of thing makes anarchists. Talk about your chilly exteriors!

Well, Mme. Della Ruffini is in her apartment at the Megatherium and will be delighted to see the gentleman from the Herald-Mercury. The gentleman from the Herald-Mercury is charmed to see her. She is a very charming person, with large, appealing, velvety-brown eyes radiantly expressive of a sweetly innocent soul and not a trace of Italian accent, being in fact American born—and oh, so proud, proud, proud of it! She perceives clearly that she can confide in me without misgiving; unburden herself freely, making none of the reservations so necessary when one talks to a dub of no delicacy. She can rely on my chivalry. You bet she can! And after she has read the dispatch from New York she accordingly tells me the whole story.

And such a story! It seems incredible that a man can be so lost to all sense of shame as is this husband of madame's—or shouldn't it be the signora's? The way that he has abused this loving, trusting, only-too-amiable and long-suffering woman of genius puts him outside the pale of humanity—ab-so-lute-ly! And on top of that he has the nerve to utter the vilest and most absurd calumnies about her—as per clipping! Well, wait until I proclaim to the world through the columns of the Herald-Mercury the tale of his villainy and of this fair martyr's wrongs, if the Sachem doesn't—as usual—cut all the meat out of my story.

"*Addio, signora. Ah, che la morte e stella di nòrd il troratore!*"

She laughs merrily as thus I take my leave. So that's settled.

I don't like the houses on Northumberland Avenue. The exteriors are all forbidding. They rear themselves starkly behind their barriers of privet, stone or iron and bid the common herd stand aloof. And don't stand too blamed long either, or we shall be obliged to suspect you of designs upon our family plate and jewels. A respectfully admiring glance or two is permitted, by which you may observe that I am pure Elizabethan and gabled regardless; or Italian Renaissance, imported marble; or colonial or what not—in any case costing what you poor impecunious worms would call a fortune; but, having noted all this, uncover reverently and pass on. Beat it!

No, I don't like 'em. And by whom are they tenanted? By a lot of rich money grubbers mainly of low origin who—puffed up by windy adulation—have soared to giddy heights of what they fondly imagine to be superiority. It is to laugh in two abrupt syllables! What makes them superior? Money! Well, it takes brains to make money, doesn't it? Again ha, ha! How many of these mausoleums are occupied by—by journalists, we'll say? Brains! No, it takes purpose. If a man's sole purpose is to make money; if he concentrates on that one thing, renters all hopes and fears on it, dreams of it, lies awake because of it, grabs and hangs on to it—why, he doesn't need brains to become rich. Haven't I brains? Honestly I'm sometimes awe-stricken when I stop to think how remarkably brainy I am. Yet when I brace the Sachem—may his face be blackened!—for a raise, as I did last week —— No use pursuing an unpleasant train of thought though. And here's Number 3684.

Of all the numbers in the block I like 3684 the least. It is constructed of red brick, covered by leafless vines of some sort that stand out on it like varicose veins on an apoplectic patient. Its eaves are like heavy frowning eyebrows from under which glassy eyes stare at me with a who-are-you-and-what-the-devil-do-you-want-here challenge. I ignore that, however, smiling contemptuously; and passing the barrier, which in this case is a hedge, I remark that the lawn has been lately shaved, the shrubbery clipped and the walks roller-massaged. I have a fancy that a touch of rouge has been applied to the geraniums, but I may be mistaken. What a place to live in and call home! Look at this door before which I am standing! Get on to the moldings, pipe the plate-glass panels—beveled! And a fanlight! Actually a fanlight of beveled plate!

I press the bell button with the proper degree of firmness and in a few moments the hideous door swings open and

in the opening a small-sized Oriental in an Occidental black coat stands and looks at me. He doesn't look inquiringly, forbiddingly, blandly, appraisingly, suspiciously or any other way. He just looks. If I should insert a stick of incense in his head and light it he would look just the same. His inexpression would not change in the least. I know it. But, asked if Mrs. Christopher is at home and presented with my card, he says "You come in?" and stands aside to allow my entrance.

As I enter, a boy of fourteen or thereabout and a girl a year or two younger with her fair hair in a mane down her back come out of a room at the left of the hall and stare at me coolly and disapprovingly. My blue serge is a trifle shiny and I am convinced that they are instantly aware of it. A dog follows them—a big phenomenally ugly bull—and he shows what he thinks of me by curling his muzzle farther up on his gleaming teeth and emitting a rumbling growl that increases in volume and ferocity as I pass into the room on the left that the Jap indicates—not without a nervous and well-founded expectation of teeth in the calf of my leg.

I don't like the room. Too new. I should think they could send everything in it back to the store, from the Venetian mirror to the gilt Louis-whatever-his-number-is chair that I sit on, and the store would rob them if they charged a cent for wear, tear or any deterioration whatever. Still I wait patiently, brooding the while on the conduct of the dog. I don't mind the brats; they are what one would naturally expect. But for a dog to show his teeth and snarl at my shiny elbows—that hurts. When these vulgarians infect even brute beasts with their snobbery—democratic dogs even—it seems about time to apply the torch of arson and let red revolution run riot.

Fifteen minutes elapse and then—a rustle and I rise and bow to an imposing matron who comes in, holding my card between one finger and thumb and a lorgnette in the other hand. She has gray hair elaborately dressed; she is rigidly and faultlessly corseted and is wearing a beautifully tailored street costume terminated by expensive orthopedic shoes. She must be going out to uplift somebody.

"Mr. Atterbury?" she says after refreshing her memory by a lorgnette examination of my card.

"Of the Herald-Mercury," I explain with a smile that ought to be winning.

"Oh," she says, and if her marvelous corset had not already stiffened her to the limit she would doubtless appear to stiffen still more. As it is, there is a world of buckram in that "Oh!" She continues to stand too.

"I didn't see that on your card." She inspects the card again. She might as well add: "It is an ordinary visiting card, such as a gentleman might send up to me." I think it as well to explain that.

"I sometimes find it advisable not to announce myself as a reporter, Mrs. Christopher. I have the honor of addressing Mrs. Christopher?"

I clearly have, and I express my sense of the honor by another pretty bow.

"At other times it's an advantage to run up my colors and even fire a gun," I proceed in my most amiable manner, and she smiles a little at that—but frigidly.

"At the same time I don't wish to intrude unduly on your privacy or to take more than a few minutes ——"

"I shall appreciate that kindness," says she. "I am really very much occupied this afternoon. Won't you sit down?"

I plunge at once into my business:

"I suppose you have read the account of Boanerges Beller's revival meeting at the Tenth Street Tabernacle, Mrs. Christopher? Yes? Then the Herald-Mercury would like very much to know what you think of Mr. Beller's characterization of clubwomen as 'gubby, gadding ginkesses.'"

"I don't care to express an opinion," she says.

"You consider it beneath the dignity of any self-respecting woman to express an opinion of such outrageous language?" I suggest artfully.

She is a wary old bird though.

"I only said that I didn't care to express an opinion. Just that," she parries.

"And his accusations of cigarette smoking and cocktail drinking—slanderous of course?"

"You are expressing your own opinion, Mr. Atterbury."

"Not yours also, Mrs. Christopher? Surely!" I allow my surprise to be evident.

"I have already said that I did not care to express mine. Really, if this is all ——"

I interrupt:

"I beg your pardon, but it seemed to us that a public statement of that sort should be publicly admitted or denied in the interest of truth, and ——"

"In the interest of what?"

"In the interest of truth," I repeat firmly.

"Not of the Herald-Mercury?"

She seems to think that I am the person being interviewed. I endeavor to correct that little idea by calmly ignoring her innuendo.

"And with the decent regard for public opinion that all progressive and intelligent women must observe," I continue, "Charges expressly made or implied that clubwomen neglect their families and domestic duties to intrude in outside affairs that their intellects are too feeble and limited to grasp ought surely to be contradicted by a clubwoman recognized as a leader—prominent in beneficent activities—particularly when one of her associates, a sister clubwoman, has conceded that there is considerable truth in what Beller says."

I pause for the question that I anticipate, but it doesn't come, so I go on: "Perhaps I am mistaken about Mrs. Somerville-Jones though, and she is not at the present time a sister clubwoman? I believe that she resigned—or was it ——"

Mrs. Christopher fixes me with a cold blue eye.

"Mr. Atterbury," she says, "if I were not so busy I should find this rather entertaining, but as it is and if you have no further business with me I must ask you to be kind enough to excuse me."

She is about to rise, but I detain her with a gesture. At the same time I feel my cheeks and the tips of my ears getting hot.

"There is one other matter that I was instructed to ask about," I say. "I—er—that is—of course you understand that there is a natural interest on the part of the public—one of the penalties of high social position—your daughter. I was instructed to ask if the rumor of Miss Christopher's engagement to—Mr. Evan Pleydell has any foundation of fact. We have been reliably informed ——"

I stop there. Mrs. Christopher's face has become almost as red as I feel mine to be and her eyes are sparkling with indignation.

"Well, really I must say!" she exclaims, and I think she is going right on to say it, but one of the most musical voices I ever heard in my life makes us both turn.

"Oh, I beg your pardon. I didn't know there was anybody here."

She stands in the doorway, smiling in the most ravishing manner—the owner of the voice. A symphony in coral-pink and bright-guinea gold, in sapphire-blue and pearl-white and plain-white and tawny-tan. Pink cheeks, blue eyes, white—pearl-white—teeth and plain-white dress, stockings and shoes. The tan merges into the pink on her cheeks and shows clear and pure on her broad forehead and her neck and bare forearms. She swings a tennis racket as she stands smiling at us, and her guinea-bright golden hair is in slight but charming disorder. There is something infinitely kind and friendly in that smile as it falls for a moment on me. I even imagine that there is sympathy in it.

"I'm engaged just now," says Mrs. Christopher not too amiably, and as the girl turns to go: "Oh, Miss Smith!"

Miss Smith! That divinity? But why not?

The girl pauses.

"I'll see you in just a minute though."

Miss Smith laughs as though something amused her and is gone. Then Mrs. Christopher rises in her wrath and on her way to the door tells me what she thinks of my impertinence—the impertinence of the Herald-Mercury then:

"When my daughter becomes engaged—if that should happen—the customary announcement will be made in the usual manner, and in the meantime and at all times I strongly resent the intrusion of newspapers into my private affairs. Please tell your—your editor that, and good afternoon."

"Then you deny the rumor?" I ask.

I am afraid I have made the lady angry. We are in the hall by that time and she merely beckons to Togomato or whatever his name is. I am only surprised that she didn't whistle for the dog.

In any case the interview is terminated.

I return to the office—business of drawing a veil.

But what could one expect of such a repelling, not to say repulsive-appearing, woman; an ingrained snobbess, a gabby, gadding ginkess. I thank thee, Boanerges, for teaching me them words. Well, not gabby exactly! Not to the reporter rabble at least. And married to a callous, flinty-hearted, ice-glazed grabster like B. D.! No wonder the children are little beasts; and their big sister must be a peach—fruit of such a union and living in a house like that.

But Miss Smith! Who can she be? Governess? Friend of the daughter's? Well, whoever you may be, Miss Smith—dear little Miss Smith—dear pretty little

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I Look Round Quickly, and Though—I Swear—I Have Heard No Sound, There Stands the Wonder of Wonders

Enemy Property in the United States

By A. MITCHELL PALMER

Attorney-General of the United States—Formerly Alien Property Custodian

DECORATIONS BY GUERNSEY MOORE

THE most difficult and bewildering problem with which the Alien Property Custodian had to deal in his search for enemy property, his battle with enemy influences and his pursuit of enemy propaganda, lay in the great field of chemical industry, an industry which Germany by one means or another had almost completely absorbed in America by the time the war began in 1914. In no other line of business enterprise was the German invader so firmly intrenched. And in none was the myth of German invincibility so firmly fixed in the public mind. This country was literally overrun with German chemists or chemists with German training. An overwhelming majority of those engaged in the business bore German names, and the association between German and American chemical houses was so close that a subterranean connection between them was obvious.

In fact all the broad powers conferred upon the Alien Property Custodian by the Trading With the Enemy Act had to be called into play: first to identify the German holdings in this industry, and next to root out the enemy control of so vital a domestic interest, preparatory to its complete Americanization. Moreover, the Government was likely to be misled in its investigations along this line by the general knowledge that Germany rarely engaged in the foreign manufacture of a product when its export from Germany was practicable. Until 1914 German exportations were not interfered with even by tariff walls, anti-trust laws or other barriers, which naturally supported the belief that enemy interest in American chemical properties was small. But this was not taken for granted by any means, and our earliest investigations convinced us that we had a gigantic system of trade interests to contend with, and further that our movement against them would prove the more baffling by reason of the fact that most of the information upon which we had to proceed must be extracted from men hostile by birth and tradition.

Enter Bernstorff the Plotter

WE LEARNED at the very earliest stage of our inquiries into the chemical industry that the enemy advantage over American enterprise was far less in the manufacture of the heavy chemicals, such as sulphuric acid or soda ash, than in the more complicated processes involved in other forms of chemical activity. Germany never attained supremacy in America in the production of the heavier commodities, because of the low domestic prices and the excessive cost of overseas transportation. In two other branches of the chemical trade, however, the Germans not only held first place in this country but they actually gained a world monopoly. This monopoly consisted of the practical application of organic chemistry to the manufacture of dyestuffs and medicinals.

Regardless of the historical fact that the first coal-tar dye was the product of an English chemist and the next important step in the development of the industry, the production of fuchsine, or magenta, was the accomplishment of a French scientist, the Germans appropriated the whole business and soon led the entire world in the development of this complex industry. And the complexity of the manufacture of dyestuffs as a practical business cannot be comprehended by those who have made no intimate study of it. Literally tens of thousands of distinct dyes were produced in the German factories, and prior to the war more than nine hundred of them were marketed in America on a quantity basis. Each of the nine hundred products was the result of a distinct process of manufacture. Though it is true that all these dyestuffs, as well as a vast number of pharmaceuticals, have a common source in coal tar, each is produced by separate chemical reactions. Most of these reactions, too, require the use of a large quantity of acids and other substances not produced from coal tar.

At each step in the production of dyestuffs by-products result, and a tremendously important feature about production of by-products is the relation it bears to the explosives industry. It is a well-known fact that most of the highly effective explosives used in this war were coal-tar products or else the result of chemical processes involving the use of such products. In every large dyestuff plant there is an unavoidable production of substances that may readily be converted into explosives. A striking example is that of paramononitrotoluol, an intermediate necessarily made in quantities far beyond the needs of the dyemakers. Along about 1900 many thousands of tons of this substance had piled up in the warehouses of the German dyeworks, all of which were making frantic efforts to find some use for it. A very few years later, however, these efforts suddenly ceased. Trinitrotoluol—TNT—had been adopted as an explosive and every pound of the vast accumulation was absorbed by the German Government for that purpose. Many other materials needed in the production of dyes may also be converted into explosives, as in the case of sulphur black. More important still, the technical skill possessed by the chemical staff is precisely that required for the manufacture of explosives.

There are three very important facts regarding a business conducted under such conditions as that of the dyestuff industry of Germany. The first is that unless it is limited to the manufacture of a few selected products it must be done on a large scale with immense resources in terms of capital and technic. Another is that if carried out on such a scale it will inevitably require large research laboratories to work out the infinite problems raised by the necessity of disposing of by-products. And a third is that its association with the explosives industry is so intimate that no government which gave any serious consideration to the possibilities of war could afford to allow its control to get into independent hands.

The truth of each of these propositions is found in the history of the German dye industry. From a very early period the manufacture of this product became concentrated in a few important companies. These companies, ultimately six in number, developed into gigantic establishments, producing practically complete lines of dyes and making most of their crudes and intermediates as well as many of their necessary acids and heavy chemicals. Several of these establishments also became producers of pharmaceuticals in order to gain an outlet for their by-products. In the greater plants the research laboratories became large and exceedingly efficient, and hundreds of chemists were regularly employed in them. The importance of this research branch of the industry is hard to overestimate. Finally, the connection with the explosives industry resulted in constant government assistance and protection to the dye industry.

The German Government determined to insure the prosperity of dye manufacturing in order to insure an adequate production of war munitions. To show how the chemical industry was made a part of the German war machine and how the German Government did not hesitate to fight its battles on American soil, to the great injury of America, in the days when we were trying to be neutral, it would be necessary only to refer to the communications that passed by wireless from the German agents in this country to the home government. For example, in March, 1915, we find Bernstorff plotting to use the chemical industry of Germany to demoralize American business. He sent this telegram to the foreign office:

> Serial number 432 of March 13, 1915. It is reported to me by Hossenfelder, telegram No. 4, that the stock of dyes in this country is so small that by a German embargo about 4 million American workmen might be thrown out of employment.
>
> (Signed) BERNSTORFF.

In order to make sure that the leader of the German propaganda system in America knew exactly what was happening, a copy of it went to Doctor Albert with the following indorsement:

> IMPERIAL GERMAN EMBASSY
> Washington, D. C.,
> March 14, 1915.
>
> J. No. A 1794 respectfully sent to Privy Councillor Albert, New York, for kind inspection.
>
> The Imperial Ambassador,
> By HATZFELDT.

Bernstorff was not far beyond the mark in his plan to throw four million men out of employment by an embargo on German dyes; for it is estimated three billion dollars which had been invested in American industries was totally dependent upon dyestuffs. On February 15, 1916, we find the Ambassador making a report, in which he states the following conclusions:

> The lack of German dyestuffs is now beginning to make itself felt in a way which is driving all those interested, even those who hitherto would not see the reality, to swift action and has brought them to the conviction that rescue is to be found only in the importation of German dyestuffs. The false picture of the situation caused by the government and of the means to be applied to a critical situation has prevented those interested, up till now, from exerting a strong pressure on the government. Now, however, a stronger pressure will make itself felt in Washington. Now there are prospects of achieving results in the politics of exchange, if we only stand firm.
>
> In view of the situation, especially of the tariff legislation doubtless approaching, the German works must decide on a common procedure and refuse every assistance which the American dye industry can demand.
>
> First, during the war, neither raw materials nor half products but only completed colors are to be delivered. The latter, if possible, only in individual deliveries limited in quantity and at such high prices that in exchange larger quantities of American products must be delivered.

This report, No. A 1376, was also referred to "His Highness, Privy Councillor Albert, New York, by order The Imperial Ambassador."

Choking Off Foreign Competition

THIS government protection by means of patronage, subsidies and tariff walls enabled the manufacturer to keep home prices up and induced him to produce far more than he could sell in the home market. Even if his export trade had to be carried for a time at a loss he could use processes so economical that his domestic trade would be largely increased. As a natural result German dyes began to appear in the markets of the world, and at prices which their local competitors were unable to meet. It was inevitable, therefore, that the production of these commodities outside of Germany was largely destroyed.

Once this was accomplished in a given country the German producers could safely increase their prices and restore their business to a profit-making basis. The tendency of this was not lost on the German Government, it may be assumed. It was fully realized by both the civil and military authorities that if a world monopoly in dyestuff manufacture could be built up the relative military

strength of Germany would be increased to an immeasurable extent, inasmuch as she alone of all the great Powers would be in a position to lay her hands upon an immediate and limitless supply of munitions.

A few cases may be cited to show the success of Germany's dumping policy and the methods resorted to. Most of these occurred, however, in branches of the chemical industry other than the manufacture of dyes, for the very good reason that the American dye industry never assumed such proportions as required its discouragement. When, however, in 1910 a group of Americans decided to undertake the manufacture of aniline oil on a large scale, having organized the Benzol Products Company, the German hand was immediately shown. The price of this oil at the time averaged about 11½ cents a gallon. As soon as its production was fairly under way, however, German exporters began to cut the price. No new levels were established, but the Germans let every customer of the American concern understand that they would undersell the domestic producer, whatever price the latter might fix. Only the fact that the Americans were determined that they would not be driven out of the industry, coupled with the war of 1914, saved the concern.

In 1903 there were in the United States five manufacturers of salicylic acid. In ten years three of these had failed. One of the two survivors was the Heyden Chemical Company, a mere branch of the German house, and which, incidentally, has been taken over by the Alien Property Custodian. During the latter part of that decade this acid was selling in Germany at 26¼ to 30½ cents. During the same period the German houses were selling it in this country, after paying a duty of five cents, at 25 cents, or 6 to 10 cents below what they were getting for the same product on their home market.

A similar situation may be mentioned in the manufacture of oxalic acid. In 1901, when there was none of it produced in this country, it was sold by the Germans at about six cents. Two years later, when the American Acid and Alkali Company began producing, the price was at once dropped to 4.7 cents, at about which point it remained for four years, when the American company shut down. Thereupon the Germans jumped the price to nine cents. When the factory reopened the price was lowered again, and in 1908 the American company failed.

The German Big Six

THE same methods were resorted to in regard to bicarbonate of potash. In 1900 there was no American manufacture, and imports ran about 160,000 pounds. A year later American production began. This succeeded so well at first that imports dropped to 45,000 pounds. At this time the American manufacturer's price was 6½ cents, while the import value was given at 4.9 cents. A year later the Germans began a general attack. The import value dropped to 2.2 cents with the result that 310,000 pounds were imported. In 1908 the American corporation failed and the price was immediately raised to 7½ cents.

This determined onslaught upon competing industries of other countries, this systematic attempt to secure a world monopoly, naturally created a strong tendency at home toward combination, and by the end of the last century the manufacture of German dyes on a large scale was concentrated almost exclusively in six great firms. They were the Badische Anilin und Soda Fabrik, Ludwigshafen on the Rhine; Farbenfabriken vorm. Friedr. Bayer & Co., in Leverkusen, commonly known as Bayer; Aktiengesellschaft für Anilin-Fabrikation, in Berlin, hereafter referred to as Berlin; Farbwerke vorm. Meister Lucius & Bruning, in Höchst am Main, known as Höchst; Leopold Cassella G. m. b. H., in Frankfort; and Kalle & Co. Aktiengesellschaft, in Biebrich. Each of these companies had attained enormous proportions long before the war. And it will be noted that all these establishments, with the single exception of Berlin, are concentrated in a narrow strip of territory near the Rhine, a circumstance that undoubtedly proved invaluable to Germany in munitioning her armies fighting on the Western Front.

Added to the facts that the German establishments were virtual monopolies in world trade and that they were endowed with almost unlimited resources is the further fact that they had taken advantage of the patent laws of many countries to buttress their control of the dye industry. Because of the great number of research chemists engaged in this work in Germany a far greater number of patentable inventions in organic chemistry were made by Germans than by the chemists of other countries. They took out patents by the thousands in the United States alone.

For example, Bayer had accumulated something like twelve hundred such patents, which were placed in the names of subsidiary corporations. The Badische had approximately five hundred patents, and each of the other German concerns had patents almost without number.

As there was practically no effort on the part of these companies to engage in American manufacture, these patents were obtained and held with the plain purpose of preventing the foundation of an American dye industry and to make impossible importations from any other country than Germany. The latter of these two purposes seems to have been the more important to the German mind. They apparently had little fear of real competition from American producers; but they had some respect for the Swiss, French and English industries, though at the beginning of the war they were supplying approximately nine-tenths of the world's supply of dyes.

By the amendment to the Trading With the Enemy Act, adopted November 4, 1917, an opportunity presented itself to do the most important piece of constructive work which had been given to the Alien Property Custodian. Until this enactment had been approved it had not been possible to take over German patents. As just indicated, they had constituted a colossal barrier to the development of the American dye industry. They had never been taken out with the intention of application in this country. After we had considered all the facts and weighed all the possibilities presented to us, the appropriation of these patents seemed to guarantee protection for the new American dye industry against German competition after the war. Our idea was that if the German patents covering chemical processes could be placed in the hands of any American institution strong enough to safeguard them a real obstacle might be opposed to German importation after peace should come, and at the same time the American industry might be freed from the prohibition enforced by the patents against the manufacture of the most valuable dyestuffs.

The facts were accordingly laid before chemical manufacturers, notably the Dye Institute and the American Manufacturing Chemists Association. The suggestion met with instant and enthusiastic approval and as a result a corporation has been organized known as the Chemical Foundation, Inc., in which practically every important American manufacturer will be a stockholder. The purpose is to acquire by purchase these German patents and to hold them as a trustee for American industry.

The voting stock is placed in a voting trust of which the trustees are to be the gentlemen who for months have been acting as the sales committee which passes upon the sales made by the Alien Property Custodian. They are: George L. Ingraham, former justice of the New York Supreme Court; Otto T. Bannard, president of the New York Trust Company; Cleveland H. Dodge; Benjamin H. Griswold, Jr., of Alexander Brown & Sons, bankers; and Ralph Stone, president of the Detroit Trust Company. The charter is so framed that under the patents nonexclusive licenses only can be granted on equal terms to all proper applicants and must be granted to the United States free of cost. The first president of the Chemical Foundation will be Francis P. Garvan, of the New York bar, my successor as Alien Property Custodian, to whose clear vision I was indebted for the working out of this plan. Under an executive order I sold to this company for $250,000 approximately 4500 patents; and the remainder of the $500,000 capital stock is to provide the company with working capital. The new institution promises to be of incalculable benefit not only to the chemical industry but to the whole American manufacturing world.

The German industrialists were not satisfied with their legitimate advantages in the American market or even with their ruthless practice of dumping and underselling. In their business they went further and resorted to plain ordinary crookedness. Bribery of dyers was carried on by them almost universally, and in some instances on a large scale. Head dyers of the various mills and other important customers of the dye manufacturers were boldly subsidized. These dyers ofttimes controlled the situation in their own mills. If they wished to favor a German producer they could easily manipulate the dyeing processes in such fashion as to discredit the results of one dye and make satisfactory the results of another.

So extensive was this corruption on the part of German dye houses that I came across only one American consumer that had escaped its effects. This concern, the United Piece Dye Works of Lodi, New Jersey, avoided the difficulty by having all its dye supplies purchased by the head of the house himself, under contracts providing that no barrel, package or other container should show the name of the manufacturer. The company was able by this means to designate the dyes which its dyers used solely by its own arbitrary numbers, and the dyers were unable to determine whose dyes they were using and to whom they should look for their graft.

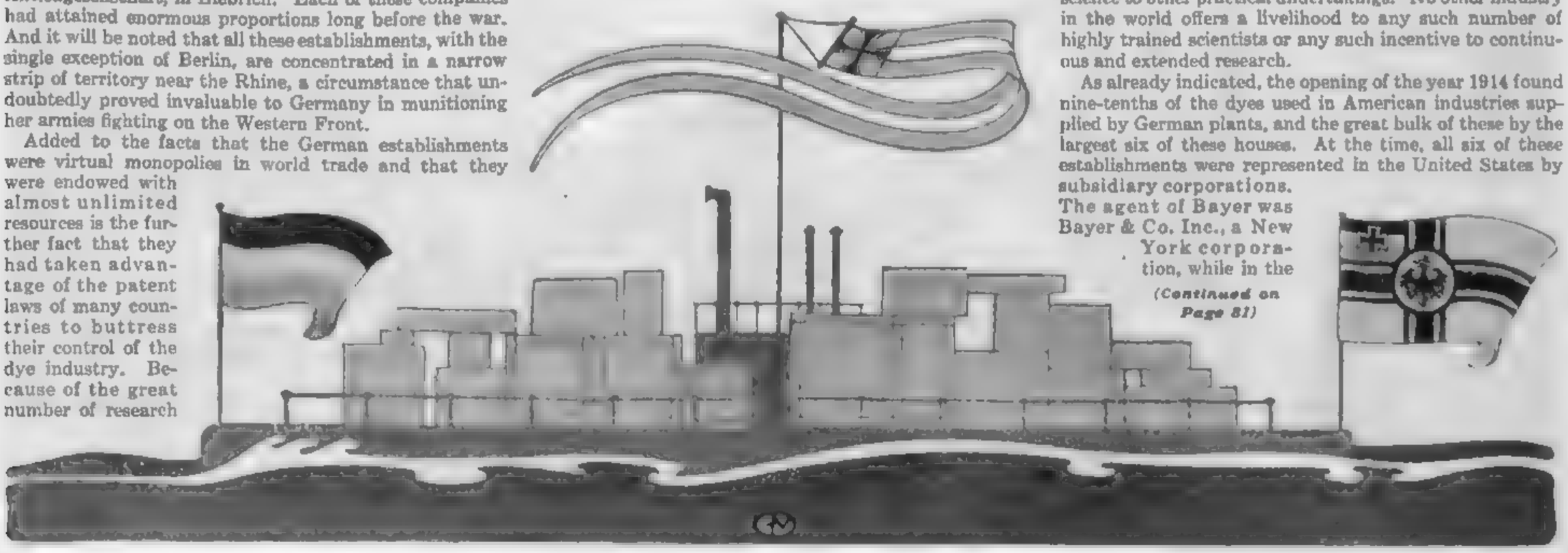
The Kernel of the Situation

THE conditions of other branches of the chemical industry in the United States were not quite so bad as those surrounding the manufacture and distribution of dyes. The production of acids and heavy chemicals was established here on a profitable basis, though in this line even the employment of German chemists and German processes was a common thing. In the manufacture of fertilizers there was what might be called a balance of power. The Germans had a complete monopoly of potash by reason of ownership of the only known potash deposits. But this was offset by our possession of phosphates, of which the Germans had no considerable supply. In nitrates of course the United States, like the remainder of the world, depends upon the Chilean supply. The Germans took a hand, moreover, in the manufacture of chemicals in which electrical processes requiring large and cheap supplies of electric power played an important part. But they did not come to dominate that phase of the industry completely, nor did they have a monopoly in the production of medicinals. A few American houses manufactured pharmaceutical products and a number of great distributing houses such as Parke, Davis & Co., Lilly & Co. and Powers-Weightman-Rosengarten Co. have been in the business. By far the most important factor in this field, however, was the New York branch of a Darmstadt firm. This enterprise has been taken over by the Alien Property Custodian.

From the facts and circumstances that have been recited in the foregoing review of the German invasion of the chemical industry in this country and the practices whereby this invader gained and held supremacy, it is easily seen that the all-important portion of it demanding the attention of the Alien Property Custodian was the dye industry. The vital character of this business did not lie in its financial importance—since the consumption of dyes in the United States at the beginning of the war did not exceed $25,000,000 a year; nor in the fact that these dyes were absolutely essential to industries producing something like two and a half billions of dollars annually in goods. Its importance lay in the fact that the technical skill and equipment necessary to a successful dye industry provided almost the sole means for the application of chemical science to other practical undertakings. No other industry in the world offers a livelihood to any such number of highly trained scientists or any such incentive to continuous and extended research.

As already indicated, the opening of the year 1914 found nine-tenths of the dyes used in American industries supplied by German plants, and the great bulk of these by the largest six of these houses. At the time, all six of these establishments were represented in the United States by subsidiary corporations. The agent of Bayer was Bayer & Co. Inc., a New York corporation, while in the

(Continued on Page 81)



THE GIBSON UPRIGHT

By Booth Tarkington and Harry Leon Wilson

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

Act II

THE yard beside Gibson's house. Upon our left is seen the porch or sun-room wing of a good "colonial" house of the present type. A hedge runs across at the back, about five feet high, with a gateway and rustic gate. Beyond is seen a residential suburban quarter, well wooded and with ample shrubberies. A graveled path leads from the gate to the porch, or sun room, where are broad steps. Upon the lawn are a white garden bench, a table and a great green-and-white-striped sun umbrella, with several white garden chairs.

Autumn has come, and the foliage is beginning to turn; but the scene is warm and sunlit.

After a moment a young housemaid brings out a tray with a chocolate pot, wafers and one cup and saucer and a lace-edged napkin. She places the tray on the table, moves a chair to it, looks at the tray thoughtfully, turns, starts toward the house—when Gibson comes out. He wears a traveling suit and is bareheaded.

ELLA: The cook thought you might like a cup of chocolate after a long trip like that—just getting off the train and all, Mr. Gibson.

GIBSON: Thank you, Ella, I should.

ELLA: I'll bring your mail right out.

[She goes into the house and returns with a packet of letters.]

GIBSON: Thanks, Ella.

ELLA: Everything is there that's come since you sent the telegram not to forward any more.

GIBSON: It's pleasant to find the house and everything just as I left it.

ELLA: My, Mr. Gibson, we pretty near thought you wasn't never coming back. Those June roses in that bed round yonder lasted pretty near up into August, this year, Mr. Gibson. For that matter it's such mild weather even yet some say we won't have any fall till Thanksgiving.

GIBSON: Yes, it's extraordinary.

ELLA: Shall I leave the tray?

GIBSON: No; you can take it. [She moves to do so.] Wait a minute. Here's a letter from John Riley, up at the factory. Don't I remember his son Tom coming here to see you quite a good deal?

ELLA: Yes, sir. Tom's one of the factory truckmen like his father. He still comes to see me quite a good deal, sir. There isn't anything about that in the letter, is there, sir? [She knows there isn't.]

GIBSON [absently]: No, no! [With faint irony.] He only wants to know about where to get a stock of truck parts that had been ordered before I broke connections with the factory. He thinks four months is a long time for them to be on the way and doesn't know where to write.

ELLA: He's a terrible active man, Mr. Riley. Always pushing.

GIBSON: So Tom comes round more than ever, does he?

ELLA [coyly]: He does, sir!

GIBSON: I'm not going to lose you, am I, Ella?

ELLA: Well, sir, up to the time of that change in the factory we hadn't expected we could get married for maybe two years yet, but the way things are now—not that I want to leave here, sir—but it does look like going right ahead with the wedding!

GIBSON: Tom feels that prosperous, does he?

ELLA: I guess he is prosperous, sir!

GIBSON [gravely digesting this]: Well, I suppose I'm glad to hear it.

ELLA: Yes, sir; everybody's glad these days up at the factory, sir. I don't mean about just Tom and me they're glad.

GIBSON: You mean they're all in a glad condition?

ELLA: Oh, *are* they, sir! Even the Commiskeys got an automobile last month!

GIBSON: Well, I suppose that's splendid.

ELLA: Didn't you know about it, sir?

GIBSON: No, not a word. I've been pretty deep up in the Maine woods this summer. Have you been over to the factory at all yourself, Ella?

ELLA: Yes, sir; visitors can go round just as they like to. They're glad to have you.

GIBSON: When you've been over there, Ella—you know which one is Miss Gorodna, don't you?

ELLA: Oh, yes, sir! She's one of the best in managing, Miss Gorodna.

GIBSON: You—did you—have you happened to see her?

ELLA: Yes, sir; once or twice.

GIBSON: Did she—ah—did she look overworked?

ELLA: Oh, I shouldn't say so, sir.

GIBSON: She looked well, then?

ELLA: Yes, indeed, sir! Everybody's so happy up there; I don't suppose none of 'em could look happier than she is, sir!

GIBSON: They are all happy, then?

ELLA [laughing joyfully]: You never see such times in your life, sir.

[A bell rings in the house.] I'll answer the bell.

GIBSON: I've finished this, Ella.

ELLA: Yes, sir. [She takes the tray and goes into the house. Gibson opens another letter, reads it. Ella returns.]

ELLA: It's Mr. Mifflin, sir.

GIBSON: All right.

[Mifflin, beaming and bubbling, more radiant than in Act I, but dressed as then except for a change of tie, comes from the house. He carries his umbrella and hat and the same old magazines and a newspaper.

MIFFLIN: Ah, Mr. Gibson, you couldn't stay away any longer!

GIBSON: How de do! Sit down!

MIFFLIN [effervescing, as they sit]: It's glorious! I heard from your household you were expected back this Sunday. Now confess! You couldn't stay away! You had to come and watch it!

GIBSON: Well, I've not had to come and watch it for four months. I don't expect to watch it much, now.

MIFFLIN: You don't mean to sit there and tell me you don't know anything about it!

GIBSON: No; I don't know anything about it.

MIFFLIN: Mr. Gibson, you're an extraordinary man!

GIBSON: No, I'm not. What I did was extraordinary, but I was only an ordinary man pushed into a hole.

MIFFLIN: Oh, no; surrendering the factory was merely normal. What's remarkable is your staying away from watching the glorious work these former hireling workmen of your factory are doing now they've won their industrial freedom. Myself, I've taken rooms near by: I started to do one article; now I have a series. And oh, the glory of watching these comrades with their economic shackles off! Haven't you heard anything of our success?

GIBSON: Only a word from my housemaid.

MIFFLIN [delightedly, pinning him]: Aha! There! What did she say? "Only a word"; but what was it?

GIBSON: It indicated—prosperity.

MIFFLIN: Ah! Immense prosperity, didn't it?

GIBSON: I suppose so. Success at any rate.

MIFFLIN: Success? It's so magnificent that now it's inevitable for every factory of every kind all over this country.

GIBSON: All over the country?

MIFFLIN: Not only all over this country! The world must do it. Ah, they've done it in a country larger than this already! And these comrades right here are showing our country what it means. I don't begrudge you some credit for having begun it, Mr. Gibson. But you only anticipated what all owners everywhere are going to have to do before the workmen simply take the factories. They're going to take them because they have the inherent right; and they're going to take them now, either by direct action or by the technical owners', like yourself, seeing the handwriting on the wall.

"Now, Frankel, You be Careful What You Say to Mamie!"

GIBSON: What do you mean by direct action?

MIFFLIN: Why, just taking them!

GIBSON: By force?

MIFFLIN [deprecatingly but affably]: Oh, we hope the theoretical owners won't reduce them to such extremes. There might be a few cases that law-abiding citizens would regret; but that isn't the big thing. Our work here is so far perhaps on the small scale, but it shows it shows—that everything must be on a coöperative basis!

GIBSON: Everything? My house too?

MIFFLIN [beaming]: Your house too.

GIBSON [amiably]: How about your gold eyeglasses?

MIFFLIN [laughing]: Those will be given me by the state. But seriously, aren't you coming to pay us a visit at the factory?

GIBSON: Since you ask me—what's the best time? I suppose the whistle doesn't blow as early as it used to.

MIFFLIN [laughing pityingly]: Whistle! Oh, my dear sir! This only confirms me in my old idea that the technical owners didn't have practical minds. You don't suppose we abolished you and then didn't abolish the whistle? That whistle hurt self-respect. Really I'm sorry it's Sunday and I can't take you over there this minute to see the great changes. Talk about collectivism! That factory is the most interesting place in the world to-day. When the men were working eight long hours a day under a master it was all repression, reserve; their individualities were stifled. Now they expand!

GIBSON: You mean they talk a good deal?

MIFFLIN: I never have been in a place where there was so much talk in my life. They talk all the time; it shows they are thinking.

GIBSON: Isn't it noisy?

MIFFLIN [delighted]: It is! Every man has his own ideas and he expresses them. It means a freshness and originality in the work that never got into it before.

GIBSON [worried]: You don't mean to say they've changed any of the features of The Gibson Upright?

MIFFLIN: Oh, no; it's the same piano—and yet different! I almost feel I could tell the difference by looking at one. There's no change; yet now it has character. And those men—those men, Mr. Gibson—it's brought out their character so! They're thinking all the time.

GIBSON: They're working too, of course?

MIFFLIN: Working! You never saw men work under the old capitalistic régime, Mr. Gibson! Don't think that this work is the driven, dogged thing it was when they had to. This is work with dignity, with enthusiasm!

GIBSON [rising, very thoughtful]: Well, I ought to hope that it is, of course!

[He walks to and fro a moment, then comes and rests his hands on the back of a chair, looking at Mifflin.]

Mr. Mifflin, I went into this with open eyes. I was angry at the time, but I had thought of it often. And when I went out I went out! Now I've kept away and I don't intend to do any prying—as a matter of fact I'm back here for only two or three days—but I have some natural curiosity, especially about certain particulars.

MIFFLIN: Everything is as open as the sunlight—no capitalistic secret machinations. Ask anything you like!

"Yes, Sir! Everybody's Glad These Days Up at the Factory, Sir. I Don't Mean About Just Tom and Me They're Glad"

GIBSON: Well, then, do you happen to know what are the profits for these four months?

MIFFLIN: Frankly, that's a detail I don't know. But I do know that everyone is delighted and that the profits have been large.

GIBSON: And no friction among the men?

MIFFLIN: No—I—no, none at all; no friction; nothing that could be called friction at all.

GIBSON: Then it's a complete success?

MIFFLIN: Absolutely! Why, just let me picture it to you, Mr. Gibson. Don't you understand, these men are not hirelings now; they're comrades, a brotherhood! You should see them as they come from the factory in the warm afternoon sunshine. They stop in groups and continue discussions of matters of interest that have come up during the day. You hear the most eager discussion, such spirited repartee; and in the factory itself these groups gather at any time. When there may be some tiny bit of friction it is disposed of amicably, comrade to comrade. And some of the wives of the workmen have taken the greatest interest! Imagine under the capitalistic régime a wife coming and sitting at her husband's side and taking up little matters of importance with him, as a wife should, while he worked! Oh, the wives have caught the idea too! They're proprietresses just as much as their husbands are proprietors. And you can see how keenly they feel the responsibility and want to share in settling all the questions that come up. Then they walk home with their husbands, talking it all over. Mr. Gibson, I tell you, sometimes it has moved me. More than once I have found my eyes moistening as I watched it.

GIBSON: And do you happen to know—well, haven't the men felt the need for a certain kind of general management of the institution's affairs?

MIFFLIN: Oh, that's all met—all met by meetings of the governing board, the committee.

GIBSON: No; I meant, hasn't any need been felt for a man with a certain specialized knowledge? Say, for instance to deal with the purchasing of raw materials?

MIFFLIN [somewhat vague and puzzled]: I think they did do this through an individual for a time. I think the head bookkeeper was given charge of such matters; at least I think so. But probably they found that the creation of such an office was unnecessary. Purely clerical work. At least I haven't seen him about for several weeks

GIBSON: Was he there on just one share of the profits?

MIFFLIN: Why, of course! That is the *sine qua non*.

GIBSON [thoughtfully]: I see. [Paces up and down and halts again.] So you say everybody is happy?

MIFFLIN: Radiant!

GIBSON: Everybody?

MIFFLIN [beaming]: Come and see!

GIBSON: Ah—Miss Gorodna seems to like it all, does she?

MIFFLIN: Does she!

GIBSON [a little falsely]: None of them are happier than she is, I suppose?

MIFFLIN: Miss Gorodna is the radiant joyous sunshine of the whole place.

GIBSON [somewhat ruefully]: Well, that's pleasant news.

[Ella appears from the house.]

ELLA: It's that old Ed Carter from the factory, Mr. Gibson. He heard from Tom Riley you was expected back and he's come to call on you.

GIBSON: Tell him to come right out. [Sees Carter beyond Ella.] Come out here, Carter! Glad to see you!

[They shake hands. Carter is unchanged as to head and whiskers, but wears a square-cut black frock coat, with trousers and waistcoat of the same material; old brown shoes, a derby hat, a blue satin four-in-hand tie.]

CARTER: How do you do, Mr. Gibson! I just thought I'd pay my respects, as Tom Riley passed the word round the factory you was coming back.

(Continued on Page 68)

"Couldn't There Ever Be a Chance of It, Nora? That You'd Marry Me?"

DUDS

By HENRY C. ROWLAND

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES M. PRESTON

"There's the Smoke of a Town About Five Miles Across the Marsh. The Tide Will Not be Full Flood for a Couple of Hours, So We've Plenty of Time"

IX

PHINEAS PLUNKETT steadied the wheel with his knee and slipped on his life preserver. Now that the crucial moment was at hand he put aside his smoldering anger, almost hatred, and thought only of his manly duty to Miss Melton.

He knew that he could not hope to beach the boat. Open as she was, and low, the first line of breakers would fill her. Their best chance would be to leap out when this happened and depend upon their life preservers.

The motor was pounding away heroically. Phineas leaned forward and raised his voice to a shout.

"Stop bailing and stand by to swim for it!"

Miss Melton dropped the bucket and straightened up. She looked ahead, heard the terrifying roar of the surf and saw the white glare of spume and the snow-covered dunes beyond.

"I can't swim." There was no despairing tone to her clear voice. It was merely that of one stating a fact.

"The life belt will float you. The moving water ought to wash us ashore."

Phineas dived into the cabin, cut a three-fathom length from the anchor line and caught a turn round his body. The other end he secured about the waist of the girl. Then catching up a bight of the line which secured the boxes he made it fast to his belt with a slip hitch.

The boat was forging strongly ahead, her actual weight of water being about that of her customary load of passengers. The swells began to mount, to topple. Searching the shore Phineas could see no sign of any light or habitation. It occurred to him too late that he might have been flashing his torch, to be seen possibly by a coast guard, though its visibility would have been of short range through the driving snow. The chances are that he would have thought of this but for the preoccupation of his anger and the savage indifference it had produced. He cursed the incident which had engendered it.

A brimming swell lifted them sluggishly, its combing crest sloshing into the boat. The next flung them forward and crumbled aboard. The motor gave a strangled cough and stopped. The boat yawed off and came broadside on, her stern up the line of the beach. This was what Phineas had hoped for, as it gave them a chance to get clear. He gathered up the boxes and flung them overboard; then as the next big comber mounted and curled he seized the girl about the waist and as the wave crashed down leaped out into the driving water.

For a moment or two they were whirled over and over, sucked back a little, driven ahead again. The paralyzing cold stopped the respiration for a few seconds, so that they did not get much water in their lungs. Phineas, a good swimmer and accustomed to surf bathing, was in no difficulty and kept his faculties sufficiently to see that they were being washed rapidly in to the beach, the life preservers, which were new and buoyant, floating them well. Fortunately the beach was not steep, the tide nearly at the last of the ebb and there was but little undertow. He grasped the girl under the arm and as they were swept shoreward by a long crumbling surge his feet touched bottom.

The girl had kept her head, holding her breath as the wash swept over it and gasping for air as opportunity offered. Assisted by Phineas she was able to wade out and they staggered up the beach and sank down on the sand, breathing heavily. The boxes were washing back and forth at the water's edge and her first act was to reach feebly for the line and haul them in. Phineas gave a harsh laugh.

"Your precious loot is safe," said he. "Are you able to walk?"

"I—I think so."

"Then let's get going. We'll soon freeze if we don't."

He gathered up the boxes and looped them from his shoulders, then rose to his feet and held out his hand. Miss Melton took it, scrambled up and stood for a moment swaying unsteadily.

"Do you know where we are?"

"Not precisely. But if we keep on going we ought to strike a life-saving station or something. Come on."

"I—I don't think I can go very far."

She staggered unsteadily on her feet.

Phineas looked at her in despair. She was too big a girl for him to carry any distance and he felt that if he were to leave her there and go to seek assistance she would be found dead when it arrived. Physical exertion was imperative, so he got his arm about her and they started unsteadily down the beach, assisted by the gale behind them.

For about half a mile they proceeded thus. Then he felt her weight beginning to increase and her steps to lag. They had apparently struck upon a wild and desolate strip of sand—an island, he thought, cut off by inlets at either end and flanked by the maze of marshes at the lower end of the Great South Bay. He had nearly reached the limits of his own strength to support her when through the flying snow he saw between the snow-covered dunes an opaque mass bulking against the less somber sky.

It proved to be a lonely summer cottage, a shabby edifice with windows boarded up, a protesting refuge and one difficult of entry for a pair of freezing castaways with no tools but their numbed hands. Phineas managed to win his way round under its lee and this unexpected shelter appeared to infuse his shipmate with fresh strength, for she remained standing, her back against the house, feebly moving her arms to start the circulation.

But it was of vital necessity to get into the house at once, no matter how scant the hospitality it might have to offer. Phineas reflected that there must at any rate be a cooking stove and that lacking fuel he could break up the doors and cupboards and what poor furniture there might be. The snow was thinning, the wind harder and more westerly, and being weatherwise for that region he knew that before morning it would be bitterly cold and probably clear.

He passed round the bungalow to investigate the rear, and fortune seemed to favor him, for he found on a heap of driftwood gathered on the beach an oar with a broken blade. This proved an excellent lever with which to attack the boarding over the back door, but much to Phineas' surprise instead of being nailed it swung open on hinges set

inside, while the lock of the door itself yielded to the mere pressure of his shoulder.

Much elated by this good luck he hurried back to Miss Melton and helped her in, then tried his torch and found that the water had not got in to put it out of action. And then came a most astonishing and gratifying discovery, for this lonely weatherbeaten bungalow, scarcely more than a good-sized cabin and so dilapidated without, appeared to be not only fully furnished but newly and comfortably so. It was snugly sealed within and as he flashed his torch about the kitchen Phineas discovered signs of recent occupation. The shelves were well garnished with tinned food, even relishes and delicacies. He found a box of matches and went from one to the other of the four rooms lighting the lamps, which were already filled.

"I understand," said he to Miss Melton, his resentment against her forgotten in his relief. "Some chap has fixed this place up as a shooting box. The marshes behind here are good places for ducks at this season and a man could get down here from town in a couple of hours. The coast guard probably keeps an eye on the place."

"We can do without the coast guard just now," said Miss Melton wearily. "Will you please start the fire?"

Phineas hastened to do so. There was a provision of coal and wood, and the small interior began speedily to heat. Further inspection proved to Phineas the truth of his theory. Tacked on the walls were colored lithographs of hunting scenes. In the living room were a couple of folding bunks for extra guests, and a gun rack in which were two fowling pieces of an old model and showing evidence of long service. There were two bedrooms, a double bed in one of them and two single in the other. These had evidently been freshly made and the sheets and blankets and cotton comforters were clean and new.

Opening all the doors, that the heat might find its way throughout, Phineas next discovered a closet in which were oilskins, sou'westers, canvas shooting coats, gunny sacks, all well worn; and on a shelf a heap of heavy woolen underclothes and pyjamas, all freshly laundered. Considering the drenched condition of himself and Miss Melton he appreciated the value of this find, and taking down two pairs of the pyjamas he hung them over a chair close to the stove. While doing so he noticed that the sink was fitted with a hand pump, and on trying this he got an immediate flow of water from the cistern beneath. He filled the kettle and a couple of saucepans and placed them on the stove.

"This chap has things very snug and practical," he observed. "His guide can telephone him when there is a flight of ducks or snipe, and all he has to do is to hop a train, get off and into his motor boat and be out here in a couple of hours."

No answer came from the dripping figure huddled close to the glowing stove. Phineas looked anxiously at the girl. Though still very sore he had decided to see the adventure through in as friendly a manner as though nothing unpleasant had occurred, and thenceforth to eschew her acquaintance

"How do you feel now?" he asked gently.

She did not answer. Her face was pale, eyes heavy lidded and staring at the stove. Phineas thought she looked less prostrated than one might expect considering what she had been through. An hour's vigorous bailing with a heavy bucket was in itself enough to exhaust most women, to say nothing of being half drowned in the icy water. He had himself reacted well to both his recent immersions, but then he was fresh from training camp.

"I am going in to change," said he. "You must do the same, here by the stove. Then go in the other room and get in bed. Call me when you are ready and I shall fill some hot-water bottles and make you some tea or coffee. Please do as I say. There is no sense in winning out a scrap with smugglers and having a close squeak from drowning only to die of the flu. That's what may happen if you do not change at once."

Still she did not answer; did not so much as acknowledge his presence with a flicker of her long lashes.

Phineas felt his anger rising again, but smothered it and said: "If it will make you feel any happier I may as well tell you that you were quite wrong about that box. I had not the slightest intention of stealing its contents; never thought about them, in fact. I wanted it to keep the water out of the carburetor. It was threatening to slosh in at any moment, and if it had we should have drowned. That is what did finally stop the motor, just before we jumped."

She raised her head suddenly. Her tawny eyes flashed like gold in the yellow light of the lamp.

"Ah! So that was it?"

"Of course! You might have had a little faith; also a little sense. Why should I have started laboriously to cut a round hole when I might have pried up the lid? And every moment precious at the pump! I gave you credit for more power of deduction; also for being a better judge of people. To be quite frank, your acumen is by no means on the same high plane as your courage. Possibly the former may account for the latter."

"What do you mean?"

"That if you had a little more intelligence you might not have quite so much blind daring. However, this is not the time to quarrel. We might better be down on our knees thanking God for having given us a staunch boat and a furnished cottage. Now, unless you are courting pneumonia you will immediately take off your wet clothes and dry yourself with a good rub and put on those warm pyjamas and get into bed."

Without another glance at her angry glowing eyes he took a pair of the garments in question and went into the farther bedroom, closing the door behind him.

He was giving his lean but muscular body a rubbing-down so vigorous as to be almost painful, preparatory to incasing it in heavy woolens and pyjamas, when his eye was caught by an object on a shelf fitted into a corner of the room. The room was on the windy corner of the house and cold, but for the instant oblivious of this Phineas stood stark and staring, his heart action suddenly accelerated.

The simple object which had so startled him was nothing but a clock. But it was not an ordinary clock; at least it was not such a clock as one might expect to find in the shooting cabin of a South Bay duck hunter. Naked to the cold if not the winds Phineas crossed the room, took it from the shelf and held it under the glare of the lamp.

It was a small square eight-day timepiece incased in tarnished brass of a Louis XVI design, and on the dial was the curved inscription of its maker: "Victor Simon, Quai de l'Horloge, Paris."

But this was not all. There was a peculiar quality to certain patches of its tarnish, quite distinct from verdigris, which at first suggested that the brass was merely a wash which had worn off in places to disclose the rusty metal beneath. It was not rust. It was some brown scaly substance superimposed on the solid brass. Nor was it varnish. Phineas moistened his finger, scratched away a little of it with the nail. The stuff was not sticky, and it left a reddish smear. There could be no question. It was blood!

The clock itself was like several he had seen in the window of Durand Brothers. If this store had been on the East Side, near the Long Island ferry, one might have considered the possibility of the duck hunter's purchasing it on the way to his shooting box. Perhaps he was a German with the national passion for clocks and had been seized by the whim to buy one for his lodge. But Durand Brothers was on the west side of the city. Moreover, the clock was evidently a real antique and as such of a certain value, certainly not the sort of timepiece for a dilapidated cabin on the beach. It did not match up with the other furnishings, which though good of their sort were simple and inexpensive. A sixty-five-cent alarm clock would have been more fitting for a double reason, the second being the alarm.

(Continued on Page 73)

The Girl Had Kept Her Head and, Assisted by Phineas, She Was Able to Wade Out

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PHILADELPHIA, JULY 19, 1919

A Rejection Slip

WOULD-BE contributors, whose theories of world saving are returned by us because they are in opposition to human limitations and the sometimes regrettable but always immutable laws of Nature, write us occasionally that the press is owned, body and soul, by the soulless corporations.

Sometimes a soap-box contemporary charges that the great dailies and periodicals are either bought by their favorite prop, big business, or bribed indirectly by their advertisers. But it is the section of the press that most often uses the words "bought," "bribed," "wage slaves," "capitalist press," "kept press" that is most often unreliable in both its editorial and advertising columns. Their standards of advertising morality, when compared with those of a majority of our great newspapers and periodicals, are as low and debased as their editorial aims.

The professionally discontented and the professionally ground-down must have a soap-box newspaper or periodical and, if possible, some sort of an organization that will both subscribe to their papers and pay dues to their organizations in order that they may stimulate discontent and coin it into an easy living and a good-thing position for themselves. Divine discontent—heretofore the great American incentive to true progress—is being superseded by a new discontent that believes in nothing but the devil and all his works.

Nothing could be better for our country and its citizens than the old American discontent that spurred one upward. Nothing could be worse than the new Russian discontent that would drag all down except those leaders who see in the stupidity and credulity of their followers a chance to gain positions that could never be theirs in the competition of brains, and fortunes that they could never accumulate in the competition of commerce. Facts, figures, reason, logic and truth are all capitalist lies to these fellows. They appeal to an age-old instinct in humanity—a perverse desire that crops out at intervals in mankind to follow after some false god, in the secret hope that he will be more lenient with their stupidities, more sympathetic with their laziness, kindlier with their vices than the just God of their fathers. The turning of the old Israelites to Baal, to Dagon and other false gods of the East was probably a crude Old-Testament Bolshevism.

Nothing is easier than to be a fake Messiah if one cares to deceive and mislead the people. Almost any man of plausible address who will let his whiskers grow and walk down the street proclaiming a new creed—especially if it promises less work, more pay, more wine and more women—can gather a following overnight and head a new sect, with what theatrical people call "important money" flowing into his coffers. For life is hard if lived rightly—but it is even harder if lived wrongly. Happiness is something that we are doing, not getting, day by day. And nothing permanent is built without slow and deep foundations. A bomb may blow up a factory, the torch may destroy a city, but they must be rebuilt one brick at a time. Lenine and Trotzky and their followers, from the uneducated sincere fool to the educated insincere ass, may destroy civilization, but it must be rebuilt in the sweat and blood of coming generations—generations that they would reënslave in the name of freedom.

Publishing is a field that is open to anyone with an idea and the ability to express it. For the real capital of publishing—the only product of publishing—is ideas. The actual paper or periodical is simply a package. Because of this, perhaps, it is easier than in a business where the product is a concrete thing to sell poisonous, adulterated and meretricious goods to the unsuspecting and uneducated. The market is full of quack papers, containing easy-to-take nostrums for every human ill and pink panaceas for white-livered people; but they are all dope—at best, cheap opium and wood alcohol—purveyors of half-lies, near-lies and lies.

Health Insurance

COMPULSORY state-managed health insurance on the German pattern does not go well here. Americans—wage earners as much as others—dislike "compulsory"; they dislike being dry-nursed under the paternal hand of the state. The cost would be high. Many members of the medical profession object to it. Many workmen believe it would set up an oppressive discrimination against persons who though not in perfect health are able to do a very good day's work. Compulsory insurance was decisively defeated in the California plebiscite. It failed in New York.

A chief argument against it has been that at much less cost and very much less compulsion upon the individual public health can be better conserved by a broad plan of hygienic and preventive measures under competent and liberally supported boards of health. It is pointed out that after thirty-five years of compulsory health insurance the German death rate is higher than ours.

Rejecting compulsory health insurance then, we should turn energetically to the alternative of better health laws, stronger health boards. There ought to be a vigorous educational campaign on sickness prevention. Rejecting compulsory insurance is merely negative. We ought to attack the positive side.

Of course we do attack it. Every state and probably every village has its health board or health officer. Yet there is no state and no village in which these agencies might not be profitably strengthened. Agitation for compulsory health insurance has had a good result in directing livelier attention to sickness prevention. Keep that up.

The Next Administration

THE world has been fed up with doctrines. The Prussians were good enough neighbors so long as they confined their attention to the workaday business of growing sugar beets and making dynamos. It was when they became obsessed by a rotten theory of world politics that they became destructive. Russia would be free, busy and on the way to prosperity to-day but that irreconcilable doctrinaires wrecked the nation. More or less we Americans hitched our wagon to a star and found it had run into a stump. There are always ten men who can show you how to hitch your wagon to a star for one who can show you how to get the stump out of the road.

We want to see a stump-pulling Administration at Washington; one that is mightily concerned with getting the best service out of the railroads, the most wheat to the acre, the highest wages the traffic will bear; not by star gazing but by experienced and practical-minded application to the immediate concrete problems.

By and large, the man who knows the best practical thing to do in the next twenty-four hours is the best reconstructor. It is the next ten rods of road that you have to get over first. If that is impassable the fact that the rest of the road leads to Elysium does not help much. We want the sort of wisdom that can deal best with the immediate concrete situation—the business man's sort of ability, if you please. Lincoln had it in an eminent degree.

Back of all the theorizing it is a business man's sort of problem that overhangs the world to-day—just more food and clothing, lumber and locomotives. No settlement of theories will really help until that is settled. Nothing could be more hopeful than a régime at Washington which energetically set about the humdrum business of cleaning up the Government itself and making it a practically efficient economical machine. That would be a hopeful sign of other achievements. The world has been fed up on theories.

Keep it Moving

MR. FREAR has introduced a joint resolution providing that after December 1, 1920, the Ways and Means Committee of the House and the Finance Committee of the Senate shall form a joint budget committee with jurisdiction over both revenue and appropriation bills. To that committee all executive estimates of expenditures shall be referred; and no other committee of House or Senate shall report any bill carrying an appropriation or to raise revenue. When the executive estimate of expenditures—that is, the debit side of the budget—has been made up and referred to this joint committee no new item of expenditure may be added to it by the committee and no item increased except on request of the President or by a two-thirds vote of the committee. But the committee may eliminate or reduce items by majority vote. When the budget bill, passed upon by the committee, is reported to Congress it shall not be in order for any member of the House to offer an amendment increasing any item in the bill except when such an increase conforms to the original executive estimate.

Like Mr. Good's bill, this moves in the right direction. Finally there can be no budget reform worth talking about as long as a dozen or twenty committees have the power, each on its own hook, to bring in a bill involving an appropriation at any time during a session, or as long as a log-rolling clique of members in either branch can load up appropriation bills at will. This joint resolution goes decidedly in the right direction.

This Congress is pledged to budget reform. That the present arrangement wastes money, time and opportunity is admitted by everybody. Congress has started. See that it is kept moving; write letters; interest the local press; talk it to your friends.

Press-Agenting the Government

IN THE last two years we have had many official statements from Washington that are fine examples of what official statements ought not to be. Early outgivings about that melancholy airplane business were the most flagrant example. If the first statements that were made with official sanction about airplane construction had been made by private persons who were trying to sell the public stock on the strength of them, the Postoffice Department would have shut them out of the mails and prosecuted their authors. Less flagrantly some other government agencies have offended.

What they call window-dressing in Lombard Street and puffery in patent-medicine advertising has no right place in an official statement to the public. During the war there was a certain excuse—not a very good one, yet with a plausible color. It might be urged then that to exaggerate the Government's progress in war preparations strengthened public morale.

We expect actors, authors and candidates for office to hold a receptive button hole for the decorative rose—and don't blame them much when they arrange to have the rose there at the psychological moment. We don't expect government officers to hand themselves bouquets in official statements. Official statements ought to be in the spirit of a conscientious auditor's report to the stockholders. If they furnish ground for complacency let other people discover it.

The Short Cut

IT IS not improbable that England will go on to government ownership of the country's coal mines. There have been comprehensive hearings; there is a vigorous agitation; in view of the present drift over there, nationalization, or government ownership, looks not improbable.

The gist of it is that before the war at least miners were poorly paid—twenty-five shillings a week was the adult average, the secretary of the Miners' Federation says; four hundred and ten dollars a year, says another report. As a rule they were very badly housed.

Certainly that was a bad situation. But the evidence seems to show that the big trouble with the British coal industry was merely bad organization. It shows several thousand individual mine owners normally or often engaged in what the chief inspector of mines—a liberal-minded person too—calls cut-throat competition in selling coal. Lack of effectual coördination or consolidation, in his judgment, prevents enhanced production and diminished cost of production, and entails waste.

In government ownership—with the great political power of organized labor in England—the miners see a short cut to better wages, with the deficit charged up to the National Treasury. Thorough and efficient reorganization of the industry under private ownership and management would give as good wages with no deficit.

EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

Coal Yesterday and To-Morrow

By Floyd W. Parsons

THE greatest industrial crime of the present generation has been the unrecoverable waste of America's fuel energy. The end of anthracite coal is already in sight; each succeeding year will find this grade of fuel more and more of a luxury. Three billion tons of hard coal have been already consumed, and mining operations are now being conducted in the thinner, deeper and poorer seams. If the present rate of growth continues we shall use up more anthracite in the next twenty years than we did in the century just passed.

It is bituminous coal, therefore, that stands as the foundation of this nation's industrial life. According to our geologists we have in the United States upward of fourteen hundred billion tons of the various grades of so-called soft coals. This sounds reassuring, especially in the light of the fact that we have exhausted only about twenty billion tons of these enormous reserves. However, the actual situation is not so joyful, for of our total bituminous deposits less than five per cent are high-grade coals, while almost the whole of our production so far has been taken from this better class of fuel. The earliest depletion of our steam and gas coals is coming in the fields that have supplied the great manufacturing districts of our congested East. Many corporations in this crowded region, noting the coming scarcity of accessible high-grade fuels, have sought to insure their future by accumulating a coal reserve, but have been unable to purchase an acreage holding seams of the character they desired. This condition caused one large steel concern recently to buy up areas of inferior coal, in the hope that by applying careful methods of preparation at the mine a satisfactory product might be obtained.

Electric Service to Copper Plants in Bingham Canyon

Coal that sold ten years ago for $50 an acre now brings $700. Seams that netted the owners royalties of six to ten cents a ton are now leased on a royalty basis of thirty cents a ton. War stabilized the industry. For the first time many mining companies kept a careful record of true costs. The newly formed National Coal Association has perfected a daily service covering prices of sales and details of contracts for more than 300,000,000 tons of fuel annually.

This information is sent free to the producers and sellers of coal, and at the same time is given to the public. Though it is merely a record of prices obtained in closed transactions each day, it removes uncertainty and fosters confidence in both buyer and seller. The plan is similar to that followed in the livestock and grain markets and depends for its success on the elimination of ignorance. If one hundred men are in a hall and the place is dark, someone is sure to get hurt in case of a mad scramble to get out; if the place is kept lighted the likelihood of a stampede is lessened. In similar fashion business transactions become orderly when the exact market conditions are known.

Great financial interests that have always abhorred the thought of a coal-mining investment have been quick to note the better trend of developments and have entered the coal business on a large scale. These new interests gobbled up what few coal tracts there were still accessible to the large markets and yet available for purchase. Their influence has tended toward better relationships among the producers. It is also evident that with the entrance of new capital there will be a refinement of methods and consequently less waste.

Doctor Garfield, former Fuel Administrator, insists that the acquaintanceship between the Government and the individual mining company shall continue, and that the cooperation which was developed during the war shall not be lost. By this he does not mean that there will be any rigorous control of industry by the Government. But he does urge a deliberate and purposeful maintenance of contact, in order that there may be a sufficient degree of mutual understanding to insure fair treatment to labor, capital and the public.

Doctor Garfield is not in favor of government ownership, but does see the necessity of establishing relations of cooperation between private corporations and the state in all our basic industries.

From the foregoing it is plain that we are in the morning of a new day in coal mining. There is no question but that consumers who have not provided themselves with satisfactory sources of supply must become accustomed to using lower grades of coal as time passes. Prices cannot return to the low figures of recent years because of the larger difficulties of mining less favorable seams, more costly equipment, higher wages and increased freight rates.

This new situation will cost the people of the United States upward of a billion dollars annually, as compared with the fuel bill in the years before the war.

The thought naturally rises: What can be done to offset this added public burden? Also What can we do to safeguard the country against a disastrous power shortage in our thickly populated Eastern States if a real business revival starts in earnest next fall? During the last twenty years the population of the United States has increased 42 per cent, but in this same period the consumption of coal has increased 172 per cent. More and more we are employing mechanical means for doing things, and this necessitates an increased consumption of power. Assuming that the nation's population and industrial growth will continue at the same rate that has prevailed in recent years it is amazing to discover that in that case by the year 1940 we shall be consuming annually 1,400,000,000 tons of coal. It would be wholly impossible for the present system of American railroads to handle any such production and at the same time carry the normal increases of other freight. Twenty years is not a long time in the history of a nation. It is essential, therefore, that immediate thought be given to the all-important problem of a national power supply.

The appalling wastes of the past were due primarily to the selfishness of private interests. Coal fields were opened not so much to mine coal for the country's industries as to get freight tonnage for the railroads. These carriers also fixed the price and dictated the point where the coal should be sold, so as to reap the benefit of a long haul and a high freight rate. In reality mining was but a subsidiary business carried on to fatten the treasuries of our great transportation systems. But the railroads were not alone in the exploitation of our rich coal resources. The steel manufacturers early in the last century were using charcoal in their metallurgical practice, when they discovered that a product of simular derivation could be made from bituminous coal instead of from wood. The growing scarcity of wood supplies caused the Pittsburgh Chamber of Commerce, as far back as 1817, to carry on an investigation out of which grew our coke industry. During these hundred or more years the metallurgists have thought only of their own needs and have ignored the vast losses resulting from the wasteful methods of manufacturing coke.

Recently there has come a partial awakening. The practice of burning raw coal in ovens that save only the carbonized product and permit all the other latent values to go up in smoke is being discarded. Last year the final value of the products obtained in our by-product ovens was approximately $175,000,000. The same tonnage of coal carbonized in the old fashion would have given a coke product worth about $75,000,000. This indicates a saving of $100,000,000 each year through using modernized methods of coke manufacture. Leaving out of consideration the fact that public interest demands the economical use of such a vital and limited resource as coal, and notwithstanding that to-day a modern by-product oven plant costs at least two million dollars, the new methods pay handsomely in the actual dividends they earn for those who employ them.

In this dawning of economic consciousness, however, let us not misinterpret our real opportunity. Only one-sixth

of our coal output is used for making coke and gas; two-thirds of all we produce goes into the production of power, while the remaining one-sixth is employed for heating buildings. Of the fuel that generates power half is taken by the various industries and the remaining half is consumed by the nation's transportation lines.

As to the waste of fuel by the railroads, the solution lies in the eventual electrification of all the carriers. In operating a steam railroad the cost of motive power amounts to thirty per cent of the total expense. For the same road electrified the power costs will amount to no more than ten per cent. One ton of coal converted into electric energy and used in an electric railroad engine does as much work as four tons of the same coal burned under the boiler of our most modern steam locomotive. One road that connects two large cities is part way electric and the remainder of the distance steam. On this line it has been found that the trains require less than half as much coal per mile on the part that is electrified. It is plain, therefore, that the country would benefit to the extent of eighty or ninety million tons of coal annually if the whole transportation system of the nation were to be electrified.

In the matter of our great basic industries there is an equal opportunity to effect immense fuel savings. The war taught us many lessons in boiler efficiency, but with the coming of peace it is necessary that we proceed to correct our earlier mistakes in a more deliberate, more scientific and more lasting fashion. Approximately eleven million persons are employed in all the American plants that are devoted to manufacturing. It is estimated that these establishments used thirty million horse power last year. This is more than double the horse power used by our industries in 1900. During these eighteen years average wages doubled, which refutes the arguments of those who fear that more mechanical power means lower wages and less demand for man power.

A Charcoal Burner in Mexico. Above—The Power House and Tipple of a Bituminous Mine. Thousands of Such Power Plants Are Wasting Coal All Over America

In the years that are approaching, our factories and mills that do not use electric power exclusively will burn a special grade of coke, or carbonized coal, instead of the raw fuel now consumed. It is of course true that the general run of present-day metallurgical coke is not a satisfactory fuel because of its cellular structure, which causes it to burn too fast and chill too easily. The solution of the problem lies in getting an artificial fuel from a modified form of by-product oven. Such a fuel would be a non-cellular carbonized residue that would burn without smoke and give us a clear atmosphere about our cities and in our trains. Such a plan is no dream and must come soon, for it is ridiculous to believe that with the development of a great coal-products industry, which is coming rapidly, the residue from the ovens—which is the fuel portion of the coal—could not be sold far cheaper than the raw coal. Nothing under the sun can prevent the eventual separation of all coal into two groups: First there will be the heat or energy producing portion; and second we shall have the commercial constituents—ammonia, benzol and tar.

An alternative for this scheme is the plan of manufacturing gas and by-products right at the mine mouth. In such a case the gas can be sold near by or converted into electrical energy for transmission to industrial centers in near-by states. Gas is of course the perfect fuel. It is efficient in every respect, and unlike coal it can be turned off immediately when its heat is no longer needed. The flow of gas, if properly handled, is completely burned, while with coal it is not possible to prevent unburned pieces from falling into the ashes. Also, with gas there is no large amount of metal to heat, but with coal much of the energy from the fuel is consumed in heating the furnace or stove, while still more heat is radiated and only a small percentage actually used. The chief difficulty with gas is that it cannot be transported long distances.

But since most of our mines are located at points distant from large industrial centers it is likely that gas for power purposes will run second to electricity. In regard to the use of the latter, Secretary Lane has an interesting and practical plan. He starts with the idea that the large central power station if substituted for the small, private, isolated plant will save at least fifty per cent in fuel. But this is not all. Secretary Lane urges a careful power survey concerning the whole United States, paying first attention to the highly congested Eastern region, comprising the states from Massachusetts to Virginia. In the territory extending from Boston to Richmond there is concentrated one-fourth of the power-generating capacity of the whole country. Mr. Smith, director of the United States Geological Survey, estimates that this region uses more than 600,000,000 kilowatt hours a month. It is therefore evident that Secretary Lane is acting wisely in suggesting a superpower system for this overcrowded territory.

It does seem that the logical development here is a multiple-transmission line of high voltage extending all the way from Boston to Washington and on to Richmond. Energy could be delivered into this unified system by power stations located near the mine mouths, and by hydroelectric plants located at several of the twenty or more water-power sites tributary to this area. Thus would be created a veritable river of power flowing through America's busiest region and capable of furnishing energy to hundreds of mills and factories at less than half of what it costs to-day. The hydroelectric plants would be located on the Connecticut, Delaware, Susquehanna and Potomac Rivers. The mines that would be utilized are situated in Pennsylvania and Maryland. This scheme of hitching up American rivers and American coal would bring into use a vast wealth of undeveloped water power that is now going to waste, and would remove many of our transportation difficulties by permitting the speedy electrification and economical operation of our great Eastern railroads.

New England is a danger spot in the nation's industrial life. These states form the only group in the country without a native coal supply, and yet they consume five per cent of all the coal produced in the United States. In the manufacture of commodities the power expense varies from two to twenty per cent of the total cost. The man or woman who buys a suit of clothes for fifty dollars can figure that nearly two dollars goes for coal consumed in the process of manufacturing the goods. It is of vital interest to everyone, therefore, that all possible measures be taken to reduce the high tax on living that results from obsolete methods of power generation.

As to the practicability of building power lines such as the one just suggested, it is necessary only to call the attention of doubters to some of the enormous systems of electric transmission already being operated in this country. One such line is in California, while another extends from Tonopah, Nevada, to

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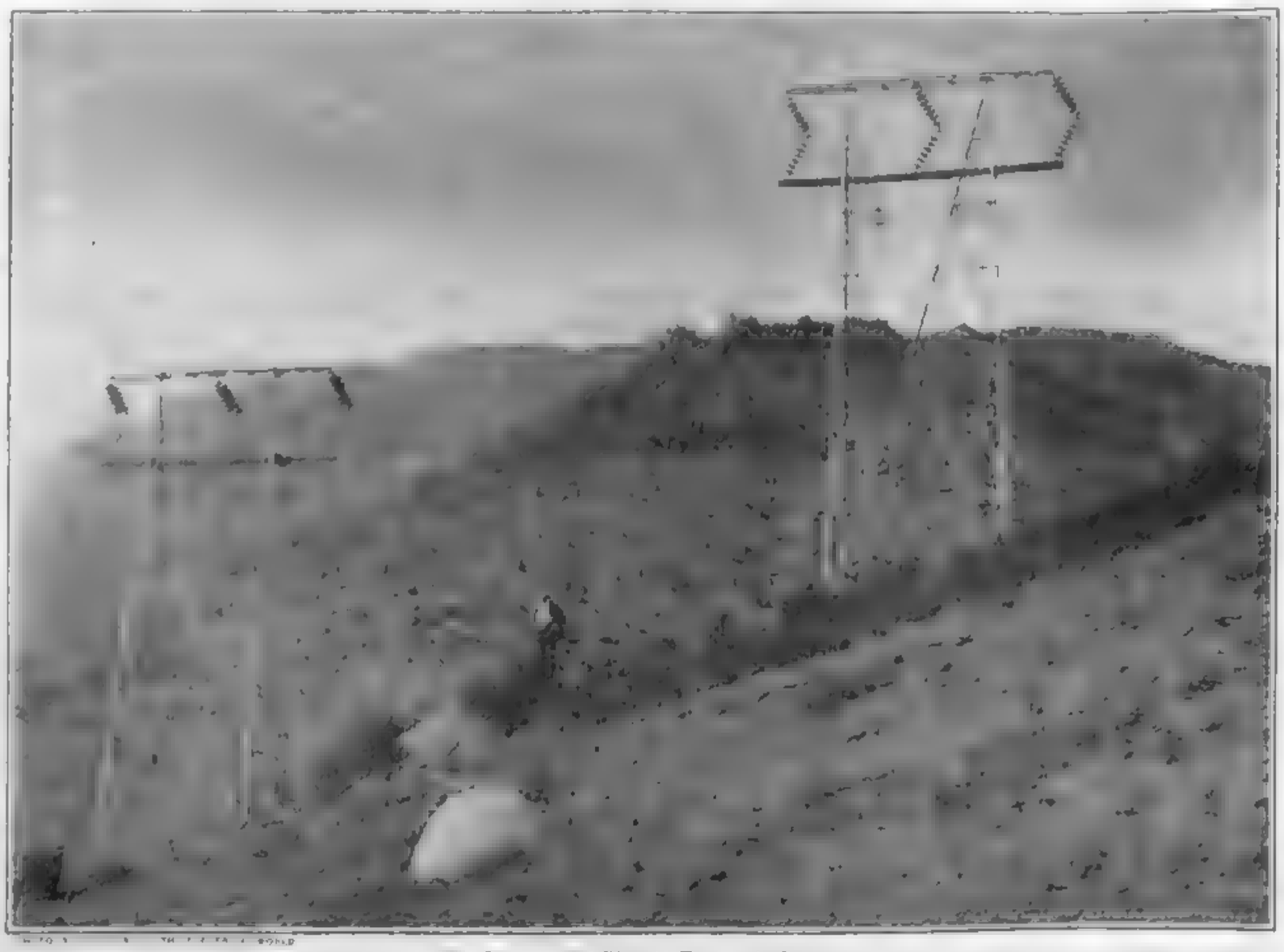

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STORIES OF THE OLD WEST

Death Valley, With the Panamint Range in the Distance

How Death Valley Was Named

By Frederick R. Bechdolt

THERE were three of us sitting on a pile of lumber in a sun-baked little mining town down near the Arizona border. One of my companions was the sheriff of the county and the other was an old man with snowy beard and sky-blue eyes whom everyone called Mac. To look on him was to behold a vision of the past.

As we were whiling away the time with idle talk something was said which roused the spirit of reminiscence within this survivor of the unfenced West. He closed his jackknife with a snap, threw away a pine stick from which he had been peeling shavings and, turning his sky-blue eyes on the sheriff, "I remember ——" he began.

After which he told of cheating Death in quicksand fords, of day-long battles with naked Apaches in the malapi, of fighting off bandits from the stage while the driver kept the horses on a run up Dragoon Pass, of grim old ranchmen stalking cattle thieves by night, of frontier sheriffs and desperadoes and a wilderness that was more savage than the wild riders who sought sanctuary within its arid solitudes. He did not talk for more than forty-five minutes at the most, and the words came slowly from his lips, but when he had done my head was spinning from more visions of bold men and large deeds than it had held since the Christmas night when I reeled off to bed after bolting a full half of the Boy's Froissart.

The Sand Walking Company

AND after that old man had sauntered away in the hot white Arizona sunshine I thought of other grizzled chroniclers to whom I had listened in other parts of the West. Some of their tales came back to me—straightforward simple stories of the days before farmers, barbed-wire fences and branch railroad lines—and I marveled at the richness of a lore whose plain unvarnished narratives of fact stand out with values exceeding those of most adventure fiction, more vivid and colorful than the anecdotes of the Middle Ages which the French chronicler set down for all the world to read.

Every state between the Mississippi and the Pacific has its own stories of deeds that took place during an era when even the lawbreakers attained a certain harsh nobility and when plain men must prove themselves heroic if they would survive. The names of many heroes in these tales have become like household words all over the United States, and what they did in many places is printed on the maps of school geographies. But there is a vanished legion of those old-timers who are remembered only in the immediate neighborhoods where they lived swiftly and died hard. Emigrant and prospector, pioneer and Indian chief, cowboy and cattle thief, sheriff, stage robber and Pony Express rider—only the old men can tell their stories now.

All those men, whether they be famous or forgotten, owned a common virtue which still survives among the people who came after them. That pioneer spirit which makes the average American eager to try what no one else has done is the common motive in the tales of their exploits. It stands out strongly in this story, which tells how Death Valley got its name.

One evening early in November, 1849, a party of emigrants was encamped near Mountain Meadows down in Southern Utah close to the Nevada line. It was a glorious night of the intermountain autumn. The stars burned large and yellow overhead. In their faint radiance the white tops of more than one hundred prairie schooners gleamed at the base of the hillside which rose in the west. Here and there one of the canvas covers glowed incandescent from a candlelight within, where some mother was tucking her children into their beds. Out on the long slope the feeding oxen moved like shadows through the sagebrush and beyond them coyotes shrieked incessantly.

Fairly in the middle of the camp a leaping flame shone on the faces of a crowd of men. For the world-old question of a short cut had arisen to divide opinions in this company, and they had gathered round a large fire to try to settle the matter.

They were on their way to California and the placer fields. In Salt Lake City they had learned that the season was too far advanced to permit their crossing the Sierras by the northern passes and they had organized into what they called the Sand Walking Company, with John Hunt, a bearded Mormon elder, as their captain and their guide. He was to conduct them by a trail—unmarked as yet by any wagon track—over which some of his people had traveled to the old Spanish grant recently acquired by their church at San Bernardino. This route to the gold fields followed the Colorado watershed southward, taking advantage of such few streams as flowed into the basin, to turn northward again at the pueblo of Los Angeles. Thus it described a great loop nearly parallel with what is now Nevada's southern boundary.

But before the Sand Walking Company left Salt Lake City a man named Williams drew a map for one of its number, showing what he claimed was a shorter pathway to the land of gold. This Williams Short Route, as it came to be called during many a heated discussion, struck off straight into the West, bearing to the San Bernardino road the relation of a chord to its arc, until it reached a snow-clad peak. This peak, according to the map, was visible for many miles, a clear landmark during nearly half the journey. Reaching it, the trail turned sharply north to cross the range by an easy pass and traverse a long rich valley to the gold fields. There were many legends of good feed and water holes on the drawings. The promise of time saved was an important consideration, for all the company was getting impatient to reach the placer diggings lest they be too late.

The Short Route or the Long?

THE trail forked near this place where they were encamped to-night. John Hunt had halted the party here for two days while scouts crossed the long divide to their west and looked over the country beyond the summit to see if wagons could travel that way. And now his pathfinders were giving their reports. They stood in the open space by the fire, three lean and sunburned men dressed in semi-Indian costume, with their powder horns slung from their shoulders and long sheath knives in their beaded belts. One after the other they addressed the crowd and each gave it as his opinion that the short cut was impractical. The country was too rough, they said.

The murmur of many voices rose among the audience. Most of the men there were nearing middle age and doubt showed on the bearded faces of the great majority—doubt and disappointment, for they were eager to see their

(Continued on Page 32)

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REPUBLIC TIRES

With STAGGARD Studs

(Continued from Page 30)

journey's end and that Williams map had roused high hopes. Here and there a woman stood beside her husband listening anxiously to what he said, watching his eyes as he hearkened to the talk of those about.

But there was a portion of the circle which stood out in marked contrast to the rest. The men here were for the most part in their early twenties. Their faces were serene, their eyes untroubled by any doubt and there were no women among them. While the others stood weighed down by uncertainty they lounged full length on the ground, basking in the heat of the flames; or sat in groups on near-by wagon tongues laughing and whispering jests among themselves. Several of them were wearing bits of Indian finery after the manner of the guides. And this sprinkling of buckskin shirts, fringed leggings and beaded moccasins, together with an occasional crop of thick hair that reached to a pair of broad young shoulders, gave a dash of savage picturesqueness to their section of the audience. They were a company of bachelors from Illinois and called themselves the Jayhawkers. Their end of camp had been the scene of wrestling matches and frolic every night since the train had left Salt Lake City; and—as one might expect—it was one of their number who had got that map of the Williams Short Route. They were unanimous in advocating it.

Now Ed Doty, their captain, stepped forward into the open space by the fire and fixed his bold young eyes on John Hunt, whom he addressed rather than the audience.

"We haven't found the country yet," he said, "that could stop us and we're not afraid of that over there."

He pointed out into the darkness where the summit of the divide showed black against the western sky.

"We're going to try the Williams Short Route."

Hunt nodded.

"All right," he answered quietly. "And if the rest try it I'm going through with you if I have to pass through hell to reach the other end of the trail. But if one wagon sticks to the San Bernardino road I'll stay with that wagon, for I passed myword to take you that way."

It was some time near midnight when the crowd left the fire, but the sun was barely up the next morning before the wagons were lined out along the side hill. Far ahead of them where the trail forked, John Hunt stood waiting alone.

The white-topped prairie schooners came on slowly toward him from the northward through the sage, the heads of the long-horned oxen swinging low from side to side before their heavy wooden yokes. The first span reached the solitary figure of the captain and went straight on south. The wagon rumbled by and Hunt knew by its passing that he must keep to the San Bernardino trail.

The Edge of the Desert

BUT the second driver halted his team and leaned out from his seat to take the hand that Hunt extended him.

"We'll try the short route," he said.

"Good-by," the captain bade him. "Good luck."

The man called to his lead span; the great yokes creaked and the front wheels whined against the wagon box as the animals swung the prairie schooner to the west.

And now wagon after wagon halted while its occupants exchanged a brief farewell with the bearded man beside the road, then struck out straight westward up the long steep slope. When Hunt turned to rejoin his remnant of a following three-quarters of its members had forsaken the Sand Walking Company.

The prairie schooners of the seceders made a slender white line in the wilderness of sage which reached on before them up and up. Beyond the crest which rose gray-brown against the cloudless Indian-summer sky the desert waited, silent as death itself.

They traveled for three days up that long steep slope, and when they reached the summit to look down upon the other side they discovered that the Williams map was worthless as a guide. Here where it promised easy going a steep-walled cañon led down from the north, blocking their road. Beyond a wilderness of sandstone pinnacles and naked cliffs dropped away and away to depths invisible.

Then most of the drivers turned their oxen back to follow Captain Hunt and overtake him on the San Bernardino trail, by which he led his company in safety to Los Angeles. But twenty-seven wagons remained parked among the twisted junipers, their occupants biding the return of scouts whom they had sent ahead to seek a pass. Though the map had proved of no value when it came to showing a road, they still believed in the snow-clad peak which it promised somewhere before them in the hidden West. They were determined to find that landmark and strike out for it.

The scouts came back on the fourth day and reported a pass far to the northward round the cañon head. But before the prairie schooners lined out on the ridge to make the long detour the unmarried owners of outfits banded together in a company, advising those with families to return to Captain Hunt. They did not care, they said, to be responsible for the lives of women and children in this unmapped wilderness. The advice was not taken and the train set forth in two sections, twenty wagons belonging to the Jayhawkers and their bachelor companions and seven owned by men who traveled with their wives and little ones.

A Storm on the Panamint Range Opposite Death Valley

The scouts had picked an easy route through rolling hills where bunch grass stood in thick clusters among the tall gray sage. The oxen cropped the rich feed as they went along. Clear streams ran noisily in most of the ravines. The train passed the cañon head, and one day after considerable aimless wandering it turned westward to cross a succession of wide tablelands where feed was good and water plentiful.

The Indian-summer season was at its height now—clear balmy days and cloudless nights. Their progress was steady for some time, uninterrupted by ill luck of any kind. When they halted for the midday meal it was like a great picnic in the soft warm sunshine, and when evening came the Jayhawkers rollicked round their fires or gathered where one of their number had tuned up his fiddle. William Isham was his name, a great bearded fellow who hailed originally from Rochester, New York. He would sit by the hour on the tongue of his wagon playing Oh, Susannah and other lively airs or strike up a jig tune while Negro Joe, who had fled from slavery in Mississippi, did a double shuffle in the firelight. The children slipped away from their mothers to get peeps at the fun from the edges of the crowd or play hide and seek in the shadows of the sagebrush. There were ten of these youngsters in all.

Many of these evenings would find a number of the older men clustered round the wagon of Asahel Bennett, a Wisconsin pioneer whose outfit included a young hunter by the name of William Manley. For Manley went ahead nearly every day to spy out the country, and the men were eager now for tidings of the snow-clad peak which lay before them hidden in the West.

Now gradually as they went onward the country began to change; the sagebrush became more stunted, the grass tufts sparser; the streams ran smaller and smaller, until there came a day when they traveled from dawn until long after sunset before they encountered any water—and this lay lukewarm in hollows of the sandstone, accumulations from rains of long ago. The earth these days was hard and dry, and there were stretches where there was no earth at all, only a rubble of sharp rock fragments radiating heat waves under the glaring sun.

The Lake That Never Was

THERE was no rollicking about the camp fires any more. When evening came the men were weary from hurrying their wagons over rugged ground or spent from climbing lofty buttes to look ahead for signs of water. Isham, the fiddler, left his violin in its case—he never took it from that case again. The oxen had grown gaunt from lack of forage and drink; they wandered about the night camps nibbling disdainfully at what growth there was—low, bitter, sapless weeds.

That change in the country had come so imperceptibly that they did not realize the presence of the desert until they were confronted by an appalling revelation one afternoon.

All that day and all the day before the drivers had been goading the failing oxen while they peered with reddened eyes out on the glaring plain, from which rose a series of isolated cone-shaped buttes, for the water in the barrels was running very low and they were always seeking some sign of stream or pool.

Then one of them uttered a loud cry, and at that shout the others saw two miles or so off to the right, where the plain opened out between the cone-shaped hills, a lake whose waters were bluer than any they had ever looked upon. A little breeze was stirring its surface and on the farther bank there were some trees whose branches were moving as if perhaps the wind were stronger over there.

Now every driver lashed his oxen into a lumbering run and the women lifted the canvas tops of the prairie schooners to show their children the pretty lake. The whole train turned away from its course and went rumbling across the plain—one mile, then a second, and still another followed before they found themselves in the midst of a glaring expanse of clay baked by the sun to rocklike hardness.

The vision of blue waters had vanished with the suddenness of a dream which ceases on the instant of awakening!

The mothers lowered the canvas wagon covers and soothed their crying children, and the drivers turned the oxen back toward the trail they had forsaken for the lure of the mirage. There was no word of grief among the men, no outcry of despair; but the shoulders of some were sagging when they made their dry camp that night and there was a new hardness in the eyes of all of them.

They had looked upon the desert and they knew it for what it was!

As they were sitting about their little fires a man came staggering among them out of the darkness. It was Manley, the young hunter of the Bennett outfit, who had been away for two days on one of his reconnoitering expeditions. They gathered round him in silence, but he read the question in their eyes and shook his head.

(Continued on Page 34)

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AMERICA'S ONLY KNOWN-PRICED CLOTHES

(Continued from Page 32)

"No water," he answered, "nor sign of it, but I have seen a snow mountain straight west of us."

He told them how he had stayed out on the summit of a high butte the night before until dawn came revealing a dead world. Dark ragged mountains of volcanic rock rose to the north, and to the south a tangle of naked ridges whose sides were discolored as though by fire. Between these scorched ranges a plain stretched out for a good hundred miles into the west, as level as a floor and gleaming white. Beyond that plain a chain of mountains loomed, and behind this gloomy range he saw a snow-clad peak that glistened in the morning sun.

They talked the situation over. All of them were convinced that Manley had found the peak described by the Williams map and now they argued for different routes. Of the four points of the compass there was only one that lacked an advocate. For while some urged a northward circuit, and others believed there would be greater safety to the south, and many were determined to push straight on west across the gleaming plain of alkali, there was not one word said of turning back into the east.

Survivors tell how some of the women wept under the covers of the prairie schooners that night, but none of those mothers raised her voice in favor of retreat. They were pioneers, these people, and it seemed as if they did not know how to turn back.

The Jayhawkers' Trail

No one can ever set the fullness of their story down in words; for the Amargosa Desert has a wicked beauty which is beyond the telling, and one must journey out beyond the black escarpments of the Funeral Mountains and fight for his life in the silent reaches of that broken wilderness if he would begin to realize what they went through.

They made their last camp together at a brackish water hole near the edge of the plain which Manley had described. Beyond it they could now see the snow-clad peak. They repeated to one another the legends on the Williams map, its promise of a pass close by that summit and of a fertile valley leading to the gold fields in the north. If they could only reach that mountain, they agreed, their hardships would be over, their journey as good as ended.

They separated here to set forth by two different routes. The Jayhawkers struck straight out across the flat while the little company of families kept to a more roundabout course in the south, hoping to find water in the mountains there. From this time on, though their trails converged and crossed, the wagons never reunited in one train again

In that silent land where the skeletons of dead mountain ranges lie strewn among the graves of seas that died in ages past they held their eyes on the one sign of life that rose into the clear sky beyond—the peak whose promise kept them moving on into the west.

Days passed and the smaller party found no water in any of the cañons which came down to them from the south. They used the last drops from their casks and now they could not eat for thirst; they could not sleep. The children wailed for drink until their voices died away to dry whisperings, and when the mothers strove to comfort them they found their arid tongues had lost the power of shaping words.

At last Manley, the young hunter with the Bennett wagons, discovered a warm spring near a cañon head, but the oxen lay down in their tracks on their way up the gorge and the men were obliged to bring water to them in buckets before they could get the unhappy brutes to rise. They filled the barrels with the tepid fluid and goaded the teams on, seeking some sign of a pass in the low black range which lay between them and the snow peak. If there were only an opening it seemed as if they might win through.

The Jayhawkers pressed hard across the gleaming plain. The surface of that plain was as white as snow, as level as a floor. It was so hard that the wheels left no track on it; no shrub grew from it, only a low bitter weed that crumbled to a gray powder at the slightest touch. The oxen plodded along with their heads hung so low that their muzzles almost swept the ground. They stood about the camp at night, emaciated beyond belief, swaying from weakness, grating their teeth as they moved their jaws with a pathetic instinct of rumination.

Five days passed, and on the night of the fifth, when these young fellows knew they could not live another twenty-four hours without water, a light cloud came between them and the stars. They felt the cool touch of snowflakes on their faces and they spread their blankets to gather what they could while the oxen licked the moisture from the earth. The next morning the sun shone hot again upon the plain, against whose vast expanse the wagons showed, a little line of dots creeping slowly toward the white-topped mountain in the west.

At Ash Meadows, where the bitter waters of the Amargosa River rise from their hidden depths to flow for a few hundred yards between gray hills of shifting sand, the trails of the two parties converged. By the time they reached this dismal oasis they were killing their oxen for such shreds of meat as they could strip from the bones; but as each of the wagons left the place, climbing the divide beyond it, the occupants forgot their sufferings and talked of the desert as something they had left behind. For Furnace Creek Cañon lay ahead of them, a rift in the black range which rose between them and the snow-clad peak.

The Jayhawkers were in the lead now. They went down the gorge, whose black walls seemed to shut out the sky in places, and on Christmas morning, 1849, they emerged from its mouth to see the great peak just ahead of them.

But as they looked up at the mountain toward which they had been striving for so many weary days they discovered that its sides were verdureless, bare of any earth, so steep no man could climb them.

And there was no pass!

They had descended into the pitfall at its lowest depths. Here where they first saw the place, more than two hundred feet below the level of the sea, great beds of rock salt covered its floor, worn by the wind into a myriad pinnacles as high as a man's waist, sharp as knives and coated with brown dust. In the center of this weird forest a level sheet of white salt lay glistening in the sun. Northward the deposit stretched away to dunes of shifting sand, and in the south long mud flats lay covered with traceries of sun cracks as far as the eye could see. The eastern mountains came straight down in cliffs as black as ink. Eight miles away the western mountains rose in a sheer wall surmounted by Telescope Peak, whose snow-clad crest towered eleven thousand feet above the heads of the men it had lured here. There was no sound of any life, no track of any animal; no bird—not even a buzzard—flew overhead. The very air was a desert like the burning earth.

Now, even as they came down out of Furnace Creek Cañon into this trap they began their efforts to escape from it.

On the first day the Jayhawkers turned to the north, seeking some outlet through the Panamints at that end of the range. One family followed them. J. W. Brier, a minister from a little frontier community in the Middle West, left the other section with his wife and three children in the hope that the young men might find a route to safety. The wagons of the Bennett party crossed the sink through the forest of rock-salt pinnacles and headed southward along the strip of loose sand which lay between the mud flat and the mountains. They believed the range might yet show a rift at this end which their wagons could traverse.

Sometimes to this day the winds, moving the dunes of white sand in the valley's northern arm—a task which they are always at from year's end to year's end—uncover the fragments of wagons, and prospectors come upon a tire or spoke or portion of a sun-dried axle. Then they know that they are at the place where the Jayhawkers abandoned their prairie schooners.

They killed some of their oxen at this point and divided the meat. There was so little of it that—though the men were now very weak—two of them were able to carry the beef from an animal. Then they started out on foot across the sand dunes toward the Panamints. Most of them still believed that food and water lay just beyond those heights.

And now, while they were straggling along through the loose sand in single file, one of their number—a man named Fish—was seen to throw his hands above his head and pitch forward on his face. Those who were behind came upon him lying with arms outspread—dead.

The next afternoon as they were climbing toward the head of a steep cañon in the range several of the foremost ones found a little spring among the rocks. While they were resting here they saw far below them a man crawling toward them on his hands and knees. One of the party filled his canteen and hurried down to meet him, but found him gasping his last in the bottom of the sun-baked gorge. It was Captain Culverwell, a skipper who had forsaken the deep sea and its ships to make this journey with them in the hope of finding gold.

At Bennett's Well

That evening the strongest and swiftest of their number reached the summit of the Panamints and looked down the western side where they had thought to find that fertile valley the Williams map promised, leading to the north. They saw the same dead mountain ranges and the same dried-lake floors through which they had been traveling for months. The Mohave Desert lay in front of them.

When they were crossing the arid reaches of the Panamint Valley, William Isham, who had fiddled so blithely for them on those evenings in the Utah hills, sank down beside the trail; and the others passed him with empty canteens, unable to give him any help. Some of the stragglers buried his body a few days later.

During the next day or two a Frenchman, whose name none of the survivors remembers, went insane from thirst and wandered off into the sand hills. No one ever saw him afterward.

So one after another of their number lay down and died or went mad and ran off toward some of the mirages which were perpetually torturing them with visions of cool lakes—until thirteen perished in all. The others struggled on and on into the southwest, for they knew that Los Angeles lay somewhere in that direction and it offered them their only hope.

Meantime the Bennett party went southward along the eastern edge of the sink, where the sands lie as loose and fine as ashes between the mud flats and the mountains, until they found a little spring with a few patches of coarse grass among the mesquite thickets that surrounded it. From this point they tried to escape by one route and then another, only to reach a blind wall in each case and retrace their steps to the water hole.

In later years the mule drivers of a borax company enlarged the well which Asahel Bennett and J. B. Arcane dug here in the sand. Otherwise the place remains unchanged, a patch of mesquite in a burning plain where heat devils dance all day long from year's end to year's end. The plain reaches on and on between black mountain walls, and even the mirages that spring from its surface under that hot sun throw off the guise of cool lakes almost on the moment of its assumption to become repellant specters that leap and twist like flames. The Piute Indians called the spot "Tomesha," which means "Ground Afire."

The party held a council when they had retreated here after the last unsuccessful attempt to escape. It was

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Mount Whitney

THE STANDARD OF THE WORLD

WE would be a little less than human if we were not proud of the present status of the Cadillac.

The country's best citizenship frankly proclaims it the car of cars—the very best, and the most desirable, that human skill can build, or money can buy.

Men and women who are at the forefront of their communities, in culture, discrimination, and ability to choose the best, have entrenched it in a position of leadership, which admits of no question.

Putting this national and international preference on its lowest plane—trying to estimate the worth of Cadillac reputation in money—the imagination can not measure its value.

As we would be a little less than human if we did not prize this precious preference—

So we would be a little less than sane if we did not protect it.

Every consideration of common sense, and business acumen, and sentiment, requires that the Cadillac shall be made better, and better, and better, in the future, as it has been in the past.

We pledge you that this is the only sense in which the Cadillac will ever change—in a steady pressing forward toward higher and higher standards.

The Cadillac, whose excellence the whole world celebrates today, is the same Cadillac as the first of its type—refined with infinite patience and unremitting zeal.

We promise you that the Cadillac of tomorrow, or a thousand tomorrows, hence, will still be the same splendid car, progressively improved—Cadillac in principle, Cadillac in high purpose, and Cadillac in performance.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY - DETROIT, MICH.

The Man Who Married a Real Woman—By Alice Austin White

JEREMIAH HUBBARD had always said he was going to marry a real woman. When he came home from a day's work he didn't want somebody to discuss politics or higher mathematics; he wanted a nice dinner and a nice little wife, "loving and tender and true," as he used to quote a popular song of the time. He cherished a sort of moving-picture memory of his mother—she died when he was ten—and he wanted to marry somebody as near like her as possible. He carried a small photograph of her in his pocket—a pretty, vapid-looking woman of thirty in a low-cut dress. If people were not enthusiastic over his taste, he would say a little sadly: "It's not a very good picture of her."

He had done good work in economics when he came to the university at thirty-two. He was capable, with a bullet force that would have gone far by itself, and he was solidly ambitious. He proposed to be the best-known economist in America—and the best paid. Outside his field he was crude and undiscriminating. So far as literature or women were concerned, he was simply unlettered. If the conversation turned to general reading, he used to explain that he liked Tennyson very much when he was in high school and he had always meant to take him up again, but he never seemed to get at it. He liked to sing in a plaintive tenor songs palpitating with vaudeville emotions.

"If he sings that one about the violet again," Ruth Davis declared with conviction, "I shall just pass away."

It was something mingling the violet with periodic assertions that his heart was true blue. There was another about the rose, the passionate rose—not at all the sort of thing to love; and the lily, pure and cold; but no, the little vi-o-let, that would be give his heart to. It was warm and sweet and true. Jeremiah appeared immersed in the thought as his voice quivered off on that "true." It was like the thin plaint of a gramophone in a ten-cent store. Nobody could think of anything to say, but Jeremiah was serene.

"That's a pretty little thing," he would say, rehumming the unspeakable last line. "Here's another pretty little thing. Let's see if I can get it." And he leaned back in his chair, with the tips of his fingers together, angling after some elusive horror.

He spent many evenings with the Davises when he first came to Barrington, though Ruth was sure he disliked her. In fact he was only indifferent. She was an educated woman and by hypothesis neither fish nor flesh. At first she had occasionally invaded the discussions he and Clinton enjoyed, but presently she saw that this rather puzzled him and she settled back in her wicker chair by the lamp with a mending basket. She liked it. She was amused, she was interested in their talk and she liked to watch the two men. Jeremiah would pause at length, scowling a little, quite embarrassed.

"Well," he would say, "all this isn't very interesting to the ladies." And, of course, he understood it was manners when Ruth said she enjoyed it. He would change the subject, making some small joke calculated for ladies, then he would begin to hum. When singing was imminent, Ruth usually went to the kitchen to provide food—Jeremiah liked to have food of an evening. In matters of the palate he was exacting but ample. He told of food he had experienced in various places and other matters of known interest to women and complimented Ruth on her cakes.

"I do miss a home," he said. But Ruth got the impression, none the less, that he meant something quite different from hers. Yet she stubbornly liked him.

"If he would marry a human being instead of a magazine cover by mistake he'd be another man in five years," she said, not very hopefully.

One Christmas recess Jeremiah wrote the Davises that he had found her. His letter bore a strong flavor of Laura Jean Libbey, but there was a tone of sincerity and relief about it that would have stirred sympathy in a tougher soul than Ruth's. The elderly aunt he was spending the holidays with had taken him to a church festival—and there he had met her. He rather liked this religious connection. He said, of course, he wasn't exactly religious himself, but he liked religion in a woman. "My own mother, I may have told you ——" She was very young, he said, very beautiful—she looked a little like his mother, just a suggestion; it hardly seemed possible that she'd have an old fellow like him; she was beset with eager suitors, and so on and on.

He wooed her with costly ardor. He sent her exorbitant gloves and handkerchiefs.

"Everything a man can give a girl before it's really fixed up," he said. His breast pocket bulged with letters in a large finishing-school hand. She would tell him about this fellow and that who had beaued her to a dance Saturday night and to church Sunday evening and he saw them all as handsome rivals with the infinite advantage of propinquity. Then for two weeks she would coolly desist from writing at all, while poor Jerry telegraphed flowers and messages and candy. When he was not very miserable he was very happy. At the end of the semester he threw his examination books into his suitcase with several pounds of candy and shot out to Iowa, or wherever it was, to see her. It took a week of court and coquetry before she was persuaded. He adored her modesty. But when she said with a satisfied laugh, "My goodness, Jerry! I meant to take you all the time," he found something adorably girlish about that too.

He was for being married on the spot, but "My goodness, Jerry!" she said to him, she was going to have a real wedding, yes, sir! And after all, Jeremiah was not averse; he had a taste for a good old-fashioned wedding himself; and besides, as he said, you know how a woman feels about such things. So there were jokes and flowers and presents and rice; and Belle wore white satin and a veil.

"I looked just lovely," she said candidly afterward. "But my goodness! I thought I never would get into those shoes."

Jeremiah wanted to come home at once, to find and furnish their little nest—how he had harped on that little nest—and then to get some work done; but naturally enough she wanted a trip.

(Continued on Page 38)

It Took a Week of Court and Coquetry Before She Was Persuaded. He Adored Her Modesty

ESSEX MOTORS

"When Can I Get

That is the Inquiry Men Now Make Concerning the Light Weight, Quality Car

An Essex?"

No industry has equaled the automobile for its surprises. And judged by the way people everywhere have taken to it, no car has equaled the Essex in the quickness with which it has gained its leadership.

Some Say Advertising Did It

There is a measure of truth to that. But the advertising was not of the usual type. The Essex received the kind of advertising that is always effective. No product has been advertised as it has been that has not become a favorite.

Its advertising has been the voluntary praise of tens of thousands who recognize Essex qualities.

Just as it has never been necessary to stimulate a want for an automobile because its utility is recognized by everyone, so it has not been necessary to more than call attention to the Essex.

Six Million Motorists

Six million American motorists have rather definite perceptions of their ideal car. The Essex seems to have met the ideal of many thousands of that number. It is evident on every hand. You hear favorable mention of the Essex wherever the subject is discussed.

The Essex is so well advertised because it fills the want so many people have long entertained.

Everything you hear about the Essex is what motorists think of it. At first only impressions such as came from a store room view and a short ride were given. But those views were all to the advantage of the Essex.

Now thousands of owners know from daily service just how good a car the Essex is.

So the Matter Of Delivery Is All

That is about the only question buyers now ask.

Factory production is now steadily increasing. It is close to a hundred cars a day. Buyers must have some patience. They must not expect to get an Essex off the floor whenever they may decide to buy. Wanted articles are not usually so easily obtained.

All dealers are forced to enter orders and make delivery in rotation. The man who buys to-day will get his Essex sooner than he who delays.

But isn't it worth while to take one's turn in buying such an important article as an automobile, and especially when the car is so universally praised as is the Essex?

$1395
Detroit

(56)

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"You don't get married but once, Jerry," she said astutely, and that pleased Jerry.

But after three weeks of it she was bored to death, "just going round those old mountains and nobody you knew—and my feet!" And they came home post haste. She harmonized with Jerry in the little nest song. She never had kept house, but she thought she'd like it. She had tried stenography before she was married, she told Ruth Davis, but my goodness, she couldn't learn it. She guessed she must have tried a hard system. Some girls she knew learned it just as easy.

"Have a chocolate—oh, do! Here, have one, my goodness!"

She sat holding the box on her lap, dipping her pink fingers into it frequently as she rocked amiably back and forth, swinging her plump feet. "Jerry—Mr. Hubbard—is just grand to me," she confided. "Just grand. He brings me candy every solitary day. At first I didn't like it very well—you know," she said significantly. "But goodness, you get used to it!"

She did like housekeeping, as it happened. She furnished her house with dull enameled furniture from New York. It was all the go, she explained.

"Why don't you get some?" she inquired, viewing the Davis furnishings with a large air. She had an eye for color and simple design too. You couldn't call her house artistic, but it was pretty. So was she in a fair plump way. Her coloring was lovely; her hands, in spite of genuine housework, were pink and smooth as advertisements. She had a magnificently spendthrift gift for cooking. In our gustatorily mild university life her dinners were events. She always got them herself, hiring a solid negress to clear up and a presentable one in cap and apron to serve. It took her all day, she admitted with plaintive pride; and she never got up a dinner without a quart of whipping cream at the very least. Large, pink, beaming at her culinary successes, she would sit at the head of her shining table, laughing shrilly when there was a joke and listening with a comfortably uninterested expression to such conversation as survived the insistent pressure of viands. But when a fair chance came to talk about her cooking and her house she quivered with pleasure.

"Jerry—Mr. Hubbard—thought the bills last month were just awful," she confided to Mary Prentiss. "But I tell you I believe in eating, and I guess he don't mind," she laughed. "Anything I say goes. Oh, he's just grand to me. He's wanted a home so long—my goodness!" Her voice dropped into a tone of sick-room sympathy for the afflicted.

Thanks to Jeremiah's reputation and their recent marriage, the Hubbards were invited to the president's first formal dinner that year. Belle wore her wedding gown, which high feeding had already made a little tight. Jerry bought her roses, but she said roses were all right for a young girl. She thought orchids more appropriate for a married woman. When she was all fastened together and the orchids in place there was no denying she looked wonderful. Hubbard worshiped; he longed to offer oblations before this woman—so elusive, so different from himself—who was his. But after it was all over and she had expanded from the pressure of her stays, Belle admitted with a little discontent that she hadn't had a very good time, not knowing anybody. And as for the dinner, she wouldn't have gone round the corner to eat it.

"You know, Jerry," she said, sitting very impressive on the edge of the bed and shaking her pink forefinger to emphasize her words, "I could go out in the kitchen this minute and cook every last thing they had there. Oh, I don't know," she went on, her blue-china eyes half closing, her voice plaintive. "If they ask us again I don't know as I want to go. We're just simple home bodies," she said in a tone of lingering sweetness. And Jerry worshiped more than ever. Was not this just what he wanted?

In the meantime he was doing no work beyond meeting his classes. They had furnished a little study just as a study should be furnished.

"I just love to have him comfortable," Belle said, patting the new overstuffed chair. And she kept it in beautiful order and always elected to sit there when Jerry brought home work. At first they went frequently to the Davises' in the evening—the Davises had no one to leave their baby with—and Ruth would engage Belle in conversation while the men talked. But presently Belle grew visibly restless under this arrangement, and one evening she announced that it would be lots more fun to play pinochle. She thought a man needed some recreation.

"My!" she said sympathetically. "Their brains get so tired. Jerry'll come home from here so excited he don't want to go to bed or anything. My goodness, I think you need your sleep! Don't you think he looks better? He's gained eight pounds. I think it's not working so much."

She spoke with the faint upward tilt of one who knows himself right, but there was a little crunch in her tone, a suggestion of argument at home where peace had been achieved without complete victory.

"I think it's good for Jerry, going to the pictures with me. I'm just crazy about the pictures, but we don't go so often. Mercy! Some people are there every blessed afternoon."

Virtue trembled throughout her full figure.

Presently the visits to the Davises, even supplemented by pinochle, faded out. Belle got tired of going to their house every time. She didn't see why they couldn't bring the baby along.

"My land!" she said to Mrs. Howard Carter. Belle admired Mrs. Carter, who had a lot of style. "She's nearly two years old. They could just as well bring her. She could take a longer nap in the afternoon or sleep longer in the morning. I tell you I believe in being practical about taking care of a child. And I just love the little things. I love to see them playing round. But my, they're a care!"

She shook her head commiseratingly.

"Don't it seem funny Mrs. Davis is going to have another so soon? You'd think she'd know." She paused. "You know Mr. Hubbard's just crazy to have children—just crazy! But I don't want to—not for a while. Everything's so expensive and I think you ought to have some fun. But I wouldn't let Jerry—Mr. Hubbard—know how I feel about it."

Jerry had resigned himself pretty completely to getting no work done during the year, but after all, he reflected, it's the summer vacation you count on. Belle waited her time with placid determination; there was a great deal of repose about Belle. During examination week she announced that she wanted to go out and see mamma. She'd been working away here so close; a man doesn't realize how housework keeps you. She wanted to go out and see her old friends—any girl would. Jerry suggested that she go alone. But, my goodness! She would die without him. Besides, if she got all rested up and feeling well, perhaps they could have a dear little baby next year. And Jerry's heart grew large within him. So she had some new clothes and off they went.

She was very happy. He loved to see her so happy. But after a month he began to suggest getting back to work.

"I don't see why you can't just as well work here," she said a little ominously. "It's so much cheaper—you don't have to worry about bills or anything. My, I would! I'd just settle down and work here."

He explained that there were no books.

"Oh, those old books!" she laughed. "Why don't you do something of your own—with all you know?"

The matter lapsed for a day or two. Then, rather to her surprise, Jerry began it again. This time there was a good deal of argument, with even a little patient heat on the usually mild Jerry's part. Finally she broke:

"Well, Jerry, I don't see the first bit of use in that old work of yours. You never get one blessed cent out of it."

Jerry paused in his walk up and down the room. Well, after all, why should she look at it in any other way?

"Well, dearie," he said gently, "my getting a job with more money absolutely depends on my publishing articles."

So she yielded. He should go home and she would stay a while with mamma. She'd just die without him, but it was cheaper. And after all—with resignation—he'd do his work better if she weren't there to disturb him; and Jerry ached with remorse. He missed her terribly; the little nest was dusty and homeless without her, and, of course, he could see that she was lonely too, and staying away on his account. He wished he hadn't been churlish about moving pictures.

When early in September she came home he plied her with presents, things she had vaguely hinted at wanting, things he thought she might want. She gathered them in a heap one afternoon and looked at them with appraising eyes. She was a woman who stored experience.

Toward the end of the second year, when Jerry was formulating a series of articles on distribution of wealth, Belle decided the time had come to have a baby.

"My!" she said. "I think they're the darlingest things, just like character dolls."

She sat on the porch a great deal, eating chocolates and feeling just awful; while Jerry, all solicitous, heaped offerings upon her. She told Ruth Davis what the doctor had told her to do. "'Why,' I said to him, 'do you expect me to go hungry? My goodness! A person has to keep their strength up.' I'm not going to do all those things he said. I think they're kind of silly anyway. I don't know—a man don't really understand a woman."

When the baby was born she had a bad time; Jerry was white with suffering.

"Nobody knows what a woman goes through," he would say with quivering lips; and Belle saw to it that he didn't forget. The baby was a lusty little bullet of a child at first, but within a few weeks she developed various ailments accompanied by incessant crying.

"I can't begin to tell you," Belle asserted with a kind of pride, "what we've gone through with that child. If ever a child had cause to be grateful to her parents that child has. Walk the floor nights—and doctor's bills!" Her voice sobered. "I don't think much of doctors anyway. They all say just the same thing. And anybody can see just looking at that child she hasn't enough to eat, so I just give her what she wants. If she won't take their old formulas, what's the use? She can't starve. And anyway"—her voice assumed patience with things as they are—"you have to expect it with a child, especially when the mother's delicate. My mother says I cried all the whole time till I was two years old. I'm large, but I haven't much strength. I don't know but I'll try some of these reducing exercises."

Jerry was growing thin under the strain of being up nights and suffering with the baby and being sorry for Belle and meeting his classes. He had laid aside the series of articles on distribution and taught in summer school. When the pressure of bills had become alarming, Belle's tastes had grown sensitive and she needed a good deal to keep her happy. He had an offer of some administrative work for the university that loosened the financial bonds and he breathed easier. Even so, he had to urge economy on Belle. She talked about it a good deal with an air of willing martyrdom. She voluntarily gave up the little servant they had acquired to stay with the baby and help in details of housework. Belle really didn't care much about going out evenings. She got sleepy, being up with the baby so much, and she liked to sew a little and read a magazine and yawn in the study till Jerry had gone to bed. And when she did go out, as she said cheerfully, she'd just as soon take the baby.

"My! We just go to the early show," she explained. "I don't believe in having children up late. My! She's the brightest little thing! Just think, she's not three till March and she knows every one of those stars. She just loves the movies. And so do I."

That spring the baby had pneumonia. She was very sick and Belle was as one deprived of reason. She paced the floor moaning, her poor pink face drawn and lined with tears. When the child began to mend, the doctor gave them a long session of advice. Dorothy must have regular hours and a prescribed diet and no excitement. Belle listened with sobbing inattention. But she was thoroughly frightened and for six months she followed instructions—with growing distaste. She talked a good deal about her sacrifice.

"Nobody knows!" she would say. "Nobody knows!" And presently she spoke of this or that she wanted to do—when the baby got through this regularity business.

In December she suggested going home for Christmas. Mamma'd so love to see the baby, and then she'd have a change and mamma could help her take care of the baby for a while. If they had a car so she could get out more with the baby it would be different. She had had an automobile in mind for some time, but Jerry thought they could not afford it; though, as she pointed out to him, here she was saving by not having a servant and having just the simplest things. Belle told Mrs. Howard Carter in the greatest privacy that she thought it would be better if Jerry'd get a job where they paid a real salary—not in a university. He could—just as easy. She didn't care about staying where they were; she thought universities were kind of icebergs anyway.

"Just all theory," said Mrs. Carter delicately. Her husband was president of a manufacturing company.

Jerry went home with Belle for Christmas. It was cold and he gave her a new set of furs in advance. Then it seemed a pity not to make her happy on Christmas Day itself, so he added a set of silk underwear. She had the darlingest clothes for the baby.

"My! I love to fix her up nice," she said with a tremor of pride. "I'd lots rather than have things for myself."

When Jerry came home alone the Davises thought he would at last have a chance to get at his notes on the long-deferred articles. But he had a cold and a mere day's work filled the day; and he was lonely. He missed his home. He missed particularly the smart prattle, the warm affection of the baby. The Davises, taking pity on his wandering from one cafeteria to another—he was saving money while the saving was good—invited him to dinner two or three times. He seemed grateful; he liked to talk to them about the baby and the news from Belle.

"I'm a family man," he said, looking at the fire with an expression just a little puzzled. He smoothed back his hair, pausing awkwardly in the gesture. "I'm thinking of the possibility of getting out of university work," he said presently. "There's not much money in it. I haven't mentioned the matter yet to Mrs. Hubbard."

When he had gone the Davises sat by the fire a long time.

"No, I think you're too sympathetic," Ruth said at last. "I think he's pretty happy. I think she's what he thinks a woman really is."

At the end of a fortnight he went out to see Belle and the baby, hoping that they would come home with him. But Belle was having a good time.

"My goodness, Jerry, dinners and parties and somebody here all the whole time! It's a real change for me."

She was flattered at his coming away out there to see her just for two days.

"You know some girls sort of lose their hold on a man after the first," she said quietly to her mother. She thought

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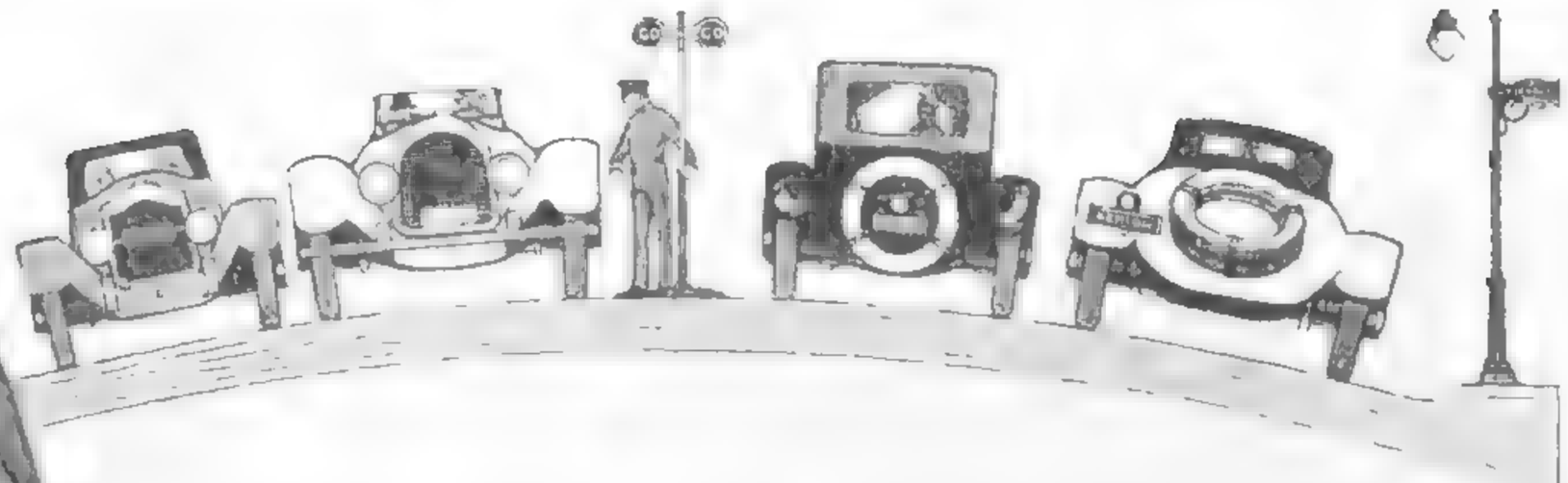

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THE exceptional popularity of Racine Multi-Mile Cord Tires, wherever motor cars are driven, proves two things conclusively:

FIRST—That the motor-using public does appreciate the *true value* in Racine Multi-Mile Cord Tires.

SECOND—That the man who really knows tires has immediately recognized, in the *Racine Absorbing Shock Strip*, the big mileage-adding achievement of the tire world.

True value is literally certified in Racine Multi-Mile Cord Tires by the extra manufacturing precautions in Racine Rubber Company factories—the painstakingly performed Racine Extra Tests.

Development by Racine chemists, of the Racine Absorbing Shock Strip, has put even greater "mileability" into Racine Multi-Mile Cord Tires. It has created a neutral zone, between cord carcass and tread, in which road shock is scientifically absorbed.

Racine Multi-Mile Cord Tires are anti-skid. Those beveled, criss-crossed ridges, flanked by gripping triangles, hold the road.

The important thing in buying tires is to *know* you get true value. You can be sure of *true value* in Racine Multi-Mile Cord and in Racine Country Road Tires.

For Your Own Protection Be Certain Every Racine Tire You Buy Bears the Name

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RACINE MULTI-MILE CORD TIRES

See that extra strip of blended rubber between tread and carcass. That is the Racine Absorbing Shock Strip. It is of graduated resiliency, so that flex of body and tread is equalized, and what is known as tread separation is prevented.

The Convertible: This beautiful chased enamel inlaid wrist watch, with detachable gold bracelet, is another example of how Wadsworth applies to watch case making the jeweler's artistry at its best

The Decagon: Enamel inlaid on edge and back, a striking example of the way Wadsworth has developed the use of artistic decoration in watch case making

Wadsworth Cases for Fine Watches

Usually when we think of the "art of watchmaking" we think of the skill required to build the movement.

But one has only to glance at the beautiful models above to realize that this is only a part of the task.

The designing and building of the cases is also a specialized art and calls for a high order of craftsmanship. That is why movement manufacturers and importers seldom attempt to make their own cases.

For thirty years Wadsworth has been making cases for the leading movements. The fact that the man of today takes as much pride in the *appearance* of his watch as in its accuracy, is due in no small measure to the influence of Wadsworth designers. And to this same influence may be attributed much of the development of the woman's wrist watch as a beautiful article of personal wear.

The name Wadsworth on a case is your guarantee of the best in material and workmanship, and of scientific accuracy in details of construction.

Wadsworth Cases are wrought in solid gold, gold-filled and silver—for men's pocket and strap watches and women's wrist watches. Select any standard movement that your jeweler recommends and have him "dress" it in a Wadsworth case, and you may be sure of the utmost in value at the price you pay.

THE WADSWORTH WATCH CASE CO., Cincinnati, Ohio

Factories: Dayton, Ky.

America's Work Through Philippine Channels

By GREGORIO NIEVA

MEMBER, PHILIPPINE MISSION TO THE UNITED STATES

RECENTLY I visited Chicago, Detroit, Pittsburgh and Washington, for the second time, on which visit the Philippine Mission was granted a hearing by the joint committee on Insular Affairs and on the Philippines, of both houses of Congress. I also visited Philadelphia, and shall soon be on my way back home from New York. If I have the time I shall visit Boston. I have accepted an invitation for me to stop at St. Louis, to address the local Chamber of Commerce and Advertising Club; and Salt Lake City, where I shall speak for the Philippines at the International Rotary Convention. I am visiting this country both personally and as a member of the Philippine Mission. As a member of the mission, outside of Washington, it is my desire to see leading men in politics and business, to furnish accurate, up-to-date information, to help create correct public opinion about the Philippines, and at the same time promote closer, more intelligent trade relations between the United States and the islands.

My country is now prosperous, able to support and take care of herself. Our finances are sound to-day. We are practically governing ourselves now, providing for as much public work and permanent improvement as is required by our public welfare and by our rapid, sound growth, and are opening modern avenues of business to accommodate farmers and trade. Public sanitation is in excellent condition, and popular education is receiving all possible support.

We have one million two hundred thousand children of school age in the Philippines, and all of them are in school to-day, since the first Monday of June, which is the beginning of our school year. This is a tremendous task, unprecedented anywhere on earth, and for it we have spared not a single cent. And we are doing this, as many other matters, because we are determined to grow fast and right, and to obliterate illiteracy in ten or fifteen years in the Philippines, and because we want to base our progress and the safety of our national existence on solid, popular education.

The Spread of Education

BUT the country needs more capital for development purposes, and if we had more genuine—not faked—American capital in the islands our progress would be greater still. There is offered now an excellent field for the investment of large American capital on long-term loans to farmers and solid agricultural enterprises, as French capital intended to do a few years before the war, as well as for other constructive undertakings, and this should bring in a handsome return both to the investor and to the islands. We have all our preferences for American capital, for it is plentiful and would not be dangerous to us.

The independence of the islands will never mean severance of relations between the United States and the Philippines. On the contrary it will bring about such a close, intelligent, cordial relation between the two countries as no power on earth would be strong enough to break. The Filipino people have no grievance whatsoever against the United States. We have only feelings of deep gratitude, respect and love for what the American people have so generously, so disinterestedly, so unfailingly done for us. To quote an instance of our feelings toward the United States, when in the Fourth Liberty Loan campaign we were assigned a quota of six million dollars we cheerfully subscribed more than thirteen million dollars and organized a division of fifteen thousand men, ready to go to France at any moment's notice; this, besides all the boys who went to France voluntarily and those who enlisted themselves in the Army and Navy of the United States. When American troops were withdrawn from the islands to go to Siberia, all army forts, camps, posts, offices and headquarters were guarded by Filipino soldiers, and on no occasion in the history of America in the islands was the American flag so jealously guarded by them.

We are asked if we would not accept the protectorate of the United States, pass preferential legislation or make such concessions to the United States as her Army and Navy might need. Of course we would, the minute it was offered to us, and would do anything in our power to make relations between the United States and the Philippines stronger still, should there be any room for it. And it would be the cheapest protectorate ever recorded in the history of nations, for the mere idea of the friendship between the two countries and of the pride the United States perforce will have to take in her magnificent and unparalleled work in the Philippines should be enough to dispel any idea of invasion of our country. Of course we shall have to get busy ourselves to have the country in shape to repel outside aggressions.

We will do it. And such preparation, backed by the United States, would render the Philippines safe from such emergencies.

The labors of the United States in the Philippines are now bearing fruit, but not only for my country and my people—but for the whole Far East. No doubt in due course of time bondage in the Orient will come to an end, and humanity will profit immensely thereby. European or any other subjection of the East or any portion thereof is a hindrance to Oriental progress as a whole, and the Easterner realizes this. America's good work in the Philippines furnishes the most vivid contrast in the comparison of American and European policies and efforts in the Orient. One is certainly for the expansion of democratic principles, and the other for subjection, justified, so it is said, by the alleged weakness of the people concerned and absence of education. In this world all is a matter of chance. And because we were and are given a chance we have made more progress under American guidance in twenty years, particularly since 1916, than in any period of or during our past dependency on Spain. And we have progressed so far that we are unafraid of comparing our school, health and other public works, and our administration as well, with any similar works in Spain or any other country in Europe.

No doubt a free Orient would be more useful to humanity, and if America takes charge of the educational work of the so-called backward Orientals, twenty years would show a remarkable difference to the credit of those peoples. But America does not need to do this. For your educational work—in fact, the whole of your labors—is attracting public attention in the Far East, and is drawing to the Philippines educators from every country in the East, to investigate it and apply it to their respective schools. In this sense America is actually doing the work. And your achievement in the Philippines is the working ground of the desire now prevailing for the United States to act as mandatory for the Near East.

Incidentally I should say that if I were in position to I would unhesitatingly vote for it at once. It would be a great work—much greater than what America has done in Europe proper.

It would be a worthy supplement to your work in the Far East, to result in the complete liberation of both the Near and Far East, to the benefit of all mankind. Think of more than one billion people now populating India, Java, Korea, China, and other places in both corners of the world—the Near and Far East—in the darkness of illiteracy instead of under the light and blessings of civilization! More than one billion people to be released from such a bondage and to be useful to the common toils for the common welfare of humanity!

But they will be. America's success in the Philippines is giving the spur to it. It may not be this year or this decade, but it surely will come sooner or later.

The Smaller Nations' Day In Court

SENATOR LODGE'S explanation of his vote in favor of the Senate's resolution, as introduced by Senator Borah and amended by Senator Walsh, to secure a hearing for the Irish appeal, certainly will have a lingering echo among dependent peoples. It is worth while quoting the resolution here:

Resolved, That the Senate of the United States earnestly requests the American Peace Commission at Versailles to endeavor to secure for Edward de Valera, Arthur Griffiths and Count George Nobel Plunkett a hearing before the Peace Conference in order that they may present the cause of Ireland.

Resolved, That the Senate of the United States expresses its sympathy with the aspirations of the Irish people for a Government of its own choice.

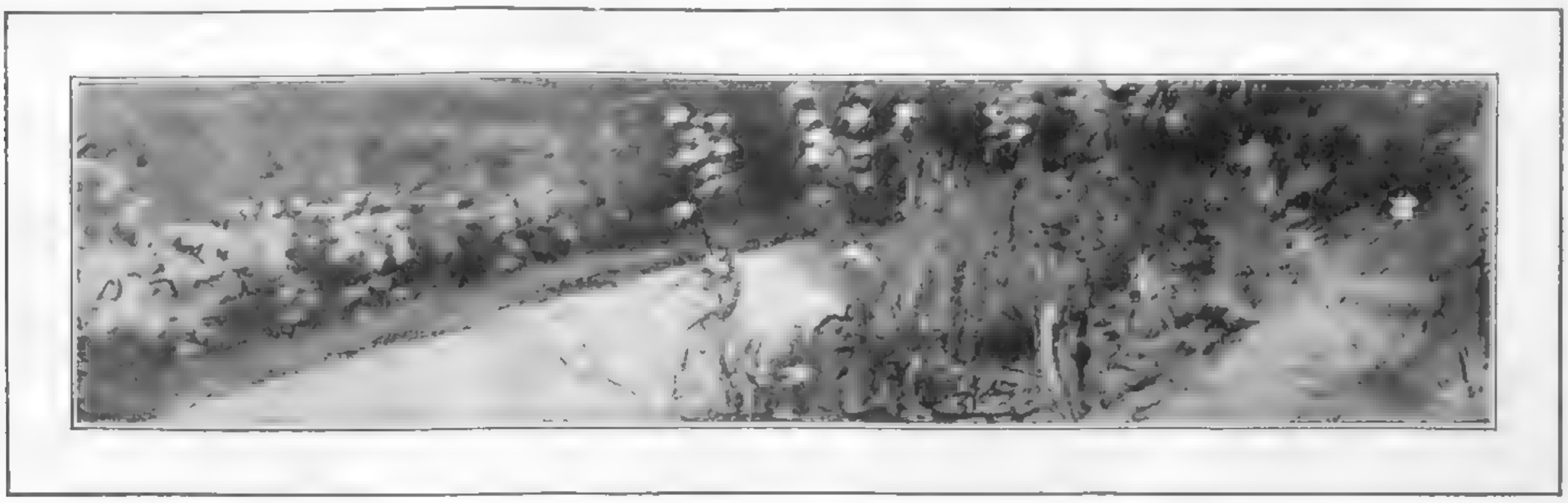
As well as Senator Lodge's explanation, which reads as follows:

I voted with great pleasure for the resolution as it was reported by the committee, because I have always thought that any man is entitled to his day in court, and any nation is entitled to a day before the Peace Conference. I have done what little I could—and it was very little—to try to get hearings for the Albanians and the Koreans and some other people who wish to be heard, and I was very happy, therefore, to join in asking for a hearing for the representatives of Ireland.

Ireland, India, Korea and others will have their day, the advent of which cannot much longer be prevented. For in both the Far and Near East, American principles of human freedom and democracy are gaining a strong foothold, and their spread, through the extension of education, cannot be stopped to-day.

It is in this sense that the great work done and started in the Philippines by America will become still greater and more overwhelming in results every day.

The Philippines are thus made the channels.



THE NEW DIPLOMACY

By Vicente Blasco Ibañez

Author of The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse

THE war, which has revolutionized everything in Europe—strategy, military tactics, instruments of warfare, the old empires, labor conditions, the economic equilibrium, and even the habits of daily life—has just shown its radical, reforming influence in one of the most deep-rooted and traditional of all institutions, and one that seemed most firmly fixed in its routine—diplomacy.

History repeats itself. Only a little more than a century ago, the representatives of the nations, or rather of the monarchies, gathered in Vienna to remake the map of Europe after the downfall of Napoleon. Their work resembled that of the members of the present Peace Conference; but how different the appearance of the diplomatic personages and their methods of procedure!

The portraits of that period give us an idea of what the grave plenipotentiaries to the Congress of Vienna looked like. At all hours they went about in their brilliant uniforms, with swords rattling at their belts and their breasts covered with medals and decorations. Even the humblest secretary, from the minute he got up in the morning, put on his diplomatic outfit just like a soldier, who can go nowhere without his uniform.

All the delegates at Vienna, in spite of the fact that the kings they represented had joined forces to crush France, spoke French. Not a line was written or a word spoken there in any other language. Without French, diplomacy was impossible. Perhaps this was the reason why the crafty Talleyrand, who represented the defeated nation, and who was from the first received with open hostility by the brilliant personages of the Congress of Vienna, concluded by sowing dissension among them, and in the last months took the lead as though he were the master of European politics. He was the only one speaking his native tongue, and he was able to take advantage of its subtleties and shades of meaning better than the others.

The pompousness of the uniforms seemed to be reflected in the solemn style of the records and the speeches. At every mention of one of the Allied sovereigns his name was preceded by the whole list of his honorary titles and followed by all the places where he reigned and where his ancestors had reigned centuries before. Even though they might be friends the plenipotentiaries never forgot, however heated the discussion, to give each other all the "Excellencies" and "Sirs" to which their positions entitled them.

Negotiations proceeded with majestic deliberation. The telegraph, the cable and the railroad had not yet come into existence. A consultation meant weeks of waiting. And at the same time the diplomats were in no hurry about winding up matters quickly. Never had they lived so well in Europe as during the famous Congress of Vienna. The diplomats of the Congress of 1815 led a paradisaical existence. Every night there was a dance or masked ball; every afternoon a concert. The Austrian magnates vied with one another in the splendor of their entertainments, ruining themselves to gain the favors of the makers of the new map of Europe. And destiny so ordered things that this frivolous ostentation of luxury gave rise at the same time to an exuberant artistic and esthetic production.

When Franklin Won the Heart of France

THERE lived at that time in Vienna a poor, ill-natured, deaf musician by the name of Beethoven. The archdukes arranging their fêtes wanted to have everything new—from the house, the furniture and the hangings to the music the orchestra played. And at the same time that they gave orders to the decorators and the cooks they ordered of Beethoven a new sonata, a hymn to the Allies, a heroic cantata, a musical "battle" in which string and metal should reproduce the noise of one of the real battles that Wellington won against Napoleon and his marshals. And it was in this way, to furnish a novelty for the great personages of the slow, solemn Congress of Vienna, that many of Beethoven's masterpieces were born.

There was one powerful ruler who lived in Vienna then, mingling with the diplomats of the time, as Wilson, head of the great American Republic, has lived in Paris, working like a mere delegate with the council of representatives of the nations of Europe.

But this sovereign, Alexander I, autocrat of all the Russias, was not a man well along in years and of settled habits like the American President. He was young, handsome and a soldier. His admirers placed him above Napoleon because, whether by hook or by crook, he had finally overcome the great captain of the century.

One must keep in mind the atmosphere of Vienna, which was considered in those days the most luxurious and most corrupt city of the world. The ladies of the court devoted themselves to exercising the influence of their beauty on the envoys. Needless to say, it was upon Alexander I that the most noted beauties centered their gaze, and that the Russian Emperor, romantic and extremely susceptible, had not time enough to attend to such a flood of attention. Metternich, the great Austrian diplomat, fomented this amorous siege in order to use Russia as he liked. But Metternich, too, was a beau, who had until then enjoyed without rivalry the favor of the beauties of Vienna, and seeing Alexander I, emboldened by his unfailing successes, dare to encroach on his possessions, he grew furious with the Emperor. The progress of the conference was halted for several days, and the fate of the nations hung in suspense because of the jealousy of the autocrat and the diplomat.

But all this was finally arranged. Metternich out of "patriotism" yielded to the Emperor, and the division of Europe went peacefully on, amidst dances, balls, concerts and dinners.

But how this division has resulted! The war of 1914 was only a late aftermath of the mistakes and errors of the Congress of Vienna, the final death rattle of that operation performed not by the peoples but by kings.

To that gilded solemn diplomacy the functions of a nation were limited to paying taxes and furnishing soldiers. Their work could not have been more agreeable. And when those gentlemen in the gold-trimmed coats grew weary of dividing Europe they amused themselves in the salons watching the women in their low-necked gowns or listening to the melancholy violins of the distant orchestra weep the music of Beethoven, of the sad, lonely Beethoven, who was a republican and believed not in kings but only in men, and who when he spoke of the aristocracy lifted his hand first to his forehead and then to his breast to show that he admitted no nobility except that of the mind and the heart.

The diplomats of the Congress of Vienna have been almost immortal, for they have survived down to our own epoch. I myself have met many examples; if they were not authentic ones they were at least good imitations.

I remember the phrase of a young "professional" diplomat. We were talking of a prominent person who had abandoned politics to become an ambassador.

"Yes, he's clever," said the diplomat in a patronizing tone, "but I don't know what sort of an ambassador he'll make. He lacks diplomatic tact."

Diplomatic tact is the professional deformation that those who dedicate themselves to diplomacy suffer early in life. It means knowing how to be silent and mysterious on occasions when nobody else would think of being so; to know how to talk with the stately resonance of an empty cistern; to wear a uniform majestically; to consider it a national insult to be seated in such or such a place at the table; to see things in a completely different fashion from other mortals; to fix near-sighted eyes upon the most trifling events, and not to be able to see things of real importance or to divine the future in the slightest degree.

The Great Republic was the first to kick this gilded historic diplomacy out of the door. In that showiest of all European courts, when unhappy Louis XVI lived in Versailles as the last of the lesser gods, and the courtiers vied with each other in the morning for the honor of seeing him get out of bed and offering him his shirt, there rose a man among these stiff-bosomed nobles dressed in gay colors like humming birds, with swords beneath the folds of their coats. This man did not wear slippers or stockings of silk. He wore clothing of brown, and heavy shoes. His hair was not curled and powdered like a woman's. It fell straight down the sides of his face. And Benjamin Franklin, the modestly dressed ambassador from the nation that was to be the greatest and most powerful of all, won the genuine respect of those brilliant courtiers who at first had laughed at what they called his rusticity.

Ever since then American diplomacy has followed this democratic tradition. The United States has sent men, not uniforms, to represent them in other countries.

Every time I have gone to a diplomatic gathering in a European country my eyes have immediately sought one man. Uniforms on every side. Sometimes the smaller the country the more laces and braid and decorations on its representative. Amidst the gold-trimmed coats, the harmless swords, the two-cornered hats adorned with white plumes, the haughty faces—or those stonily smiling masks that pretend to conceal the secret of creation—I found at last a man dressed in black, the only one who wore evening clothes, without decorations or marks of distinction.

And yet the others, those birds of brilliant plumage, gathered about him deferentially, sought to engage him in conversation, and this in spite of the fact that the man in black often did not know French, and spoke only his native tongue. It was unnecessary to ask who it was. One knew the minute one laid eyes on him.

The Ambassador of the United States.

Diplomacy *à l'américaine*, which for a century has been undermining the ancient European diplomacy, has just triumphed completely at the Peace Conference.

If an envoy of the Congress of Vienna could come to life to-day he would die all over again of astonishment and horror at seeing the world's destiny arranged by a few gentlemen, plainly dressed, without any adornment whatsoever, less striking and important than the ushers who take their coats, and many of whom come on foot to the palace of the Quai d'Orsay with their portfolios under their arms.

The first thing that would astonish them as something unheard of, something like a perturbation of the laws of nature, would be the fact that many of the representatives at the conference do not speak French. People who considered themselves progressive refused to accept this, as though linguistic supremacy did not change, though the national power might. Listening to them one would think that from the beginning of history the representatives of the nations had always spoken French. No, the language of diplomacy has changed in accordance with the human group that determines the fate of the world. During the Middle Ages, the formative period of the nations, in which they knew no other universal authority than the Pope, the diplomatic language was Latin. After the Renaissance for almost two centuries the diplomatic language was Spanish, for the kings of Spain ruled a great portion of the earth and made their influence felt in all the rest. Afterward with Louis XIV French began its period as the language of chancellery.

The Reign of the English Tongue

AND now begins the reign of English, not so much because of Great Britain—which spoke French in the Congress of Vienna—as because of the United States, which takes part for the first time in the life of Europe, and desires to express herself in her own tongue.

The appearance of the new diplomats is an added motive for amazement to the admirers of the old régime. In the palace of the Quai d'Orsay one does not see uniforms. I am wrong; there are a few. There are some young diplomats dressed in horizon blue or in khaki with military decorations on their breasts and their faces tanned by exposure. They have been in the war for four years; they are poilus; and their manners, acquired in the trenches, in no wise recall the famous diplomatic tact which seemed so obligatory.

This palace of the Quai d'Orsay, built by Napoleon III in accordance with the ostentatious architecture of the epoch, was a fitting dwelling place for his ministers of foreign affairs, solemn noble beings, the majority of whom were dukes. The servants were equally solemn. It became a tradition in that ministry to look down upon the other ministries inhabited by ordinary people.

At the beginning of the Third Republic the appearance of this house changed a little; but only a little. The servants no longer wore jackets and knee breeches. Instead, they wore black dress suits at all hours, with silver chains upon their breasts. Even until a little while before the war the ministers of the republic maintained the aristocratic tone of this official domicile. The presence of all these ceremonious servitors, silently mourning the days of yore, seemed to impose a certain respect.

When the war broke out these stiff old footmen saw Viviani come in as minister, Viviani of Algiers, the great artist of the Midi with the captivating tongue, but so badly dressed that he even wore ready-made ties. Besides, he had been a Socialist, a Bohemian, who, when he got angry with them, let fly a volley of vulgar words coined at Montmartre. Afterward Briand was master of the house, another former revolutionary, another great man devoid of elegance, utterly oblivious of the esthetic value of a straight crease in his trousers.

And the callers? . . . They who had been accustomed to open the portals to solemn imperial ambassadors, princes, dukes, cardinals, suffered a painful surprise. It might be that the British Minister called. They expected to see a correctly dressed parrot, and there entered a sort of comfortably fixed workman, dressed in his Sunday suit. And to their added horror they learned afterward that he was indeed a former laborer, who had been raised to the ministry by the war, which had turned things upside down.

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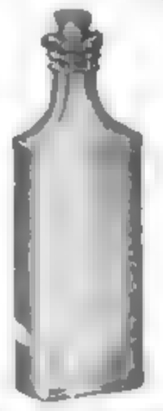

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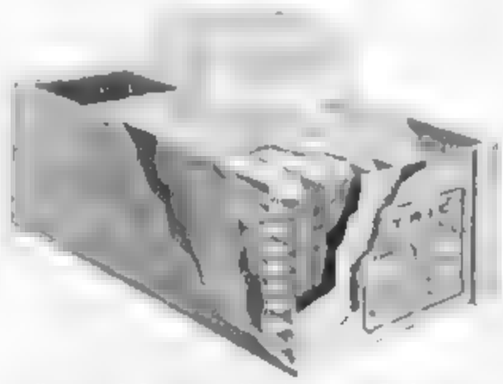

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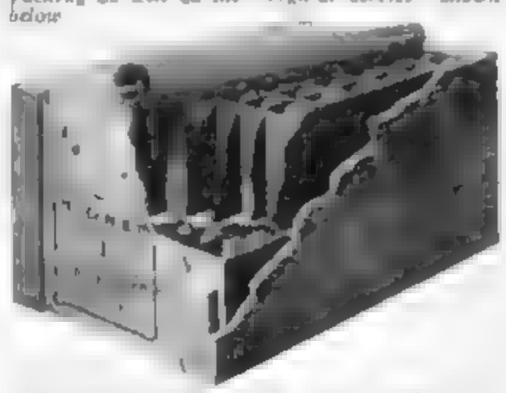

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(Concluded from Page 42)

The British Prime Minister. This would assuredly be a personage worth seeing. And imagine their astonishment at seeing a man with a mane of tangled hair, leonine gestures, wearing a slouch hat, and at learning that this was the famous Lloyd George. Their surprise reached its height at seeing "Mr." Gompers, of the placid face, and his American companions, received like princes, eating with the President of the republic, as the sovereigns who visited Paris used to do before the war. What days they were! If only the Duke of Morny or any other of Napoleon III's ministers could see what diplomatic life is to-day!

There is not a single king of the Allied countries at the conference. Their only rôle has been to stroll up and down the boulevards like decorative figures of victory. The present times have no great confidence in the intelligence of kings, and they permit them to rest in peace, forestalling any errors they might commit. For this reason Lloyd George acts as the president of a parliamentary republic.

The only ruler at the conference is Wilson. His presence is a source of consolation to the partisans of the ancient diplomacy, to the traditionalists who wish to preserve the ceremonies of the protocols. If they had followed their inclinations they would have erected a throne for him, with a canopy that would have had, where the black tails of ermine used to be, the stars of the American Union.

But they feared the protest of the President, his democratic simplicity; and to make this harmonize with their wish to maintain ceremonials they thought up another thing. On the presidential dais of the Clock Room on the days of general assemblage Clémenceau, Lloyd George and Orlando have gilded chairs. Wilson's chair is higher and the back rises above his head. Since a canopy of draperies is out of place they have given him one of gilded wood.

The great group of representatives at the conference disconcert the supporters of the old diplomacy, especially those who come from the British possessions of Africa and the South Seas. These are new men, mysteries for the old European, men of action who have changed occupations half a dozen times, and who live as in America, working feverishly, without traditional prejudices. Some of these envoys from the British possessions were blacksmiths in their youth, woodsmen in the trackless forests, or ranchers. The European cannot understand such origins in a diplomat.

Not one speaks French; they all express themselves in English without a blush, convinced that they must be understood. Their words are brief and to the point; their arguments concise and solid; their ways of making themselves understood are somewhat disconcerting in this old world.

A few days ago I was talking with a Frenchman from the Peace Conference, who is a member of the commission intrusted with deciding the fate of the German colonies in Africa and the Pacific. He is in constant touch with representatives from the Cape, Australia and New Zealand, semi-independent states that we may yet see entirely free.

This French friend of mine is a man who has studied and traveled a great deal, who knows life and who is not easily surprised. Besides, he has very progressive ideas; in a word, he is a thoroughly modern man. Nevertheless, he told me with smiling astonishment several amazing anecdotes of these new diplomats.

One of these ministers asked the commission to allow him the following afternoon to explain the right of his country to keep certain German colonies.

To understand his action one must keep in mind the sort of place the Ministry of Foreign Affairs is. An elegance which cannot be acquired in a moment, however much money may be spent, but which is the product of long centuries of civilization, reigns in the edifice. All the walls are covered with priceless Gobelin tapestries. On the floors are magnificent soft-toned carpets. A discreet silence fills the halls. The ushers incline their heads as they speak in respectful murmurs.

At the appointed hour, when all the commission was present, the representative appeared. In one hand he carried a ruler and in the other a bundle of linen bigger than himself. He held it with the air of a vigorous man accustomed from youth to the dangers and necessities of an out-of-door life.

After him followed several ushers in their dress suits and silver chains, amazed, confused, apologetic:

"Permit me, Your Excellency! . . . Don't bother, Your Excellency! . . . Let me help Your Excellency!"

But he needed no help. He had always sufficed unto himself. Besides, since they did not speak English he did not know what they were talking about.

He leaned the ruler against the wall, drew from his pocket a hammer and nails, unrolled the huge bundle—which was a map of his country, the ocean and the neighboring islands—and calmly set to work nailing it up on the venerable moldings of the palace occupied by M. Pichon.

Then when the map was well hung, completely filling one wall, he began his speech, accompanying it with practical demonstrations like a schoolmaster painstakingly explaining a lesson.

"This seems like nothing," concluded the Frenchman, "but I had the sensation that the world had changed, that other men were to be the leaders, that a new existence was beginning with completely different methods and without any of our traditional worries."

WET OR DRY? HOT OR COLD?

THE moving-picture industry was formerly hampered by temperament not only among its player folks but also its films. After a film is developed it must be dried at a low temperature with little humidity—otherwise the gelatin in the sensitized coating of the film will melt. Many, many times big film developing and printing laboratories had to shut down for days when the weather was bad, and the anxious movie manager thought about weather the first thing every morning. Delays in the laboratory affected everybody, stopping the actors' work and interfering with release schedules for news pictures, and even dramas. But to-day, with artificial climate in the movie laboratories, work goes on without interruption, and film is greatly improved.

The same improvement has been extended to the factories where photographic film, dry plates and sensitized paper are made. What is good for the gelatin on a movie film is also good for the gelatin in medical capsules, which also had bad habits during hot, moist weather. So the capsule manufacturers bought some climate. Then it was discovered that many drugs kept better in the artificial climate, and so they bought climate for their pharmaceutical storerooms and workrooms—and so the good work went on!

To put a fine paint or varnish finish on a piano or automobile it was necessary formerly to apply a series of coats, one at a time, with a period of several days in between for drying. How long it took to dry each coat depended on Nature's weather. One coat dried slowly and was elastic, while the next coat might dry quickly and be harsh, and both coatings would check and crack. On a fine job the last coating in a series of half a dozen might ruin everything—or even if it left the factory in good condition, sooner or later the purchaser of that piano or automobile would report trouble. But with artificial climate it is possible to dry paint and varnish in a few hours by introducing a little moisture as a catalytic agent. Each coat is dried uniformly, and the saving of time is a great economy, because manufacturers do not have so much capital tied up in unfinished goods. Moreover, as the air in the artificial climate is all washed, workrooms are free from dust which might spoil fine painting.

Artificial climate accelerates and standardizes the making of yeast and malt. It enables chocolate factories to work all year round, free from heat and humidity troubles, and keeps chocolate drops from turning gray and distilling the oil from their coatings. It facilitates delicate testing work in laboratories and the weighing of things on balances which weigh to the fifth or sixth decimal place. That sort of balance will indicate the weight of the gum on a postage stamp, but it must be used in an absolutely uniform atmosphere. In cold-storage plants it prevents the drying out of food products, not only keeping them in better condition but saving millions of dollars formerly lost by packers who bought steers by the pound, put the meat away in cold storage, and later discovered that it had shrunk in weight through drying in the coolers.

In drying porcelain articles before firing, a thin piece and a thick piece made to go together would often dry unevenly and perhaps develop imperceptible cracks. Spark-plug manufacturers, as well as makers of electrical porcelain generally, were thereby subjected to much loss and annoyance. For a spark plug which looked perfect to the inspector's eye would develop a defect under electrical test and be thrown out. Artificial climate has taken the bug out of that.

The climate doctor has one word of caution:

Given climate that can be controlled in moisture content by pushing a button, so to speak, some people are tempted to use it dishonestly. Putting water in the milk is a bunglesome form of fraud compared to introducing, say, ten per cent of moisture into a lot of leather. Ten per cent of moisture in leather makes better leather to work with. But leather is worth a dollar a pound nowadays, and ten cents' worth of water in each pound makes quite a profit! Paper, wool, cotton, silk and many other materials are susceptible of manipulation in the same way. Where yarn and cloth pass from one manufacturer to another and are weighed out with considerable moisture to one man, and lose some of this moisture during his process, and then weighed back and found lighter, there is a loss—and manufacturers have not always been able to resist turning such fluctuation of moisture to account.

But artificial climate, with its uniformity in moisture, honestly used, is a preventive of such losses, while for people who may play with it dishonestly there must be standards of moisture content in the purchase of raw materials. With a fairly simple laboratory outfit almost any purchasing agent can turn himself into a policeman and catch the fellow who is watering the leather or the silk.

An English Snapshot of America

By FRANK DILNOT

I AM about to return to Europe after two and a half years spent in America, and I take back with me a panorama of experiences which comes but once in the life of even the well-traveled man. Most of it is pleasant, some of it is disturbing, all of it is stimulating. Food, drink, clothes, politics, climate, religion, men and women—all have had their message.

The basis of an Englishman's being is shaken when on his arrival here he learns that America is practically a country without tea. It is a land of coffee. You might as well offer a stone in the place of bread as to offer coffee as a substitute to one who is used to tea. Of course tea is obtainable. I found in New York, for example, a real effort to be friendly and hospitable to the foreigner by the special provision of what is known as "English Breakfast Tea." The drawback to this is that in England we have never heard of English Breakfast Tea. There we have just plain tea. The prevalent taste at home is for the tea that comes from India and Ceylon and it is made fairly strong and always with meticulous care that the water which is poured upon the leaves is actually at boiling point. Made in any other way it becomes a symbol, a gesture.

By diligent search I have found two places in New York where tea approximating to the English taste can be procured. But truth compels me to state that I have had to educate these two places up to a state of efficiency. I dare say others might be prompted to rise to the occasion, for Americans are an adaptable and resourceful race. All the same, an Englishman finds himself a little at a loss in a country where tea is not a national beverage, where it cannot be obtained every afternoon in every restaurant or little candy store or if you are in the country at any little wayside cottage. In my early days here I was on my way to Washington and asked the colored waiter in the dining car to make me some tea and impressed on him the fact that I wanted it strong. He did his best. He fetched me the tea canister and a pitcher of water which once had presumably boiled.

"Put in as much as you want, sir," he said. "There is the water to go with it." I immediately ordered coffee.

The sense of public morality takes different forms in the two countries. However desirable prohibition may be I do not believe that Britain will ever come to it. "Robbing the workingman of his beer" is the old political cry, and a very popular one. On the other hand, there is stringent application of the law for public morality along other lines. Gambling at large is not encouraged and is rigorously excluded from such places of public resort as cafés, saloons and hotels. Particularly pernicious is regarded the association of drinking and gambling. There is the same fundamental theory in America, though it is turned the other way round. I had made a long overnight trip to Davenport, Iowa, arrived in the evening and ordered dinner at the hotel and sought to replenish myself during the meal with a glass of claret. The courteous waitress stiffened as I made the request. Did I not know that this was a prohibition district? Humbly I did the best I could with a glass of water.

The Silent Machine in the White House

AFTER dinner I went out to the vestibule to buy some cigarettes at the cigar store. Dice were on the counter and customers were using them—both the plain and poker dice. I learned that gambling was part of the business. If you won you got your cigars or cigarettes for a nominal price. It was quite interesting. I gambled with others. I did it with the feeling of a naughty boy playing truant. There was a pleasant sense of freedom about it to an Englishman. Then I remembered the aridity of the dinner table and went out to the street to smoke one of my winnings and to try to adjust my mental and moral bearings.

The first time I saw President Wilson was when he delivered before Congress the fateful speech which took America into the war. He struck me as a cold and polished and tremendously able man. To me he was a mixture of Herbert Asquith and Joseph Chamberlain in his icy deliberateness on the one hand and his poignant rolling phrases on the other. His eyes were expressionless, his waistcoat fitted rather loosely for such a well-dressed man, and his long and delicately tended fingers turned the sheets of notepaper on which his speech was written without so much as a shake of nervousness. He was indeed a human enigma. He struck me as a machine, a machine of high efficiency, extraordinary power, but all the same a silent machine.

I saw him in close quarters in the White House a few months later. He was a different man there. His eyes sparkled as he rammed home his argumented points with uplifted forefinger. He knitted together a little extemporary discourse with a felicity and grasp which could be the possession of only a master. Withal he never lost poise. He turned from one to another of the party as though in courteous explanation mixed with the desire and ability to extract opinions and feelings from his listeners. He undoubtedly succeeded. He deliberately used the word "damn" once, deprecatively but effectively, like a real artist in words. I, as a foreigner who had met great men in several countries, came out of the White House feeling that I had been through a human experience to be recorded. There was no doubt in my mind that President Wilson was a big man.

I contrast this with a visit I made to another American statesman about the same time. That statesman was Mr. Theodore Roosevelt. I knocked at the door of his house at Oyster Bay. He opened it himself—a burly figure in heavy boots, shaggy knickerbockers and gray worsted stockings. His famous teeth and his smile identified him immediately if nothing else did. He learned I was a writer from Europe who wanted to meet him.

"Come right in and let me help you off with your overcoat," he said.

I spent one of the most delightful hours of my life. Mr. Roosevelt bubbled and crackled with wit and wisdom—that is my impression in looking back. For the benefit of those who claim that Mr. Roosevelt was always too busy talking to listen to other people let me say I found him avid to learn and to hear about things in Europe, whence I had recently arrived. His comments on living statesmen I cannot repeat; they were pungent and illuminating—though I do not know that I would agree with every one of them. I felt that he was a man who not only radiated electricity, but who sent that electricity into every intelligent person whom he was addressing.

Letting Down the British Empire Lightly

SOMETHING brought up the period when he was President. With a merry chuckle he told me of his relations with the English Government and hustled me across the room to his library table, where he had a collection of maps illustrating the Alaska dispute. In his explanation he showed that Canada was continually extending the border line on the map. There was gold-mining territory that was the secret. His voice rose to the famous shrill note as with his eyes sparkling with mirth he said: "Canada saw something she wanted and took it, hoping no one would see; exactly and precisely the same policy that America might adopt in the same circumstances."

It was a delightful way of letting the British Empire down lightly. And then with an Americanism that could not be crushed he related how the commission, with Lord Alverstone, the Lord Chief Justice of England, as the deciding voice, gave the award to America. He was frank about British affairs but was even more frank about American affairs.

I dare say it seems strange to ardent Democrats and ardent Republicans that I can speak so highly of President Wilson and Mr. Roosevelt almost in the same breath, but I had a complete detachment from American politics and was concerned only with personality. He was a great soul, Mr. Roosevelt. I wish I had known him well enough to tell him a story which I am sure he would have appreciated with reference to himself and an Englishman, namely Mr. John Burns.

When Mr. Roosevelt was in England a mutual friend thought it would be interesting to bring together two men who had many points in common—their outstanding courage, their fervidness for ideals and their pulsing eloquence in expression. Both John Burns and Theodore Roosevelt were fascinating talkers. It was felt by the mutual friend that they would certainly enjoy each other and like each other. The two men were introduced and the opinion of each about the other was afterward eagerly awaited.

"I couldn't stand the man," said Burns. "I couldn't get a word in edgeways."

"An impossible person," said Roosevelt. "The man's a talking jackass."

The American women are more companionable than the women of any other nation. They are keener in their perceptions with regard to nearly all the matters that interest men. Books, politics, sport—all are within their purview. They are brave, too, facing life unflinchingly and with full understanding. They dress more precisely than on the other side of the Atlantic. They are dangerous to flirt with. They specialize in sentiment, but not in sentimentality, and if a man makes love he is expected to marry and to marry quickly. There are some soft shades which are missing to a European, and yet it is certain that no young European man can remain a year in this country without wishing to marry an American girl.

The strangest encounter I had with an American woman was in the early days of my visit, when I went to Washington to secure the experience of my first American public meeting. It was a convention of delegates from various parts of the country, men and women, all interested and instructed in phases of public affairs. It was in the period before America entered the war and the main topic of the meeting was preparedness for possible conflict, and the list of prominent speakers was headed by Mr. Elihu Root. On the whole, therefore, the gathering was a good representative one of Americans.

I sat in the auditorium and had in the chair on my left a lady no longer young, with bright eyes and pleasant voice, who had with her a large umbrella and a leather bag containing a book or two and some sheets of manuscript.

A volley of applause directed toward some remarks of the chairman in connection with the war led this lady to remark to me: "The Allies could bring the war to an end right away."

I inquired the method.

"It's a question of spirit," she said. "Mental effort is more than physical; it influences all things. Let the Allies lay down their arms and the war will quickly be brought to a conclusion."

Though I did not follow her chain of reasoning I agreed that if such a course were pursued by the Allies the war would undoubtedly be brought to an end. In the pauses and in the intervals of the speeches she told me more about her philosophy. There was a passing reference to Lord Kitchener.

"This gathering if it chose could by an effort of will bring Lord Kitchener here in the flesh at this moment."

This was a staggerer. I sought for illumination on kindred points. She told me how she had written a variety of books. She said she had dealt with many out-of-the-way topics, resuscitating some from the past. For instance, there was a good deal of truth, she said, in the suggested occult powers of women who used to be regarded as witches. There were many hidden forces of which the ages have had but a glimpse. She went on to tell me she had written on the subject.

"I have demonstrated," she said, "that the ridicule and scorn directed toward the contention that witches could ride on broomsticks through the air are ill founded." She then explained that the fear of drowning was illusory; anybody could walk on water who had sufficient will and desire.

Later I told my experiences of the afternoon to a bright young American girl friend of mine, and her comment was significant. "How far was the Potomac from this meeting?" she asked.

"Within a mile," I replied.

"Well, it was only a short walk," she answered.

American Humor a Fine Art

CONGRESS is an interesting study for those who know other parliaments, especially the British Parliament, where a system of procedure molded by compromise through centuries is as rigorously upheld by the members as by the speaker. Members in Congress read newspapers in their seats sometimes, which is a dire offense in the House of Commons. Occasionally members bring in their children to sit on their knees, an unheard-of thing in the old-fashioned British Parliament. To see and hear Mr. Champ Clark hammering thunderously with his mallet for order was another novel experience. The mere rising of the speaker to his place in the House of Commons is usually the signal for churchlike quietness over the whole assembly.

Humor is a fine art with Americans. The unexpected prick of pointed words in writing or in speech is made into a hobby and lightens life not only for the natives but also for the visitors. The swift coinage of new and apt expressions is a powerful weapon in the hands of a humorous people. But it is not all verbal sparkle. There is allusiveness too. I remember one of the first things that tickled me after my arrival here was a quotation in a newspaper from one of the small cities in the Middle West having reference to the fate of an elderly resident, blind for a number of years:

"He has taken a walk every day for the sake of his health. Yesterday morning he chose the side of a railway track. The end of the story is so painful we do not like to print it."

Not only in implication and in the brilliance of word play is the medium for humor found. The actual situation deftly presented never fails of appreciation. The following incident inimitably told caused a staid Englishman to chuckle for days after hearing it. A family in a Jersey city

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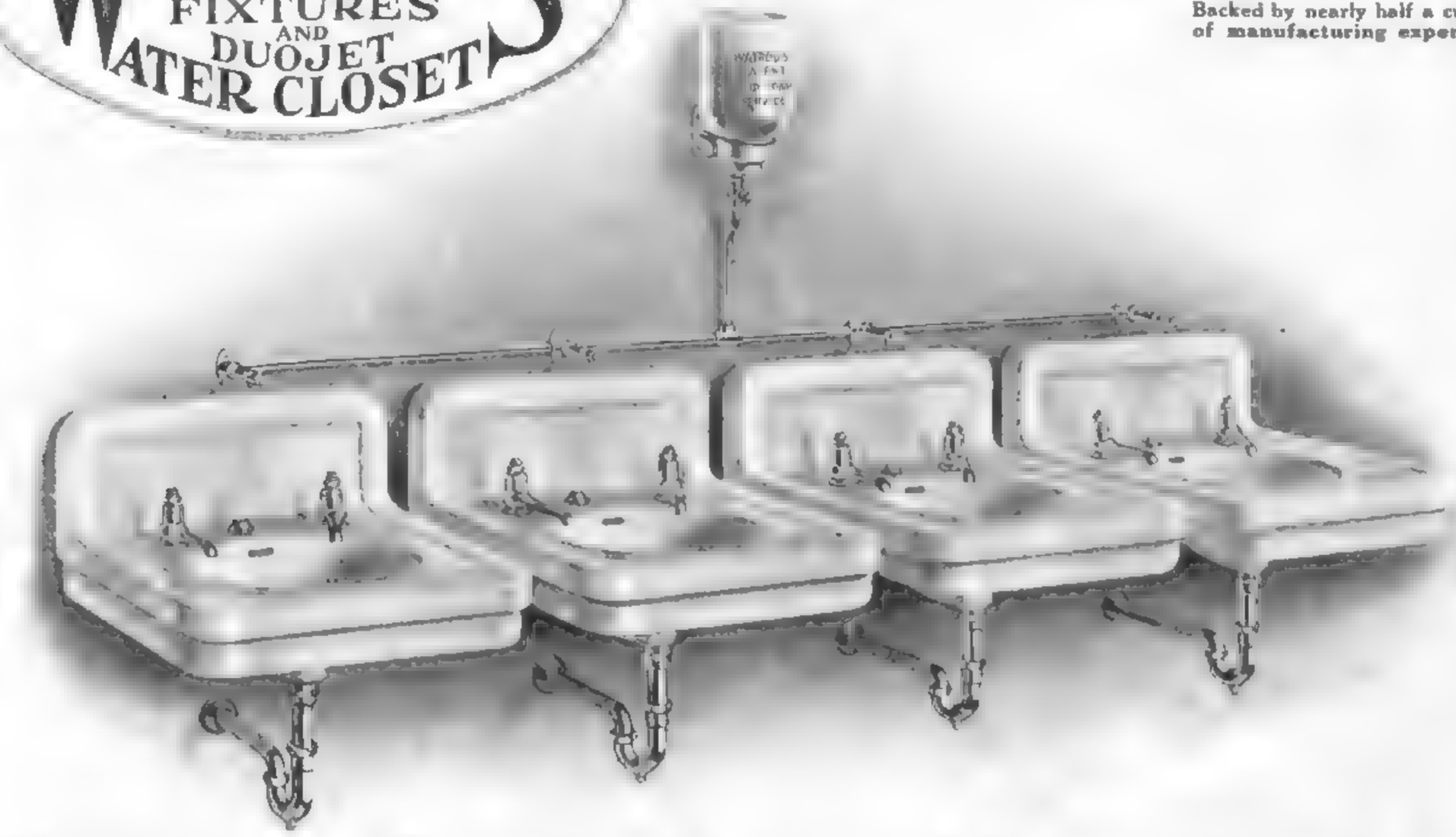

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A dainty, pure vegetable oil soap, soluble in water, a fine cleaner, yet softening and healing in its effect on the skin.

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IMPERIAL PRODUCTS

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were grieved at the sudden death of their domestic pet, a large, handsome and affectionate tomcat. There was a long and melancholy discussion as to the best way of disposing of the body and it was decided that the head of the family on his way to his New York office in the morning should drop it over the side of the ferryboat in crossing the Hudson River. The crowd on the boat and the attention his action would have caused prevented him, however, from putting overboard the carefully wrapped square box in which the dead pussy reposed, so he took it to the office, and that night returned home with it again, still failing to find the opportunity to lose it on the way.

There was more melancholy in the family, and he decided that whatever happened he must get rid of the body the next morning. Before the children went to bed they were allowed to have one last look at their dead favorite. The box was reverentially unfastened. The little group stood round in silence, and then as the lid of the box was taken off there was revealed in place of the dead cat two large and succulent beefsteaks. The box had apparently been accidentally exchanged on the rack of the train coming down from the city. One's thoughts leave the sorrowing family to follow the other box to its destination.

During the war, and to some extent as the effect of it, there have been in America more prominent Britishers than in any other one time for a generation, possibly more than at any one time at all. There were all kinds and sorts of men—bankers, labor leaders, lawyers, bishops, statesmen, newspaper proprietors, soldiers, sailors and commercial leaders. They all took away strangely mixed but refreshing lessons of America. Lord Northcliffe's enthusiasm for the people here and their business methods is well known. Lord Reading, an entirely different man, could not find words too high, not only in public speech but in private conversation, for the idealism and generosity of the country. Forbes-Robertson, Britain's greatest actor, a Scotsman to boot, found many institutions here which he much liked. Among them were moderate-priced restaurants. He used frequently to go to one of them for breakfast. "Don't rob me of my little economies," he would say blandly to a well-to-do friend who protested.

The Bishop of Oxford, Britain's leading intellectual prelate, who never wears bishop's clothes unless obliged to, found himself in entirely congenial surroundings in the United States. He is by temperament utterly unpretentious. He reveled in the upward-striving, courageous mentality of intellectual America. He was an aristocrat, a member of a noble family and a friend of royalty, and this, together with his utterly democratic mind, gave his personality a special piquancy. He wanted to know all about the labor movement. When a representative of a labor newspaper came to call on him in New York at the Yale Club he quietly and frankly announced himself as a socialist—though of course not of the kind which would appeal to the Bolshevist.

Beerbohm Tree, who sailed from America after a successful tour, to die soon after his arrival on the other side, made his last performance here as Colonel Newcome, in which the gallant old gentleman sinks to his death in the final scene on the stage. He loved America. I was in his dressing room at the New Amsterdam Theater in New York after he came off the stage on that last occasion. His valet was attending to him. He suddenly turned to me and said: "Do I look well?" I said "Yes." He replied "I wondered."

It must have been a premonition. He sailed a day or two later, and a few weeks later came news of his death.

Philip Gibbs, famous war correspondent, who paid a six weeks' visit here, said to me: "It is like a dream. I never knew there was such a great country and such a great people."

Here are a few general conclusions made by an Englishman on America:

The men are bright but the women are brighter.

There is not so much convention in American life as in Europe, but there is less method also.

America is still El Dorado not only for the politically oppressed in other countries but for those in poverty.

The country people in America are probably the happiest in the world.

What is called by outsiders the love of sensation in America is really the love of adventure—commercial, political and personal.

New York is the most un-American of all the great American cities.

Material in some respects, Americans are the most romantic and idealistic of any people.

With a profusion of the good things of life Americans are inclined to be slap-dash. They have at bed rock much of the Anglo-Saxon temperament of "muddling through."

They are prouder of their national flag than any other nation of a national symbol.

Americans are as sensitive as Frenchmen and more sensitive than Englishmen on matters affecting their country.

They are fond of experiment—because their experiments have so often proved successful.

As a nation they are slowly but surely developing into a race, distinctive from any other race, ancient or modern.

Making a Better Job of Job-Hunting—By James H. Collins

WHEN the war came and millions of men were going to the camps and overseas, it was found that things had to be done for them by auxiliary organizations. The Red Cross, the Training Camp Service, the Young Men's Christian Association and other agencies stepped in to conduct a work which is now thoroughly familiar. The Catholics woke up to the fact that thousands of fellows of their faith were in the camps and wanted the intimate service of a Catholic organization. Whereupon the Knights of Columbus got onto the job.

However, war work is an old story.

The organization has now turned its attention to the peace needs of the fighting man. Beginning with the task of finding him a job, it is going on into a field of service that grows broader every day.

One of the traveling speakers of the Emergency Fleet Corporation, during the period when we were manning our shipyards, was Peter W. Collins, at present in charge of the Knights' employment work. Mr. Collins is an experienced labor organizer and also a lecturer on social subjects. He has debated radicalism with prominent radicals all over the United States and stood up under a machine-gun fire of questions many hundreds of times, keeping a record of five thousand difficult queries put to him on the platform, with his answers. While he was helping Hurley and Schwab man the shipyards, he often wondered how half a million shipbuilders could be unscrambled if peace suddenly came. This led him to think about unscrambling the fighting force and the other war industries and to draw up a tentative plan. When Congress crippled the United States Employment Service by failure to pass its appropriation, and unemployment became serious in New York City, where thousands of soldiers and sailors were being discharged daily and many settled in the metropolis looking for work instead of going home to other sections, the Knights put this plan into operation.

Once upon a time a life-insurance canvasser came to his boss and asked for more territory, saying that his mile-square city district had been covered so thoroughly that it was worked out. Whereupon the boss told him to spend a week working in a single block of his own territory, with the outcome that he wrote more insurance in that single block during a week than he had ever written in any month in his old district. A simple principle of salesmanship that seldom fails—restricted to small territory the salesman works intensively, calling on everybody.

This intensive plan was followed in the Knights' employment work.

On May thirteenth an employment drive was begun in New York City. Ten teams of canvassers, each made up of ten men and a captain, were sent out to comb the city for jobs, block by block. Each member of a team is a discharged soldier, sailor or marine. Each team gets a block to work in and each member a building, which he canvasses alone, going to the top floor, working to the bottom, visiting every tenant who employs men. Each canvasser is paid four dollars a day out of the Knights' fund.

In effect, the unemployed doughboy or gob is paid good wages to go out and find jobs for other discharged fighters and probably land one for himself. The plan has worked so well that new drives have been started in other cities, simply picking up the unemployed soldiers and sailors wherever they are found and turning them into canvassers with a little initial supervision by team captains who have had experience in New York.

The first day's work in New York City developed five hundred and eighteen jobs, and despite the fact that hundreds of soldiers and sailors and civilians are canvassing the town on their own hook, and that the work has been going on nearly a month at the present writing, these crews are finding jobs at the rate of four hundred or five hundred daily.

That is, each man paid four dollars a day to go out and look for work on this intensive plan finds between four and five jobs every day, which are filled by men who have made application for work in one of the sixteen huts round the city. Civilians are not placed by the organization—the service is conducted entirely for soldiers and sailors by soldiers and sailors with the slogan: "No soldiering!"

A large percentage of the first crews in New York consisted of Jews. Creed does not enter into the work. A typical crew of ten men and a captain may consist of four or five Jews, a couple of Methodists, a Baptist, a free thinker, and so on.

One husky gob, canvassing a big office building, ran into a hostile citizen who refused to have anything to do with the service.

He had learned that it was operated by the Knights of Columbus.

"You are filling jobs with nothing but Catholics," he said.

"I know personally of two Protestants who tried to get positions with you and were turned down."

"Well, that's funny!" exclaimed the gob. "Now I'm a Presbyterian and they are paying me four dollars a day to do this!"

Even a month of this canvassing brought out some highly interesting facts about jobs and those who hunt or offer them.

Take the average young fellow out of work. He will probably put on his Sunday clothes and look for a job along the path of least resistance. If he has been working in some particular line, like bookkeeping or delivering goods, his search will usually be limited to that line. He calls on maybe a dozen concerns that he knows, and when a job is found accepts it and stops job hunting if it meets his ideas as to wages and working conditions.

But take the same chap, pay him four dollars a day to look for work and turn him into a city block to canvass everybody. Instead of visiting a dozen places he will cover a hundred or more in a day. Instead of looking for a definite kind of work that he knows, he will visit industries that he has never heard about and turn up jobs of many different kinds. Instead of landing a new job in the old line he may find something entirely different, more interesting in every way and with far broader possibilities. This kind of job hunting has such manifest advantages that every job holder might well provide for himself an emergency fund of twenty-five dollars and, when he has to look for work again, pay himself wages to conduct a week's canvass on these broad lines.

Then it has been found that a good many jobs offered soldiers are not worth having. Almost the first day it became necessary to set a wage dead line below which no man would be referred to an employer. Hundreds of reports turned in by canvassers revealed positions at clerking or office work or unskilled labor at ten dollars a week.

So for New York City eighteen dollars a week has been set as the dead line for a single man, and below that applicants are not sent out, for eighteen dollars is considered a minimum living wage in the metropolis.

Much has been said about the soldier returning from overseas to find his job taken by a woman. That would be rather hard lines if the average soldier cared. But experience in New York City shows that he does not care at all. A year in the army has entirely changed his views about jobs and work.

New York City is a perfect maze of low-paid routine, blind-alley jobs—jobs running elevators, tending furnaces, running office machinery, and what not. They lead nowhere, teach nothing for which employers will pay better wages and are practically all of an indoor nature, so that the work itself kills ambition. Had there been no war thousands of men in uniform now hunting jobs would have dropped into one of these ruts and stayed there, lacking ambition to tackle the old job-hunting proposition in a bigger way. But the army took the soft-muscled indoor chap, hardened his body, fed him raw meat and threw him

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The AEOLIAN-VOCALION

Supreme in the Art of Playing for the Dance

IT is a witching midsummer night, purple-clear and cool. There is just moon enough to throw fantastic shadows from shrubs and flowers across the dew-spangled lawn. The fragrant breath of the wind sets a-swaying the Japanese lanterns that edge the veranda roof.

A sublime night for that most fascinating of summer evening pastimes, dancing "al fresco."

"Aloma Fox-Trot"
Played by the Vocalion Dance Orchestra

THE broad, breeze-swept veranda has been cleared of all furniture save an Aeolian-Vocalion. How smart and attractive it looks as a mellow ray of light from within the house throws a soft sheen over the rich mahogany case!

Such dance music as this is!—melodious, snappy, crisply phrased—as a Fox-Trot should be. The Vocalion summons to the scene the very *instruments themselves*—the mellow saxophone, the strings, the rhythmic beat of the traps; all are present to the very life.

"Rainy Day Blues"—*One-Step*
Played by Dabney's Band

WITH merry, tuneful abandon, the Vocalion lends itself to the spirit of the music as played by this famous Ziegfeld Follies Band. Now we hear the brasses trombone, cornet and bass—clear in tone and big in volume—it is almost unbelievable that a phonograph is delivering this splendid volume of music.

"Thoughts of Home, Sweet Home"
By Yerkes' Jazarimba Band —Waltz

AGAIN the character of the music changes—as the Vocalion breaks softly into a beautiful waltz. There is the sinuous legato waltz-rhythm of the strings—the silvery tremolo of the xylophones is heard as the couples glide through the dance.

Presently one young girl steps over to the Vocalion and draws out a little device attached to the instrument by a slender cord. Her hands move slightly and lo! the music gradually melts into distance—again in answer to a longer pressure it swells forth to full fortissimo. Now her hands separate again and the music gradually grows softer, dreamier, fades to a tender whisper—and ends.

Vocalion Features

THIS effect, so often heard when fine orchestras play waltzes, is possible to one phonograph only, the Vocalion, through its sensational expression device, the Graduola.

Vocalion Records play one-third longer than any lateral cut phonograph record without repeating, due to the finer cutting used in the Vocalion Record-making process.

The Vocalion Automatic Stop is simpler to adjust than any other device of its kind on the market, and is absolutely precise and effective in action.

The Vocalion plays every standard disc record made. This means that every instrument and every voice which has been recorded phonographically can be reproduced upon the Aeolian-Vocalion.

Most important of all, the Vocalion possesses the acknowledged ability to reproduce the tones of all instruments and all voices with a lifelike realism known to no other phonograph.

VOCALION PRICES—Conventional models, equipped with Graduola, are priced from $115 upwards; without Graduola, from $50. Many beautiful Period models priced from $240. All prices subject to change.

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Because we made the original toasted corn flakes and have made them better every year, Kellogg's is the only choice in millions of homes. My signature on each package guarantees your satisfaction.

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THE CRISP, tempting quality and the rich, satisfying flavor of Kellogg's actually increase your enjoyment of fresh fruits and berries.

Eat Kellogg's this way for breakfast or dessert these hot days. You will feel like thanking us for the suggestion.

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Kellogg's reaches you fresh and fine because it is sealed in waxtite packages, just after the golden-brown flakes toss from the big ovens.

Every grocer everywhere sells Kellogg's every day.

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outdoors. To find Mamie or Tillie running his old elevator or sorting mailing-list stencils does not worry him at all. Many Mamies and Tillies are working for clothes money, and their business careers will end in a few years when they get married. They don't want to rise in the business world—don't have to. Let them have this work—something must be wrong with a system that cooped men in such places. The fighters have come back with a keen eye for blind alleys, and New York is in for a most comprehensive lot of street opening with respect to work for men that really leads somewhere. The soldier, coming out of the trenches in France, is taking mighty good care to see that our industrial system does not slap him into trenches again over here.

Thousands of soldiers want outdoor jobs, and positions as chauffeurs are in the greatest demand. Army training taught thousands of men how to operate and care for automobiles and motor trucks, and they not only want to turn this training into immediate account by landing a job as chauffeur, but many of the fellows coming back from aviation work want to carry their training further, learning to build machinery, take technical courses and ultimately become executives.

Will Employers Train Operatives?

HERE is another decided shortcoming in our industrial systems The automobile factories and machine shops seem to be short of skilled mechanics. But they are seldom disposed to take on green or partly trained men and teach them trades. All the burden of learning the job is thrown upon the applicant.

Shortly before the great war began a delegation of factory managers came from Europe and made a tour of our leading industries. When they got home each man reported upon his experiences, and the reports made mighty interesting reading for American business men. One of the visitors was a German, who went round always in mortal fear of railroad wrecks—a stock bugaboo with German visitors to America. In each American plant visited he found friends from the old country holding responsible positions as superintendents, managers, designers, and so forth.

"Practically all American industry is built upon German technical training," he reported.

Another visitor came from the Midland country in England. He found Scotch and English engineers, superintendents and designers in our factories.

"Practically all American industry is built upon British technical training," he reported.

There was a Frenchman, too, and he singled out his compatriots everywhere.

"Practically all American industry is built upon French technical training," he reported.

And so with the Italian, the Hollander, the Belgian, the Swiss.

The visitor from even so modest an industrial nation as Spain has been able, when he got home, to demonstrate that practically all American industry is built on Spanish brains.

And these visitors are more nearly right than wrong. For we have been taking the trained workers from other countries, turning them into our factories, using them up, often wastefully, and sending abroad for more without giving much attention to training our own workers.

The old-time well-rounded trades have disintegrated under our factory system and our industrial leaders have done little to direct or finance the training of the skilled workers of which there is now such a shortage. All indications point to continued shortage. We are clearly entering a period of increased production which, within a few months, will probably exhaust our own labor supply. It is not likely that skilled workers will again be available from Europe, and even if they are there must be a shortage. So it seems plain that American industries must develop their own skilled workers and that the only way to carry on production short-handed is to increase the output and earning capacity of every available man by systematic training. The soldier and the sailor and the marine are back. They see this clearly as they go about seeking, not a job but a career. And they want to know what American business is going to do about it.

On one of the New York canvassing teams was a marine, who before the war had worked as a shipping clerk at fifteen dollars a week.

"Jobs for soldiers!" exclaimed one of the employers he visited in the Maiden Lane district. "Why, I will pay you two dollars an hour if you can do what I want done."

He was a manufacturing jeweler and needed skilled workers in platinum. The first month's canvass disclosed four hundred vacant places in the jewelry trade, with high wages offered, and the Knights have been unable to supply men for this industry. That marine's job hunting ended right there—he went up to Providence, a great jewelry center, to learn this well-paid trade.

One thousand jobs for tailors are open in New York's needle trades, and the Knights have been unable to supply men. As one rule in canvassing is to ask each employer with available jobs if there is labor trouble in his establishment and to refuse to send soldiers as strike breakers, these tailoring jobs are the real thing. New York also wanted during the first month six hundred miscellaneous skilled factory workers, five hundred carpenters, two hundred and fifty printers, two hundred and twenty-five painters, two hundred leather workers, one hundred locksmiths and various numbers of bookbinders, draftsmen, chemists, barbers, piano workers, and the like. These are the places most difficult to fill with returning soldiers who have the necessary training, and steps are now being taken to impress upon employers the need for taking the initiative themselves in training. To fill partly the demand for jewelry workers fifty wounded men have been sent to school.

Many of the canvassers on these Knights of Columbus teams have become fairly good salesmen in going about interviewing employers. Some of them were hesitant at first, but quickly learned how to get attention, present their proposition clearly and briefly and help the employer determine his own labor needs. Very often, where jobs were not open to-day, it was possible to look ahead and see work looming up a month later and schedule it at the huts so that applicants might be sent when men were needed.

At the outset it was proposed that two canvassers work together, perhaps a soldier and a sailor or a sailor and a marine. But this idea was dropped when someone pointed out that employers might consider this a costly duplication of effort.

In very few cases have the canvassers been treated brusquely, and in those instances a decidedly fine spirit has developed. Some of the green canvassers suggested that it would be easy to get back at the business man who gave them a curt hearing.

"Aw, nix!" was the sentiment. "We don't want to get back at anybody—maybe the poor fish has indigestion or family troubles."

There have been some complaints from employers that soldiers and sailors sent to them failed to keep their promises to show up for work. But these are cases where the applicant, sizing up the job in an interview, had decided that he wanted to work at something else.

It seems an emergency proposition at first sight—this task of finding jobs for the home-coming fighters. But now it looks like a five-year task.

Work for Volunteers

PREPARATIONS are being made to follow up the soldier during the coming years to see how he is getting along and perhaps help him get along better. The Knights of Columbus have eighteen hundred lodges scattered over the United States and these are supplemented by nearly ten thousand organizations of men and nearly five thousand organizations of women working under the National Catholic War Council, which was formed shortly after we entered the war to coordinate all Catholic war activities. The Knights of Columbus is one of its auxiliaries. This will make it possible to form communities wherever they are needed for the follow-up work. Business men, engineers, doctors, lawyers, teachers, farmers, women or any other special group can be called upon for service.

The boys have come out of the trenches abroad, but without a little teamwork may easily slip into a blind-alley job here at home.

The position landed to-day looks as though it might take a fellow somewhere. Yet in a year or two its whole aspect may change with changes in an industry or an individual employer's business standing. To-day there is an eager public spirit behind the soldier—to-morrow that may be absent.

Through volunteer workers it will be possible to keep track of each man placed in industry, find out how he is getting along from time to time and perhaps help him get along better through expert counsel or special training.

Private John Smith comes out of the army and lands a factory job through this organization. It seems to be a pretty fair sort of job as to wages; but a year or two later Private Smith has married, his expenses are increasing and the concern for which he works does not seem to offer much of a future. If an engineer could look into the situation technically and advise Smith how to increase his skill by night study or a business executive suggest a change and show how to make it that would be enormously helpful. This is the Big Brother idea applied to the returned fighter.

Already such follow-up work has done marked good in the case of the wounded soldier. The National Catholic War Council keeps track of wounded soldiers through its local organizations and has found that many of them need further medical attention. The discharged man may have a stiff limb or a cough. One can be cured by massage and exercises and the other by good feeding and care. In many cases, however, soldiers neglect these apparently slight after effects of wounds or exposure. Even where medical attention is available they must often be encouraged to persist in treatment. So arrangements have been made at hospitals all over the country for treatment of such cases and visitors are detailed to see that treatment is followed up.

Finding Targets for the Young Idea

IN ITS efforts to fit men and jobs together the Council discovered that many returned soldiers were unable to determine for themselves what kind of work they wanted to follow and many of them were badly disabled—disabled physically in the loss of limbs and also mentally through lack of education, perhaps being illiterate.

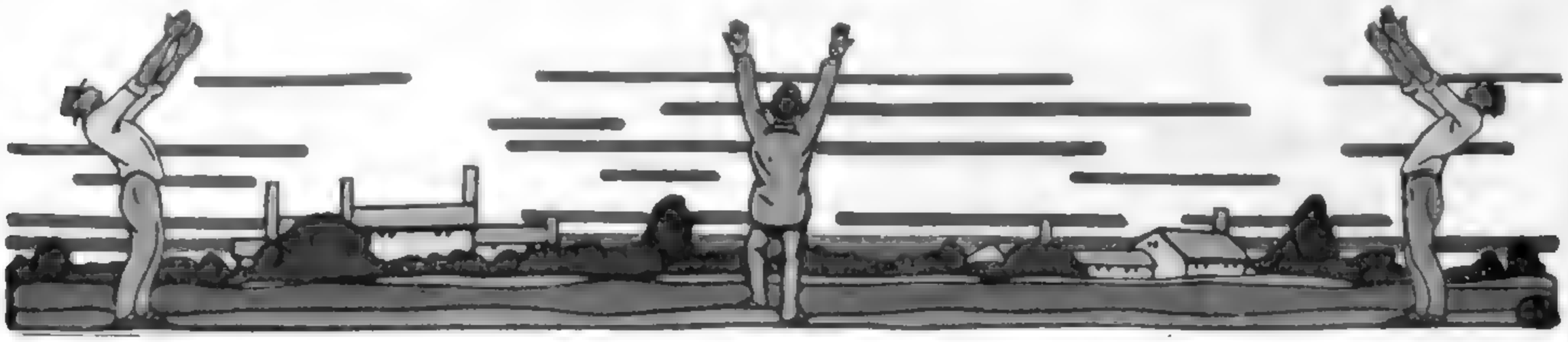
To take care of these men the Council has opened a rehabilitation school in Washington, and as methods are worked out many other schools of the same sort will be opened all over the country.

Two infantrymen in the same company went over the top in France, were both wounded—one losing a leg and the other an arm—and did not meet again until they both turned up at this Washington try-out school. Both had been laborers before entering the army and both were sent to school for a six weeks' course in the three R's, after which—if they can determine what line of work they want to follow—they will be sent to special schools. In the meantime they will have an opportunity to investigate various kinds of work in the machine shop, mechanical laboratory and electrical laboratory with which this school is equipped.

An Italian coal miner from Pennsylvania lost his left arm in France and cannot resume his old trade, but he is learning to read and write and is taking courses that will fit him for electrical work.

A Jewish soldier lost an arm and a leg. Sent to this school to learn a trade, it was quickly seen that he had all the mercantile instincts of his race. So his problem will be solved by helping him get started in business—a cigar store, a newspaper and periodical business or some line requiring only moderate capital.

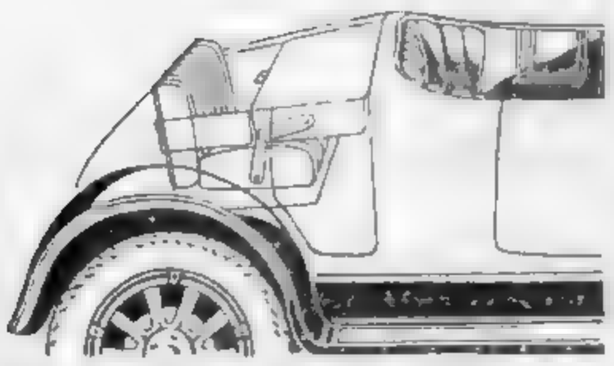
This school is conducted in coöperation with the Federal Board for Vocational Education and has the advantage of good technical equipment and university instructors. Thus the totally disabled and illiterate man has all the facilities of a big university to help him find a line of work and ultimately a self-supporting job. As methods are worked out the equipment and teaching staff of other universities will be made available in the same way.



ANDERSON 6

Convertible Roadster (PATENTED) *$1675*

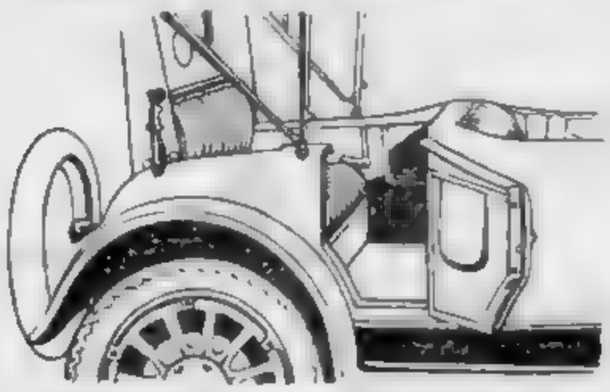
Wire Wheels $100 extra



Phantom view of patented convertible feature

Convertible Six

Cleverly and completely concealed by the graceful slope of the rear deck is a surprisingly roomy tonneau, transforming the car in a moment yet leaving no visible indication of its convertible qualities. The merits of both styles with the disadvantages of neither.



Plenty of room for three passengers in rear compartment

Seven-Passenger Touring	$1750.00
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Convertible Roadster	1675.00
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AN INCOMPARABLE CAR

WE use "incomparable" advisedly. Other cars can offer you excellence in motors, excellence in construction. Other cars can offer you handsome bodies, fine coach work. Few cars can meet the Anderson standards of manufacture at the Anderson price.

None can offer you a combination two- and five-passenger car as does the Anderson convertible model—an exclusive Anderson patent.

To a Continental motor and other high-grade features add Anderson body building and coach work. The Anderson Six embodies in its coach work all the painstaking hand work—the hours of rubbing and polishing that only experienced body builders know is necessary to long life and beauty of finish. The result? A car that needs only wiping off with a cloth when other cars need washing; a car that will go for years without repainting; a car you never hesitate to pridefully say:

"It's mine"—an Anderson.

Anderson convertible body is patented in the United States, Great Britain, France, Italy, Canada, Japan, Argentina and New Zealand.

Write for the handsome new Anderson catalog, telling you the complete story of this incomparable car. Some desirable territory open to responsible dealers.

ANDERSON MOTOR COMPANY

Rock Hill, South Carolina U. S. A.

DELIVERING A CLIMATE

By John Mappelbeck

A COUGH DROP is a little thing. But it costs several thousand dollars a day to interrupt the all-year-round production of a big Eastern cough-drop factory. And whenever the east wind blew in summer and the humid atmosphere settled down over that cough-drop factory like a damp blanket, production was interrupted in the packing room.

Cough drops are packed by automatic machinery. The operation makes a certain amount of candy dust. On a hot humid day this dust became sticky, gumming up the machinery and stopping work. Moreover, such weather conditions caused graining and loss of transparency in hard candy.

A climate doctor was called in for consultation. The climate doctor is a rather new specialist—an engineer practicing the art of air conditioning. It is his business to deliver a uniform climate in any place where the fluctuations of Nature's climate make trouble in processes. You show him what you manufacture, and tell him whether you want a warm climate or a cool one, a dry climate or unvarying humidity all the year round. He draws up an exact specification, so many degrees Fahrenheit and so many grains of moisture per cubic foot of air, and by the installation of interesting new mechanical devices he can give you what you want and guarantee delivery.

When the cough-drop factory got its artificial climate candy dust was as hard as sand, and could be picked up by vacuum cleaners when it accumulated round the machines, and the candy itself, once in its cartons, kept its quality indefinitely, there being no difficulty with graining.

There is a much wider demand for climate in industry than is generally known. The climate doctor has not been on the job very long. Many manufacturers struggling with obscure process troubles do not even suspect that they are due to climate variations, much less know that the climate doctor might be called in to help them.

Take the shrapnel barrage, for example. Everybody knows how this was developed during the war to deliver a barrier of bullets wherever needed, within amazingly accurate limits of time and distance. The slightest error in range or seconds might result in artillery killing its doughboy comrades or exposing them to enemy attack. Barrage accuracy is absolutely a manufacturing refinement. Shrapnel is exploded by time fuses. Time fuses contain powder. This powder is very hygroscopic—it loves moisture. Shrapnel fuses loaded by the same people with the same powder in the same plant on different days in the natural atmosphere will often vary so widely that government inspectors reject them upon test. Requirements are that fuses are set for explosion in twenty seconds, and if one out of twenty varies more than one-half second all of that lot are rejected—perhaps several thousand.

Chasing Out the Static

Again, the natural atmosphere often contains static electricity. It is static electricity on a big scale which makes lightning—the charged atmosphere finds a conductor through the air, or a tree, or a building, and gets rid of its surplus juice. Static electricity on a small scale will often discharge sparks, and a very small spark in a munition works is fatal.

The air-conditioning experts were handed this problem when we began making munitions, and by delivering exactly the climate required—uniform from day to day, whether the weather was hot or cold, moist or dry, or charged with static—greatly increased our munitions output by cutting down rejections. Air with a moderate percentage of moisture dissipates static.

Some industries make climates of their own which are fairly uniform—but highly objectionable.

In dye houses and paper mills a great deal of steam is used, making fog so thick that workmen cannot see more than a foot or two and giving them working conditions approximating those of a Turkish bath. In other industries noxious and dangerous gases are given off. In steamy places the climate doctor conducts warm dry air close to the vats and machines emitting steam, and the vapor cannot condense, so that despite great quantities of steam being released in such workrooms they are clear and dry. He likes nothing better than to wind up a big installation job in a steamy place by starting his apparatus for the first time and watching the astonishment and pleasure of workers as he delivers a dry, bright, invigorating climate. The difference in comfort and health is obvious. In the case of noxious gases, warm air is also used. At one nickel-plating plant, where cyanogen gas was given off in large quantities, workmen had to wear gas masks constantly. When an air-conditioning system was installed the warm air diluted the gas before it could rise to the workers' waists, and rendered it harmless. Men in that plant have been working without masks for more than a year with no discomfort or poisoning.

The first step in manufacturing a climate is usually to take the natural moisture out of the air. Even where you want a given percentage of moisture it is easiest to remove from your air the uncertain and varying percentage of natural moisture, and then replace it with just the number of grains of water per cubic foot required. One way of drying air is by heat, but that is expensive, and for most purposes you have to cool the air again. When engineers began to develop this new specialty they quickly adopted another method—that of freezing the moisture out of air by passing it over refrigerating coils. One of the first applications of this method was in the steel industry, where it was found that fluctuations in the moisture of air in blast furnaces and converters caused costly heat losses, and sometimes variations in the quality of steel. On a humid day about four to five gallons of water are carried into a modern blast furnace every minute—equal to what will constantly run out of your kitchen faucet. Freezing did the business, but there was a drawback: Moisture taken out of the air froze to the refrigerator coils; and as ice is an insulator against heat, the refrigerator coils ultimately became so thickly coated that they would not work at all, and the ice had to be removed. Nor was it possible by this system to regulate accurately the temperature of the air or the amount of moisture taken out of it.

Other methods of drying air are by passing it over chemicals which absorb its moisture, compressing it so that it will give up some of its water, and whirling it in centrifugals at very high speeds. When air is liquefied and then permitted to evaporate again it will be absolutely dry; but this is a laboratory rather than an industrial method.

The latest and best device sounds paradoxical: Moisture is washed out of the air by sprays of water. The contrivance is called a dehumidifier. It is a big boxlike affair with whirling sprays of water through which you blow the air that is the raw material of your artificial climate. The water sprays are made cold by refrigerating pipes in the dehumidifier. They cool the natural air to any temperature required, and also take out most of the moisture. The spray water then flows over refrigerating coils and is cooled again. Because there is a constant flow over the coils the latter have no opportunity to be coated with insulating frost or ice. The air still has some moisture, but this is removed by mechanical means—passing it over baffles and other devices. Should the air require more moisture or a higher temperature this is supplied by simply reheating it to the required point.

There is a definite relation between humidity and the temperature of the air. For example, photographic film requires a drying temperature not higher than eighty degrees, and a humidity of about four grains of moisture per cubic foot of air. Summer weather runs to ninety-five degrees temperature and as much as eleven grains of moisture per cubic foot of air—which is far too much! So the summer air is cooled down by sprays of water to fifty degrees, then saturated at that point, or permitted to take up all the moisture it will hold at fifty degrees. Then it is reheated to eighty degrees, which gives it about thirty-five per cent relative humidity. And there is your climate!

Like most technical devices it sounds complicated, but when accurately calculated for the climate you require and properly installed it is automatic and largely foolproof. Winter or summer, rain or snow, hot or cold though it be outside the factory, this air-conditioning apparatus takes moisture from the atmosphere in summer, adds it in winter, and keeps the temperature just right.

It is the practical applications that are most interesting. When mother mixes a batch of bread she cannot tell in advance just when it will be ready for the oven, because the rising of a batch of bread is really an agricultural operation. Yeast spores are planted in the favorable soil of the dough, and the raising of their crop depends upon atmospheric conditions, and these vary with the weather. One day the growth will be quick and healthy and another day slow and poor.

In a great baking establishment, with hundreds of employees working on schedule, weather variations often delay the dough, so that it is not ready upon schedule, and employees and machinery are idle, and even bread deliveries to customers affected. By furnishing a uniform climate for the dough rooms of bakeries, with high humidity and fairly high temperature, it is possible to raise dough on a schedule that standardizes the whole baking process.

Refinements in Printing

Static electricity gives endless trouble in the textile industry, particularly in winter. As cotton, wool and silk fibers pass through spinning machines static is developed by friction. Fine ends of fiber stick out, catch on the machines, threads break, stick together, snarl. Fine particles of fiber break off and become floating dust, injurious to workers. The kind of climate needed to overcome these difficulties is one with sufficient moisture in the air to make it a conductor of electricity. Then all the static generated during the process is automatically dissipated in the air, and particles of fluff and dust, becoming moist, settle to the floor.

They used to season lumber in the good old-fashioned way, by letting it dry outdoors, taking a year or more. This being rather costly in investment and interest, kiln drying was then resorted to. But lumber often dried unevenly by artificial means, and its surface baked while its center was still moist—case-hardening, as it is called, which warped and cracked it. Various improvements in kilns and processes were made, but the thing really needed was an artificial climate inside the kiln. To-day the best lumber-drying kilns have a humid climate delivered evenly round the lumber while it is drying, for it has been found that the right proportion of moisture in the air is better than an absolute dry heat. This seasons lumber evenly, quickly and under absolute control. So in filling the manufacturer's order the lumber dealer simply dries the oak in his modern kiln, and then adds five per cent of moisture through the artificial climate. The process was of incalculable value in getting out aircraft lumber during the war.

In printing offices where color work is done a job may go through the press to-day and be printed yellow, then run through to-morrow for red, and a day or two later for blue. To-day may be damp, and the day after to-morrow dry. A sheet of paper will be an eighth of an inch smaller in dry weather than in damp, so the result is that when the blue printing is run on the yellow, fine detail in color work is blurred.

The remedy for this is to install artificial climate in two different places—the press room, where the printing is done, and also the mill, where the paper is made. The climate doctor begins with the paper mill first, which may be a thousand miles away, and by delivering an artificial, uniform atmosphere makes it possible to manufacture paper with just the right moisture content—for paper, like many other raw materials of industry, works best when it is not too dry. This paper, coming to the printing office day after day, absolutely uniform all the year round, regardless of weather conditions, is then printed in a suitable artificial atmosphere, giving many little refinements in color work.

Jim Henry's Column

Traveling as I do most of the time, it's hard to reply to the hundreds of personal letters I receive every week.

I've worked out a scheme to use this column occasionally for answering letters of general interest.

•

S. W. C. You use too much Cream and not enough water. Brush the lather for three full minutes. Try cold water.

•

Mrs. A. Some men are naturally profane, but hoeing with a dull razor into skin that is burned raw with a free caustic soap encourages the habit. Get him a tube of Mennen's and some new blades.

•

R. P. We know that Mennen's gives a wonderful shampoo but if your wife learns of it, you'll always be out of Cream. Better keep it dark.

•

L. M. C. If you wonder why Mrs. C. likes Mennen Shaving Cream for a face soap, try shaving with her toilet soap.

•

S. K. O. Of course I'm an actual person. What did you think I was—a typewriter?

•

H. W. A. Your face feels great afterwards for three reasons—Mennen's contains no caustic, it softens the beard without inflaming the skin with finger rubbing and it contains a soothing lotion which takes the place of ointments and face creams.

•

J. D. A. The chief value of Mennen Talcum for Men is that it's neutral in tone and doesn't show. Takes the place of an evening shave and feels fine after shaving.

I am going to print in my column the best letter about Mennen Shaving Cream that I receive in the next two weeks.

My demonstrator tube still costs 12 cents. Is there a coupon below?

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

Jim Henry
The Mennen Co.,
Newark, N. J.
Dear Jim:
The only question I want answered is—"Will Mennen's make me like shaving?" Here's 12 cents. Send demonstrator tube.
Name
Address

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

Victor Shawe

An Autobiography

AN INSIDIOUS suggestion, indirectly and unintentionally established in my mind by my mother, makes this article of explanation necessary. When I was quite a small boy she wrote poems for the papers, and sometimes serials. It was one of the trials of my boyhood days to get her attention long enough to have her tidy me and start me to school. Even then I realized that writing was an unfortunate failing. Yet the constant suggestion of her industry worked its havoc with me. By the time I entered high school I was breaking out in verse upon the slightest pretext.

My mother still likes to believe I was educated in the public schools of Chicago. The law was to have been my profession. As a matter of fact State Street, Halsted Street and the Chicago Public Library were my fonts of knowledge. I did spend a couple of terms in that Hyde Park High School class Walter Eckersall and Bud Fisher made famous. Not that they ever knew I was there, but the fact is given for what it is worth. My teachers were equally unaware of my presence. All but one. A young teacher of English called me to her desk one day after she had read my weekly essay. Those efforts were called essays, weren't they? She told me I should specialize in journalism; that I was just naturally meant for newspaper work. Dear girl! Unless she happens to read this confession she will never know how her encouragement nearly embittered my life. I shudder to think of all the drab years I might have spent at a reporter's desk had newspaper editors agreed with her opinion. One did give me a brief chance, however. A few days after I commenced work I wrote a poem and left it on his desk. I still like to believe he was actuated by professional jealousy. He wasn't a bad scout at that: he let me finish the week before he fired me. After that I clerked for a while and trimmed windows.

(Continued on Page 57)

Henry Payson Dowst

An Autobiography

LIKE Richard Matthews Hallet, Arthur Somers Roche and Henry Milner Rideout I am from the good old state of Maine. Rideout and I were in the same class at Harvard, '99, he hailing from Calais and I from Bangor. Barton Currie, of The Country Gentleman, who wrote Officer 666, was also a member of our class, as were Arthur Ruhl, of Collier's, and Percy Haughton, than whom among football coaches there is none thanwhomer. Jules Eckert Goodman, who wrote The Man Who Came Back and dramatized Treasure Island, and collaborated with Montague Glass in writing Business Before Pleasure, is another '99 man; so is John M. Siddall, of the American Magazine.

When I left college I went back to Maine and worked for a railroad of which my father was manager. I did the advertising and publicity work for the road; so in time I became an advertising man, and am now employed by an agency in New York.

(Continued on Page 57)

Julian Street

An Autobiography

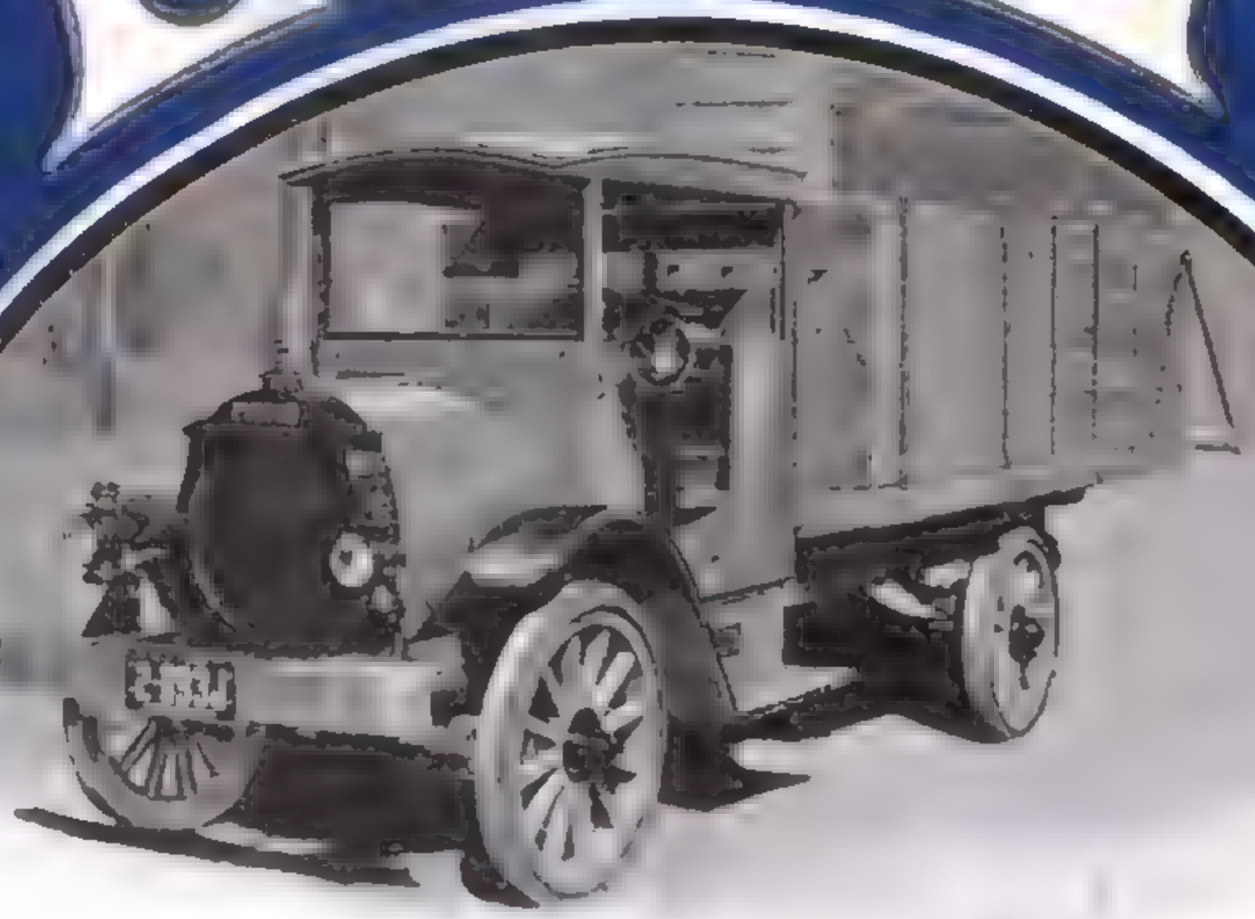
WHEN I reflect upon the changes I have seen in my native city of Chicago I feel that I ought to have a flowing white beard, carry a staff, wear sandals and drape myself in a bedspread like a Biblical patriarch.

Forty years ago, when I was born, Chicago had only half a million inhabitants. Nor could it then properly be called a city of half a million. It had the area and numbers of a city, but it almost utterly lacked metropolitan advantages and disadvantages. It was like an overgrown country town, and my boyhood was like a country-town boyhood. I have always been thankful for that.

Moreover, I heard so much of earlier days from my parents and grandparents that I feel as though I remembered Chicago from its beginnings. The Civil War broke out nearly twenty years before I was born, but I remember the fourteen thousand Confederate prisoners at Camp Douglas. I counted them myself. Also I remember well my sensations as I fled from the Chicago Fire, seven years before my birth. And though my father and my uncle have forgotten it, I was with them on their famous trip to St. Paul in '64. There was no through rail connection then. We went by rail as far as Dubuque, Iowa, and there transferred to a Mississippi River steamer which took us to St. Paul in two days. Up there we met James J. Hill, then a steamship agent. He told us how, when he went to Chicago in the winter, he would drive in a sleigh down the frozen Mississippi to Prairie du Chien, Wisconsin, the nearest point at which he could get a train. When my father and I were boys together, Michigan Avenue, now the pride of downtown Chicago, stopped at Sixteenth Street, where it ran into a farm belonging to a Colonel James,

(Continued on Page 57)

FULTON



THE NEW FULTON SPEAKS!

Thousands of my older Fulton brothers have successfully solved Transportation Problems in over four hundred industries. From these experiences have come my greater ability. Today I am the composite of all that men desire in "the perfected motor truck." For the past sixteen months the Engineers who created me have driven me, loaded to double my capacity—in slush and snow—over hills and level highways—through sand and mud—and I have not faltered!

Step into my luxurious new Steel Cab with its 8-inch comfort-cushion seat and back rest and travel with me while I perform some of my amazing feats. Although I am carrying a test load of 6,000 pounds, my rated capacity is but 4,500 pounds—notwithstanding this overload—here is what I can do:—

Rush over asphalt and macadam roadways at a speed of 25 miles an hour and with the aid of my Fulton "Ground-Gripper" Traction Rims, turn from these highways and *travel over freshly plowed fields!*

Travel in congested city streets and, *without shifting my gears,* slow down to a snail's pace of 2 miles an hour, rushing forward to a speed of 25 miles an hour when my driver steps on my accelerator!

Ride at top speed over the roughest of roads and because of my remarkable steel springs with double wrapped leaves, carry you as comfortably as you would ride in your touring car!

My speed and economy are due to my Triple-Heated-Gas Motor—40 H. P.—4 Cylinder—which enables me to rush forward, fully loaded, up-hill and down-dale, with a record of 14 miles for every gallon of gasoline.

Other advantages and conveniences which I offer are my self-ventilating wind shield, patented storm curtains hinged as doors, gears which my driver can shift by the pressure of only two fingers and easily accessible gas tank and oil gauge, and a reversible search light.

Concerns like Standard Oil Co., Pittsburg Plate Glass Co., Valvoline Oil Co., Jones & Laughlin Steel Co., Borden Dairy Products Co., etc., are among those who have given repeat orders for my older Fulton brothers.

I will be delighted to demonstrate the claims I have made of unequalled performance not only to you, but to your driver as well—by all means bring him along—when you inspect me!

My makers have named me FULTON MODEL "C" and value me at $2,150 f. o. b. Farmingdale, N. Y., which includes my DeLuxe Steel Cab (Fulton "Ground-Gripper" Traction Rims and Reversible Search Light extra equipment).

Remember,—if I am not on exhibition in your city, write to my makers and they will arrange a demonstration for you.

THE FULTON MOTOR TRUCK CO., *At-The-Port-Of-New-York* FARMINGDALE, L. I.

Canadian Distribution by Grace Motors, Ltd., Toronto, Canada. Export Distribution by Fulton Motors Export Co., New York, N. Y.

"The Repeat Order TRUCK"

Carnation Milk —it whips

For Tempting Desserts
Serve Carnation Whipped

The uniform high *quality* of Carnation Milk is splendidly shown by the fact that it "whips." Carnation is about twice as rich in butter fat (cream) and milk solids as an equal quantity of raw milk. Whip it according to the simple instructions given below, and you have a delicious "top touch" for desserts, cocoa, bouillon, salads and fruit dishes.

Carnation is cows' milk—fresh, pure, sweet, evaporated to the consistency of cream. It is hermetically sealed, then sterilized in the container, to maintain its wholesomeness and assure a safe milk supply for every milk purpose.

How to Whip Carnation Milk

Heat a can of Carnation Milk in boiling water. Then place on ice or in refrigerator until thoroughly chilled. Open can, pour into chilled bowl, whip with egg beater. Sweeten and flavor if desired. (Some cooks add a little lemon juice to make it whip faster.)

For cooking or drinking, dilute Carnation with an equal amount of pure water. When thin milk is desired for cooking, reduce the richness with more water.

Free Recipe Book

On request we will mail you free "The Story of Carnation Milk," containing one hundred choice, tested recipes, together with special folder "How to Whip Carnation Milk." Address Recipe Booklet Dept., Carnation Milk Products Co., 732 Consumers Bldg., Chicago.

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Carnation Milk Products Company

Seattle Chicago Aylmer, Ont.

Condenseries located in the better dairying sections of the United States and Canada

Remember—your grocer has Carnation Milk

Carnation Milk

From Contented Cows

Victor Shawe

(Continued from Page 54)

When I was twenty I went to Montana. A little later I drifted into Spokane and worked there for a while. It was there a miner started me right.

"Why don't you cut out this white-collar stuff?" he asked one day. "Come with me to the Cœur d'Alenes and I'll make a miner of you," he promised.

To the Cœur d'Alenes we went and he did his best by me. I was a proud youth when my education had progressed to a stage when I could hang my hat over my left eye and look a tough old mine boss in the face as I admitted that I was a regular hard-rock guy.

For several years a Western Federation union card was my passport from Alaska to Mexico, from the Gulf to the Hudson Bay country. Goldfield I knew when it was a good camp, and Cobalt, and all the little camps between.

In the course of one of those years I worked my way and beat my way nearly ten thousand miles. In midwinter I rode one of the Overlands from Colfax in California through the Sierra snowsheds and down to Reno, and played hide-and-seek with the train crew all the way. Later, one afternoon in spring, I climbed aboard a limited some fifty miles west of Omaha and rode the same train into Chicago the following morning.

Once I had a sort of furtive pride in some of those records. Now I am rather scandalized to think I should have ever behaved so.

In those days the impulse to write was always dominant. Each new experience was the theme for a story. But I hated what Fannie Hurst calls the appalling drudgery of composition. A hasty sketch, to be put away for future reference, was the limit of my patience. Once, while prospecting in Northern Ontario, I did complete several poems and sent them to the editor of a Canadian magazine. He published them and sent me several complimentary copies of the magazine as payment. They used to do that way a long time ago. Later I sent some verse to another magazine. A letter came from the editor accepting and praising the poem. He would be glad to publish it he said. And he would pay me three dollars upon publication.

Again it seemed as if the need for such articles as this was to be escaped. A miner could make three and a half dollars for working eight hours with drill and hammer. And the cash could be had when the day's work was done. I decided in favor of the drill and hammer.

When Hill and Harriman were staging their scrap up the Des Chutes Cañon I went there to see the fun. It was early summer when I reached Central Oregon and the ranchers were putting up their first cutting of hay. Labor was scarce. Many of the ranch hands were away working in the railroad camps. I knew railroad construction, but nothing of ranching. So as a matter of education I became a "hay hand." Later I located on a homestead. Teaching a district school was the natural and inevitable sequence. And then I was given the supervision of the schools in a county about the area of Massachusetts.

While engaged in this work I met a girl of the West, a college girl, a girl so imbued with Whitman ideals she believed the world was a good little old place and was getting better all the time. From the beginning it was evident that a long time would be required for us to settle the many questions upon which we disagreed. So I acquired a ranch and a cow or two that I might pose as a substantial citizen. Of course she had to help manage the place. In a way it seemed unfair to deprive children of her ideals and influence, so now there are three little Shawes who are being suggestionized by her.

A couple of winters ago we were snow-bound at the ranch. There was nothing else to do, so I wrote a story clear from start to finish. And the editor of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST bought it. He has bought others since. I hope it gets to be a habit with him.

In personal sketches such as this it is proper, perhaps, to go into details. But as Mrs. Shawe and I are the same age, the same height and the same weight you must judge of these matters from the picture. She tells her friends I am not as ornery as I look. This, it has been suggested, is a matter for argument.

These are two of my failings: a mania for books; a habit of trying anything once.

Just now I am obsessed with one ambition. In fact, I am positively single-minded on the subject. I want to reform public-school methods. Some day I shall start crusading, even Chautauqua-ing if necessary, to persuade the world that what is being accomplished by psychologists in private schools can also be accomplished in the public schools.

When the job is finished I'll be content to go back to a right good little ranch near a right good little town in Central Oregon where folks are real human and don't hold it against a fellow even if he does take his pen in hand occasionally.

Henry Payson Dowst

(Continued from Page 54)

Advertising is a business of the most absorbing interest; and the writing of copy is fine literary discipline. As I am at my desk every weekday from nine until five, I often wonder if business will in time get to be such a habit with me that it will interfere with my writing.

Once I deserted the advertising business for book-publishing—in Boston—and in two years learned enough about the sorrows of editorial work to give me a fellow feeling for manuscript buyers—or rejectors, as the case may be. But on the other hand, when you are on the publishing end of the literary game you meet an astonishing number of interesting people. We brought out a couple of books for Hallet, who used to blow in round closing time to play checkers and yarn about his "swagging" days in the Australian bush. Most writers are good oral story-tellers. Harris Dickson can tell the funniest darky-dialect anecdotes in the world. Doctor W. E. Aughinbaugh, at that time export editor of Leslie's, gave us his Selling Latin America to publish, and having spent eighteen years below the equator he is a mint of good entertainment.

Then there was Captain "Bob" Bartlett, who sailed the Roosevelt for Peary and got nearer the North Pole than any other white man except the explorer himself. After spending a year or two in the frozen North he would come to Boston and stay at the City Club, just round the corner from our office, dropping in every day to complain about the cold weather we were having.

In June, 1913, Bartlett sailed off into the mysterious North again as commander of the Karluk, flagship of Stefansson's Canadian Arctic Expedition, and we did not hear from him until a year later, when one Sunday morning Ralph Hale, our editor, telephoned me that Bartlett had reached Saint Michael, Alaska, and had wired his Boston friends of his safety. Afterward Bartlett and Hale wrote The Last Voyage of the Karluk, an account of one of the most thrilling adventures in the history of the Arctic.

Another Bartlett whose work we published was Frederick Orin, well known to SATURDAY EVENING POST readers. He and Hale and I used to go to the Harvard Club and have lunch and play checkers. As a checker player, Fred is one of our best short-story writers.

This particular publishing house was the one which brought out Letters From a Self-Made Merchant to His Son and the immortal works of Mr. Dooley. That was before my day. Both were best sellers. The publishing business is like playing the roulette wheel. You can lose money faster than Rockefeller can make it, but if you "hit a good one" it is like striking a gold mine. The Self-Made Merchant is going yet. I suppose in no other business of a merchandising character is there this bonanza element, which helps to make publishing so fascinating.

In 1900 I married Margaret Starr, a Virginia girl, and she has trailed along with me ever since, bringing up our three children in the way she blooming well intends they shall go and shooing them away from my vicinity when I am trying to write. Every time I finish a chapter or get to a hard place, I go to the top of the stairs and shout:

"Hey, hon, come and read me this junk, will you?"

She always does, and that helps me decide whether I want to tear up what I have written or go on to the bitter end. Her critical judgment is very sound, and while I never agree with her suggestions at the start, I usually compromise by accepting them.

We live in a village on Long Island that looks exactly like Spotless Town as you pass by in the train. Our elder son is nearly fifteen, and is a cadet in a military school in Florida. Our younger son is thirteen, and has not yet decided whether he prefers to be a cowboy or a burglar. Our little daughter of eight is thinking seriously of choosing a career on the stage. So as a family we are reasonably busy.

After I finish this autobiography I have to write six pieces of advertising copy and make layouts. To-morrow morning at the office we will start the art work, decide on the type and have them set. Then we will have a "client conference," and if the client doesn't throw down the whole series you will perhaps see some of them in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST one of these days.

But you will not know I wrote 'em.

Julian Street

(Continued from Page 54)

father of Louis James, later famous as an actor. But my recollections go back of that, for not only my father and I, but my grandfather and I were boys together. Once when we were seven or eight years old we stood on the steps of a house in Portsmouth, New Hampshire, and saw Lafayette drive by.

When my grandfather moved with his wife and children to Chicago it was a place of about thirty thousand inhabitants. Their first house had no cellar. It stood on posts. And though I don't remember living in that house, which was on the West Side, I seem to remember how the wind, sweeping under it, used to lift the carpet on the parlor floor. The first house I actually remember living in was a comfortable old square frame one which my grandfather owned much later. It was in the district known as Oakland, near Lake Michigan at Fortieth Street. It had a small front yard and a somewhat larger back yard in which were gooseberry and currant bushes. There was a row of English lindens at one side, convenient for climbing. Oakland was then a suburban section not fully built up. I witnessed the rise of that part of the city and I have witnessed its decay—for though a few of the old families remain, it is now largely a region of boarding houses and small apartment buildings.

We knew our neighbors intimately. Practically all were of old American stock, a generation or two removed from New England. The grown-ups used to visit on one another's front porches in the summer evenings, and we boys used to enter one another's houses without ringing or knocking at the door.

Most of the houses stood alone on modest lots, though some of the larger ones had pleasant lawns and gardens. As time went on a few blocks of houses were built, and toward the last apartment buildings too. But even the best houses of our neighborhood—those we sometimes referred to as mansions—had not more than one bathroom.

We were a God-fearing, churchgoing community. Adults and children alike led simple, wholesome lives. We venerated the two distinguished men of our neighborhood—Senator Lyman Trumbull, a noble old figure, who drew the Thirteenth Amendment to the Constitution and was the intimate of Lincoln, and Chief Justice Melville W. Fuller, who had a shock of snow-white hair not unlike Mark Twain's. Also we had in the neighborhood one or two millionaires, and the fact that they were millionaires caused them to be widely respected, without regard to any other considerations. For that was before the days of muck-raking.

Our little district was without scandals. There was never a divorce in the neighborhood or any nasty gossip that I know of. Everyone seemed to be happy. When a respectable widower who lived round the corner married for the second time we children regarded the case as strange, somewhat humorous and just a little shocking. We pitied our playmates who thus acquired a stepmother, quite without regard to the qualifications of the lady in question. The idea of a stepmother seemed horrible.

The more affluent of our neighbors kept a horse or two—never more than two—a surrey and perhaps also a buggy. The horses were cared for by the hired man, who also washed windows, cut the grass, tended furnace and shoveled snow from the sidewalks in winter.

After many years one family on our block sold its house and moved away. That reminds me that each family owned the house it lived in; to live in a rented house did not, somehow, seem quite nice. The new family that moved in was not like the rest of us. The women—mother and daughters—overdressed, according to the neighborhood idea; they wore large diamonds, their hair was of a suspicious taffy color—much less usual then than now—and their cheeks were of an excessive and uniform rosiness. There was a rumor that they painted their faces! We children whispered of it as of a report of some fantastic crime.

This new family introduced us to a vehicle other than the buggy and the surrey. They rode forth of an afternoon in a victoria with jingling silver chains, driven not by a hired man but by a coachman in livery. We had never seen a coachman in livery before. It was too much. These people were pronounced common. Our mothers did not call upon them—though once when there was a death in their household I believe this rule was for a brief time suspended.

Very few of our neighbors went away in the summer. It was not thought necessary then. Those who did go away stayed only two or three weeks as a rule. The summer resorts we knew were not those of the East, but of Michigan and Wisconsin. Once in a while some family would go South in the winter, but not for pleasure—only because of illness. To go East was something almost as extraordinary as to go abroad. To be sure, the parents of a few of my playmates had been abroad in some dim ages of the past. The stories of these trips were historic among us children. The father of one family had been aboard the Umbria when she was struck by a tidal wave. His sons never tired of boasting of that. Another boy claimed that his father had not only been to Russia but had seen the Czar. But that was too improbable. We all considered it a lie.

Except when very young we did not have nurses, and governesses we never had. As soon as we were old enough to run about we were turned loose to roam the neighborhood. We ran in packs, playing in one another's houses, yards and stables and in the vacant lots and the alleys. We climbed fences and trees, dug caves, built shanties, made bonfires, shot slings, broke a good many windows, fought, teased our sisters and played marbles, baseball and peg top. We knew that Maud S. had done a mile in two eight and three-quarters; we were interested in Kilrain and John L. Sullivan; Pop Anson was our baseball hero. The public school was good enough for us. We all went there. There was practically no foreign element in our school.

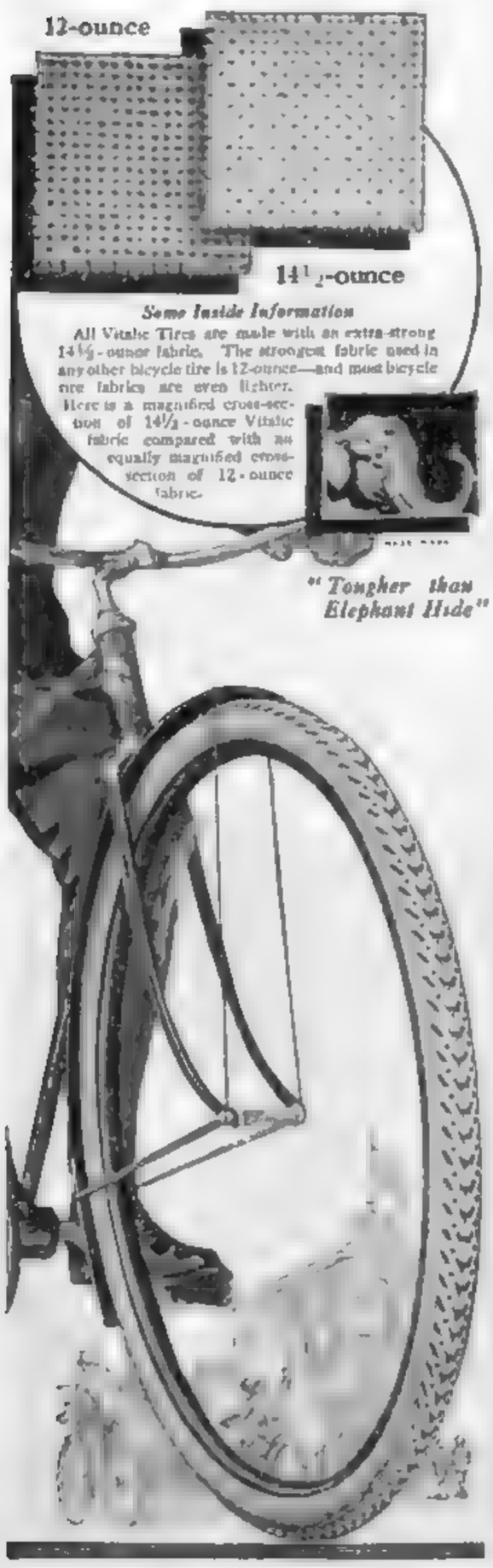
A little before the opening of the Chicago World's Fair there came to our school a boy whose father, Mr. Robert E. A. Dorr, had been managing editor of a Philadelphia newspaper. Mr. Dorr was connected with the fair. I became attached to this family, and I think it may have been

VITALIC
Bicycle Tires

A Little More Money For Many More Miles

When you buy Vitalic Bicycle Tires you pay a little more money for a lot more miles. Vitalics last longer, look better and ride easier than so-called cheap tires. And if you figure tire costs on a mileage basis, Vitalics are always the most economical tires you can buy. On the best makes of bicycles Vitalic Tires are standard equipment. They improve the appearance of any wheel.

Continental Rubber Works
Erie, Pa.


12-ounce
14½-ounce
Some Inside Information
All Vitalic Tires are made with an extra-strong 14½-ounce fabric. The strongest fabric used in any other bicycle tire is 12-ounce—and most bicycle tire fabrics are even lighter.
Here is a magnified cross-section of 14½-ounce Vitalic fabric compared with an equally magnified cross-section of 12-ounce fabric.
"Tougher than Elephant Hide"

through knowing the father and admiring him that I began to think I should like to be a newspaper man when I should grow up. To see all manner of things and write about them seemed a desirable sort of life.

After a while, because I was doing badly in school and was in a fair way to become a neighborhood pest, it was decided to send me to boarding school. The school to which I went was in St. Catharines, Ontario. I spent three years there. On the school paper I did my first writing and first learned the joy of congenial work. I am afraid the work on the paper was the only work I did in school. I may have thought I worked at my lessons, but I realize now that I was lazy and indifferent. The only subjects in which I stood well were those which were naturally easy to me. Save for the trouble I got into when I failed to pass examinations, I did not care whether I passed or not. My mind was utterly undisciplined. I have paid dear for it since.

College did not tempt me. When I left school I still desired to become a newspaper man. Unable to get on any Chicago paper, I went to work in my father's railroad office at seventeen. A few months later I got a job in an advertising agency. That seemed at least a trifle nearer to the printer's ink for which I yearned. In less than two years I had four different jobs and failed in all of them. I had never learned to work at things I did not enjoy. Without intending to I was shirking the distasteful tasks.

In the meantime the World's Fair had come and gone. Mr. Dorr had moved with his family to New York, where he had become publisher of an evening newspaper. When I was nineteen I went East and asked him for a job. He started me at once as a reporter. Until then I had floundered, but thenceforward I was happy. I was not a very capable reporter, but I loved the work no less than I had expected to. At twenty I was put in charge of the dramatic department of the paper—a post for which I was not of course sufficiently mature. Never before or since have I felt so self-important. At first nights I was nothing less than Olympian. I reviewed a revival of Sardou's Patrie under the impression that it was a new play, and when Florodora opened in New York I pronounced it a failure. Probably no musical comedy ever ran so long as Florodora, or made so much money. And that was but one step in my progress to sublime heights of callow asininity. It is bad for a youth to be a critic—very bad. Indeed, it is dangerous for a man at any age to be placed where he can lay down the law with no one to talk back to him.

At twenty I became more than a critic. I became also a husband. Reviewing matters from the vantage point of forty, I believe in young marriages. It does not seem to me that young people make more matrimonial mistakes than older people do.

A year after we were married my wife and I took a little trip abroad. My patron, Mr. Dorr, having died, I found on my return that someone else was to have my job as critic. At the time I felt as bitter as a little dethroned king. The recollection enables me to imagine how the Kaiser probably feels to-day. No doubt he feels that the world is ungrateful and unjust. He is a critic out of a job. He has been fired. And he doesn't realize that the kind of firing he deserves is that provided by a firing squad. My own critical writings entitled me to something like that, too, but I didn't know it any more than he does.

For the next three or four years I dabbled in the advertising business. Then I sold out to my partner and went abroad again, determined to try to write for the magazines. I should never have had the audacity to attempt such a thing had it not been for the continual encouragement—nay, the continual spurring—of my wife. It took me several months to finish my first story and I was in a state of utter hopelessness about it when I sent it to a magazine. Lo! it was accepted. The acceptance dazed and terrified me. I was convinced it was a fluke. In a state of frenzied fear I wrote another story. When that was accepted, too, I began to get a little confidence. I do not mean that I esteemed myself a gifted author, but that I began to believe that, such as my wares were, I could market them, and to perceive that I had stood in too great awe of editors and magazines. Since then I have kept on writing stories and articles.

Writing has always been hard for me. I marvel at those who can write rapidly and well. Often I spend two months over a single short story. That would not be so bad were the story immortal when completed. My working hours are irregular and unlimited. Sometimes I work both day and night. I should do all my work at night were night work not so disorganizing to one's life. In New York, where I am likely to be disturbed, I shut myself up so that I cannot be reached even by telephone. Holidays and Sundays make no difference. I am so slow that I have to work longer than other people do. My slowness is my great stumbling block, and I would not be so slow now had I learned as a boy to buckle down to work. I was twenty when I started to learn to do that and thirty before I became really a hard worker. At thirty college might have helped me; before that it would have done me no good because I would not have allowed it to do me any good. As things stand, I regard my practical education as having begun when I became a newspaper reporter.

When I start a story I am enthusiastic over the idea. After struggling with it for a while I become tired, but I keep on, and by the time the story is finished I usually loathe it. To this day I often find myself a little bit surprised when the story is accepted and paid for. Perhaps my readers are too! Sometimes, however, I get a not unpleasant reaction from reading some story of mine when it appears in print a few months after having been completed.

"Why," I say to myself, surprised, "this isn't such a bad story after all!" But a few years later, if I look over it again, I find that I was wrong. It is a bad story. It ought to be rewritten from beginning to end.

And yet, with all the struggling, with all my awareness of my limitations, I am happy. For I am free. I can go when and where I please. I can take my work to the country, or abroad, or wherever I want to go. Moreover, as lives go, mine has been interesting. I have known people worth knowing and had experiences worth having. And if I haven't done work worth doing, at least I have done the work I loved to do. At twelve I aspired to be a writer. At forty I still aspire to be one. I had rather be a novelist—a big novelist—than any other thing in the world.

Telephone Manners and Methods

THOUGH the telephone is only a little more than forty years old it has become one of the chief essentials to modern business. However, it is perhaps one of the least appreciated and most abused of all our everyday utilities. Cussing the phone is almost a universal habit and one that is not always justified by faults in the service we get. Telephone traffic in New York and other large cities in recent months has been running fifty per cent above normal, and these extraordinary demands are being put upon properties that have not recovered from the suspension of development work caused by the war.

It is doubtful whether any kind of public service during the last decade has had to meet such a large expansion of trade as the telephone business. Nothing short of a critical situation could help but result from arresting development for a year. In New York and in other cities the telephone companies are hurrying the installation of new equipment to recover control of the situation; but when we remember that a new toll board for our largest city is alone costing one and a quarter million dollars it is easy to understand how difficult it is to make material additions to such complicated plants.

The telephone construction program for New York City this year calls for an expenditure of $27,000,000.

But all the foregoing is only a hasty view of the situation from the angle of the telephone companies. There is another side of the question that more directly concerns the citizen, and that is the proper and efficient use of the phone service now available. In New York City at present there are 3,500,000 telephone calls a day; this is one million more than the daily average of four years ago. Out of each 100 connections made nearly seven show a delay of one minute before the person called answers. This means that in telephoning New Yorkers lose 245,000 minutes, or 510 working days of eight hours each, every twenty-four hours.

When the demands of war made it necessary for the phone companies to economize they started by refusing to answer inquiries asking the time of day. This saving amounted to 250,000 calls every twenty-four hours in New York City alone.

The telephone will never be the business asset it might be until our public-telephone habits are improved. Every day in New York's vast traffic there are more than 60,000 wrong connections made as a result of incorrect numbers given by telephone users. These errors are distinct from the wrong connections made by operators misunderstanding numbers. Too many people rely upon memory instead of consulting the directory.

Ten Commandments

Telephone courtesy on the part of its employees is a matter of vital concern to every business or industrial concern. When you are speaking on company matters you are the company to the person with whom you are talking. You have it in your power to win or lose friends for the corporation that pays for your services.

It isn't always what you say but rather how you say it that counts. Many a man has got his bad opinion of a business organization from the rude telephone conduct of a dyspeptic employee. Here are ten commandments for telephone usage:

1. Answer the telephone immediately. Two per cent of all the calls that are made are wasted because the party calling gets impatient at the delay and hangs up. Many profitable business transactions that might have been landed thus fall through. Wires are held and other calls delayed.

2 Eliminate the waste of words that results from saying "Hello." Avoid preliminaries by announcing your name or that of your department or company. On answering the bell say "Mr. Blanks speaking."

3. Every call deserves prompt attention. If you are not the one wanted get the right person. If he is out of the office offer to take the message. You never know how important the matter may be.

4. Have a pad and pencil always ready. Don't keep the caller holding the line while you search for paper to record the message.

5. Speak with courtesy. Remember that you are not face to face and therefore cannot soften the effect of a harsh voice by showing a winning smile.

6. Try to visualize your man at the other end of the line. Keep your voice cordial. Concentrate on the business at hand. Speak in a low tone and distinctly, keeping your lips about one-half inch from the mouthpiece of the instrument.

7. Don't try to save a minute at the other fellow's expense. If there is any waiting to be done it is the caller's obligation to do it.

8. If in calling you are given a wrong number bear in mind that the person who answers is not to blame. He should be given the same treatment you would accord him if you walked into his office in error. To help avoid such mistakes always know the number; don't guess. Don't jiggle the hook to recall the operator. When you turn the light on and off too rapidly, like any other electric bulb it may not glow. Move the hook up and down slowly.

9. In asking for your number pause slightly between the hundreds and tens. This helps the operator, for the numbers are arranged on the switchboard by hundreds and tens, and the operator locates them by first finding the right section of hundreds and then getting the exact jack for the tens given her.

10. Never forget that during a telephone talk you are the sole representative of your company to the person on the other end of the wire. Never forget the story of the buyer who called a certain business house, and when the private-switchboard operator demanded sharply "Who are you?" he replied:

"I'm a man who is through buying from your house as long as you are there."

Here is a real opportunity for a man with a small amount of money and good average common sense and industry to make a good deal of money on a small investment

THREE kinds of people can go into the business to advantage: (1) people who want to be in business for themselves: (2) people who are already in another business and want to add an easy but good profit-maker to it: (3) people who are now in the candy business and want increased volume and profits.

The business is: manufacturing candy kisses by machine, putting the machine in a store window—manufacturing, advertising, and selling all in one—making money out of crowds.

Everybody likes to see a machine in motion. Human nature is the same in small towns as well as large cities. They all like to "see the wheels go round," for this is the age of machinery.

Four years ago a man out West had a small candy kiss business—girl wrapping kisses by hand in his window. He put our kiss machine into that window, attracted the crowds, sold a lot of kisses, made money, took another store in the same town, got another machine, sold kisses to other stores, and kept on growing until he made $21,000 profit last year. Another man, in a New England town, not then in business, started with a few hundred dollars, and in a short time was selling kisses to the country round and making $10,000 a year. Another man started two years ago and made $14,000 last year—and so on. The least we have heard of anybody making in one year was $3,000 and that was his first year.

We said the business requires industry—work. So it does: so does any business. But it is an easy business just the same.

1. It is simple—just kisses, unless you want to add to it later on. The formulas are simple (we furnish our customers with a book of formulas).

2. Easy to make. Cooking the batch is easy—we give full directions. A pulling machine, operated by electricity in your store window or out back, does the pulling. The kiss machine shapes, cuts, and wraps the kisses—a girl can tend it.

3. Easy to sell—the machine in the window just pulls people in. This is one of the very few businesses in which manufacturing, advertising, and selling are all in one unit.

4. There's a good demand—no limit to consumption. Everybody likes kisses—boys, girls, fathers, mothers, rich people, poor people. The businesses of our customers show steady growth.

5. Requires very little capital. You can buy the kiss machine on instalment. The rest of the equipment is simple and not costly, and you buy your materials as you use them.

6. The volume of business is great in proportion to the capital invested—you turn your money over a great many times a year.

7. You can do a wholesale business. As your kisses become known, other stores will want to sell them.

8. It is a safe business. Everybody in it makes money.

A good business must be built on sound fundamentals. And experience proves that the fundamentals of the candy kiss business, with the machine making kisses in the window, are sound. You have a good demand, you get the crowds whenever you want them. You have all the steps which Sheldon, the great teacher of salesmanship, says are necessary to a successful sale: (1) Favorable attention, (2) Interest, (3) Desire, (4) Action. And the business is easy, simple, profitable, and safe.

For eight years we have been furnishing the kiss machines to companies and individuals all over the country. We've seen people start in the business, seen them grow. They have ordered machines over and over again, and other people, seeing their success, have come to us from remote parts of the country—and the world—to get our kiss machine.

As you see, this is a great business and a great opportunity. Think what an addition it would be to lots of stores which people are passing by—candy, cigar, restaurant, drug, grocery, or some other business that goes well with kisses—how it pulls the people in! We really should have told you about this great opportunity before, and intended to; but the war and pressure of other business have prevented us.

Now! Do you want to go into business for yourself and be independent? Have you a business to which you want to add a good profit-maker? Are you in the candy business already?

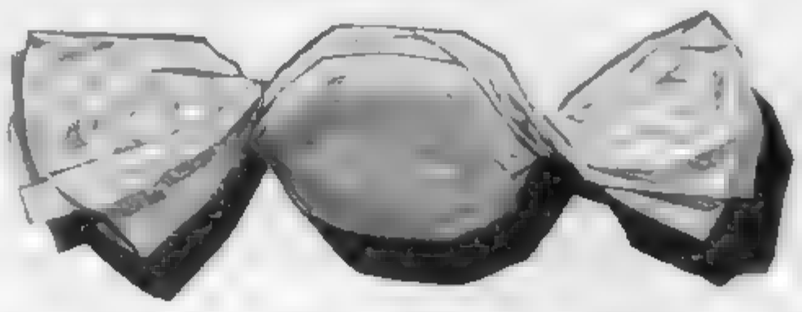
Then send for our book—the careful book which we have written about "Your Opportunity in the Candy Kiss Business." It answers all the questions you will probably want to ask about this profitable business and how to get into it. Fill out the attached coupon and mail to us, and at the same time tell us as much as you care to about yourself and your present business and what kind of location you have in mind. We'll try to come back at you with real help; we want everybody in the business to make money.

Here is one of our kiss machines in a store on Broadway, New York—Nedick, the orange-juice man. Two years ago he bought his first machine. Last fall he bought a second one for another of his stores. He has just ordered a third for his Coney Island Booth.

We build wrapping machines of various kinds for the greatest concerns in the United States, such as

National Candy Co	N K Fairbank Co
Beechnut Packing Co	Procter & Gamble Co
Gillette Safety Razor Co	Swift & Co
American Sugar Refining Co	Andrew Jergens Co
Walter Baker & Co	Palmolive Co
Borden's Milk Co	National Biscuit Co
Ghirardelli Co	Loose-Wiles Biscuit Co
Hershey Chocolate Co	Mueller Macaroni
Touraine Co (Chocolate)	National Starch Co
American Chicle Co	American Tobacco Co
William Wrigley Jr Co	Liggett & Myers Co
Armour & Co	R J Reynolds Tobacco Co
Colgate & Co	Postum Cereal Co

These well-known national companies have each from five to seventy of our machines which wrap their various articles clean, tight, and saleable, and save millions of dollars every year. To meet their demands, we have repeatedly enlarged our plant and now have the largest and best equipped factory in the world devoted wholly to the building of wrapping machines.



This is one of the wrapped kisses that come tumbling out of the Model K Kiss Cutting and Wrapping Machine 120 or more to the minute—2 every second—as fast as you can count them.

COUPON. Fill out, cut out, and mail:

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Please send your book on the candy kiss business.

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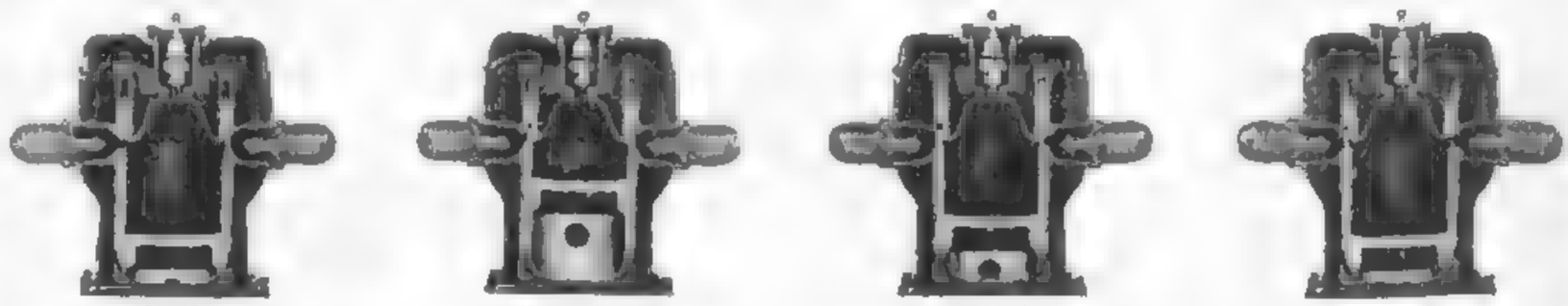

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To this outstanding reason for its great popularity is added its *quietness of operation.* Two sleeves in each cylinder, gliding one within the other in a film of oil between cylinder wall and piston, move *quietly* and effectively. They accomplish intake and exhaust of gas without the clashing of steel cams or noisy seating of valve heads.

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CANADIAN FACTORY WEST TORONTO, CANADA

THE POETS' CORNER

Morning-Glories

ERE yet the sun has clambered
Above the eastern hills,
When daylight yet is chambered
Save what the young dawn spills,
I see them gleaming ghostly,
I hear their whispers low;
I know they're speaking mostly
Of days they used to know,
With Fuji-yama dreaming
Beneath his crest of snow!

They're born of moonbeams woven
With weft of rainbow gleams;
Their fragrance, faint and cloven,
Is like the scent of dreams.
Where all the porch's shade is,
And all the dew is on,
These fine and fragile ladies
That dance along the dawn,
These morning-glory ladies
With gowns from old Nippon.

Gay as bazaars that blossom
Along the Yeddo ways,
Their radiant hues embosom
The tranquil inland bays
Whose opal tints are glowing
Or merged in melting mist;
Where fishermen are rowing,
Where inlets curve and twist;
And wistarias are sowing
Their blooms of amethyst.

I see the old road swinging,
Through miles of tender grass;
I hear the coolies singing,
I see the people pass;
The tea-house doors are folding,
The shojis all are drawn,
The east wind wanders, holding
Strange secrets of the dawn
When the morning-glory ladies
Are dancing on the lawn.

No geishas they, but slender
Bright maidens doomed to death;
To bloom an hour in splendor,
To fade as in a breath;
Like dreams we dreamed together,
Dear heart, in days agone,
When in the misty weather
We roamed through old Nippon;
Like snow on Fuji's bosom—
So long that dream is done!

—Mary Lanier Magruder.

A Song of Summer

THE red moon comes like a golden bubble,
And floats in the velvet sky;
There is no wind in the huddled trees,
No sound in the uncut rye.
The night is hushed, and the world stands still,
As though Time passed us by.

The darkness goes, and the dawn comes up;
Her light is on the hill;
And soon the large hand of the sun
Shall work his fiery will.
High noon again—and another day
Unutterably still!

O passionate yet drowsy hours
That drift so idly on,
Ye give us time to dream once more
Of summers softly flown. . . .
I think of one immortal June
That never can be gone!

—Charles Hanson Towne.

The Old Road

BY SHELVING banks and sedges
Where doves fly low at eve;
By pasture lands and hedges,
By streams that slip and sieve
The sunlight on each pebble,
Gray pearl or russet brown;
Past bird songs shrill and treble,
And old homes looking down,
The dear road, the long road,
The old road into town.

Past meadows green and level
And hillsides red and steep,
With little lambs at revel
While placid mothers sleep;
Past wild haw thickets holding
Hips stained a dusky brown;
And mallow cups infolding
A wild queen's golden crown,
The dim road, the long road,
The old road into town.

And on a high hill lifting
Tall chimneys one by one,
With giant maples shifting
Their shadows with the sun;
The old house of my fathers
With windows looking down
Through gray and pleasant weathers
On the old road into town;
The far road, the long road,
The old road into town.

I wonder do the wagons
Go laden as of old,
With cheese and homely flagons
Of cider, sparkling cold?
I used to hear them rumbling;
Their teamsters had renown,
Their great loads never tumbling
The sweet hay cured and brown
On the long road, the far road,
The old road into town.

With scents as from Malacca
Or hot isles past Johore,
The great loads of tobacco
Went lumbering past the door;
Dark leaf and stem, they glistened
Soft piebald, satin brown;
I swung the fence and listened
The men's talk riding down
The far road, the long road,
The old road into town.

Some day old dreams will take me
Far from the city's stone,
When trilling bird songs wake me
I'll fare me forth alone;
I'll climb the steep hill, knowing
The old dream's not in vain,
When I take the old road going
Through twilight's mist and rain,
The old road, the long road,
The dear road home again!

—Mary Lanier Magruder.

Grand Cañon

A Rhapsody in Four Rhaps—and Several Knocks

I CAME to view, like all the rest
Of tourists, who with voices loud
Will praise. Escaping from the crowd
I stand, awe-stricken on the crest.

What's this that stirs me to the core?
Sensation wondrous strange and new!
O Poesy! It must be you,
Who never moved me thus before.

To think that to me you'd disclose
Your presence! Well, we might do worse
Than try together classic verse,
If we can be alone. Here goes:

Rhap One

O vision wonderfully vast, sublime!
What cataclysm terrible has torn
Earth's breast apart so frightfully, which Time
And summer rains and melting snows have worn?
A girl behind me says to her companion:
"So this is the cañon!"

Rhap Two

"Between two worlds life hovers like a star,"
So Byron said, "upon the horizon's verge!"
Here, on the rim, I stand and gaze afar
And catch faint echo of "the eternal surge."
A duffer calls aloud: "Hey, Cully!
Here's the gully!"

Rhap Three

A white cloud swiftly sails the cerulean sea
And casts its shadow in that nether deep.
The cloud itself much nearer is to me
Than its own shadow, that scarce seems to creep.
Someone beside me says: "By George!
Some gorge!"

Rhap Four

Fantastic shapes of such titanic size
That in perspective, miles away, are great
Embattlements and turrets, walls that rise,
Pile on pile, cathedrals, halls of state.
A sweet thing murmurs low: "This is
Some view, eh, Liz!"

Why will they come and interrupt us so!
I'm so distracted I can hardly think.
O Poesy, our new-found love might grow
If I could only push them off this brink!
To-day we'll act like any other dub—
Let's go to grub! —S. M. Rinehart.

Plans

I DON'T know what I'm goin' t' be
When I'm a great big man;
They're makin' lots o' plans fer me,
As families only can;
An' each one has a different thing
That I'm supposed t' do,
But no one ever thinks t' ast:
"Does that appeal t' you?"

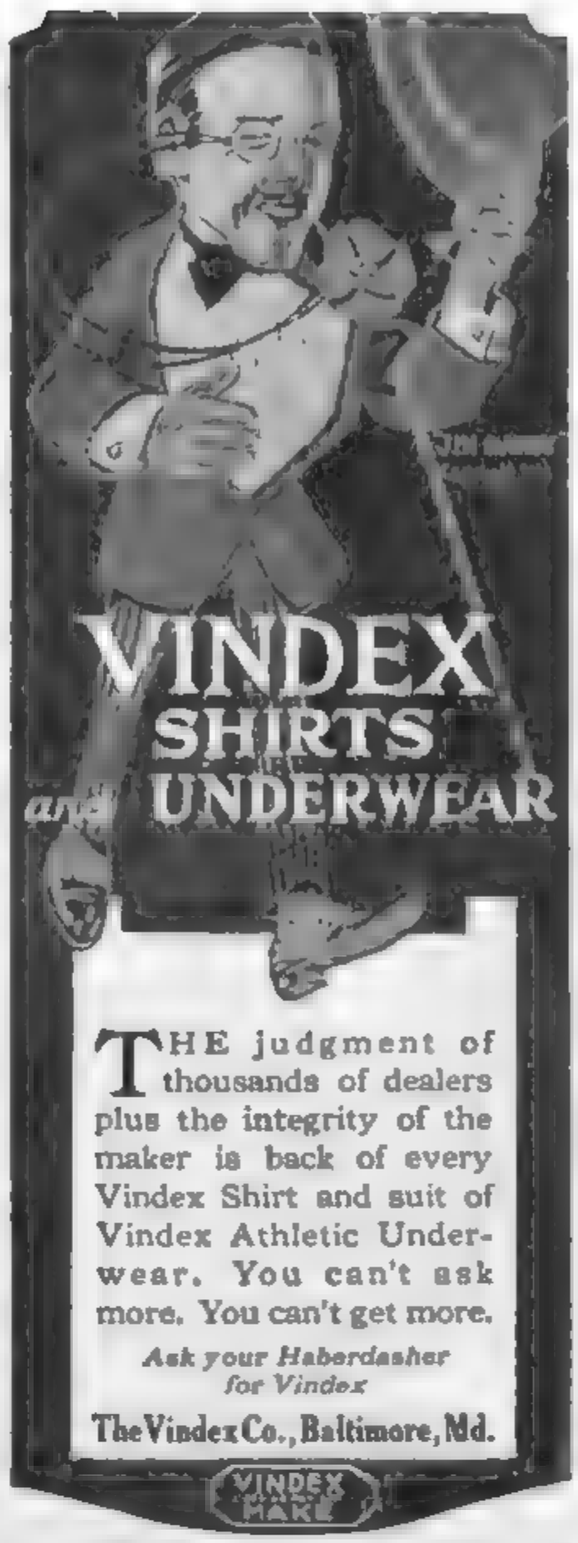
Now dad, fer instance, thinks that I
Should study law like him,
An' fix up people's wills an' things;
But that's so turrible grim;
While mother leans t' medicine,
An' bandages an' ills,
An' cuttin' legs from offern folks,
An' castor oil an' pills.

M' grandma says I'll have t' be
A clergyman. Guess not!
T' dress m'self the wrong side 'bout,
An' look like some ink spot.
M' sister thinks I oughter learn
T' wing in op-er-roar;
An' grandpa says he got his start
In Spirin's grocery store.

They go on plannin' day by day
What they will do with me,
But no one seems t' care a darn
What I should like t' be,
'Cause no one speaks o' firemen,
Er police, er engineers,
Er motormen, er generals,
Er pirate buccaneers.

But that's the worst o' bein' small,
With relatives galore;
I'd take moe' anything fer mine
An' never ast fer more;
But when I'm big an' know a lot,
I'll never, never plan
Fer any little growin' boy
What wants t' be a man!

—W. Dayton Wegefarth.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Buddies, Antibuddies and Superbuddies—By Maude Radford Warren

THE other night I was at a movie and, to my happiness, was seated behind a row of veterans just returned from Germany. The movie was an old-fashioned thriller, at the end of which the villain was thrown from a cliff two hundred feet high.

Immediately the soldiers yelled in chorus: "Give him iodine and a pill and let him report back for duty."

Then, while advertisements of movies for the following week were flashed upon the screen, this talk ensued:

"Say, Jim, remember how they ran the army on iodine and pills? If a poor guy had a broken leg, even, they'd paint him up with iodine and pitch him back to duty!"

"Say, you guys better look out. Some of the folks on this side might think you meant that."

"Well, if they did, I'd spill them an earful about that time the doc let me stick round his dugout when I had the machine-gun bullet, so I wouldn't have to leave my buddy."

"Say, that was the fellow you used to tote his pack for the last ten miles on every hike, wasn't it?"

"Sure, I did. He'd have done the same for me if I'd needed it and he had the strength. I figured I could count on him for anything; and I could too. When we got in a mix-up with Jerry up at Château-Thierry he bayoneted a bird that was coming full swing at me, when I had my hands full with another bird. He knew I wasn't as good in a mix-up as he was, and he always kept an eye peeled for me if he could. He sure was one prime pal. We're figuring on getting jobs with the same outfit if we can."

"Well, it'll be someone to chin with about old times. Those days were not so worse, were they?"

If the comedy thriller had not at that moment been flashed on the screen much more of that do-you-remember talk would have followed. I had had a good sample of it only the night before. It was at a small gathering in the home of a youth who had all along stayed in mufti. There were present two or three other civilians like himself, half a dozen girls and three returned soldiers—a second lieutenant, a sergeant and a corporal. They had all met once or twice since the soldiers had returned.

As my friend Paul, a shavetail, put it:

"The girls had said to each of us: 'Now sit down and tell us all about what it was like over there.' Well, that's a pretty large order, you know. You might just as well say 'Sit right down and describe creation.' Any fellow would come back with just what I did: 'Oh, we just went over and fought, that's all. Tell me what you've been doing.' Well, we heard what they had been doing, all right, but more of what they are doing at the present time. I don't know how it strikes the other fellows that have come back, but I know that I'm not yet a part of what they are doing at the present time. I have a curiously left-out feeling. I'm like a chip on the bank with the water flowing just a little way beneath it. The water hasn't reached up to sweep me in yet, but of course it will."

The Friendships Made Overseas

I WAS not surprised, therefore, to find that the talk that evening was dealing with the present and not with the past, and that the men in mufti were doing most of the masculine talking, and the soldiers were listening.

The soldier hasn't been home two days before he finds out that he and the friends he left behind him don't speak the same language any more.

Nothing but patience and sympathy and imaginative penetration can bridge the gulf. The soldiers are still resting on their experience; still, mostly unconsciously, living in the past. The civilians have rushed on with the current, are living in the present and the future. The soldiers again, unconsciously, feel that they have won a terrible wisdom because they have been through experiences which the civilians cannot realize. It may be that this wisdom has added, if not a sense of superiority, certainly one of disappointed separation. And it is all more or less cloudy. So, till the gulf is bridged it is little wonder that the soldiers find their chief happiness in association with one another, in deepening, if it were possible to deepen, them, the friendships made overseas.

"He's my buddy." That meant infinitely more overseas than did, before the war, the civilian statement "He's my bunkie." A bunkie was one's chief friend, who worked with one and shared one's life more intimately than anyone else. But a buddy was a bunkie carried to the *n*th power. A bunkie belonged only to the working-class station, while a pal—on whom one could count less intimately than a bunkie—belonged to the upper strata. A buddy belongs to all strata, all classes. A bunkie or a pal stuck to one through the ordinary civilian round of living, but a buddy stuck to one through living and dying. Life for buddies was concentrated, intense. It meant complete service—service given at personal cost, sometimes at the risk of life. The affection that a soldier would ordinarily lavish upon his people at home accrued to his buddy. Their relationship meant a loyalty and devotion that went infinitely deep. It was recognized simply by all other members of the squad or platoon or company. The two were taken for granted, as a married couple would be at home. But they were much closer than the average married couple, for their interests were identical. They did the same work, shared the same food, the same amusements, spent more time together than married couples ever do. Now that they are back in the old and oddly unfamiliar civilian world, that overseas friendship means, if possible, more than it did before.

Looking Out for Buddy's Brother

SOMETIMES these buddies gave each other the commonplace daily service that is taken for granted, and sometimes they served each other dramatically. One time up in the Argonne two wounded soldiers were brought to the aid station where I was working. They had been wounded in a wood so dense that there were only trails, no roads, and they had to be littered out. For a long time they waited in vain for litter-bearers; then the less seriously wounded soldier, who had a compass, carried and dragged his companion several hundred yards to the edge of the wood, where they were found. It took him several hours. When he was brought to the aid station he was in worse case than his friend.

"You must have cared a good deal for your buddy to do that for him," I remarked.

"It's a debt I owe," he said.

Later on, when he was revived with a hot drink, he told me the story.

"This fellow's brother," he said, "was my buddy—the best ever. Couple of months ago when we were chasing the Germans pretty close up I was out on outpost duty, and a shell smashed down on me, wounded me. My buddy—he was a sergeant—came out to look for me. He found me bleeding pretty bad and fixed me up. Just then the Germans began to rain down machine-gun fire, not only on me but on our line that was advancing. I begged my buddy to go back. Instead of that he jumped out of the shell hole where we were, ran out a few yards and picked up a light Maxim gun that Jerry had left behind. He started an enfilading fire and just naturally supported the whole line, and incidentally saved my life, for the machine gunners turned their fire on him as their target until they killed him. By this time our line had gone up farther and the Germans were beating it back with their guns.

"I crawled to the aid station and managed it so that I got back to my old outfit. Then I was put in a platoon with my buddy's brother, and I've sort of had an eye on him ever since. My buddy was always afraid something would happen to his brother. I figured I might have a chance to help him out some day."

A soldier may have had a succession of buddies, but there is always one for whom he treasures an especial affection. Once, up in Germany, I was spending a day with the outfit to which my friend Binks belongs. He had been talking of the merits of the soldier with whom he was billeted, a tall, scantling sort of man with a gift for salvaging.

"Did you ever have more than one buddy, Binks?" I asked.

For a minute Binks did not answer and I was afraid I had touched some painful chord.

"I was just mooning," he said at last. "If anyone asks me a question it starts so many memories going that I hardly know which to begin on. When you spoke it made me see the old darn thing I have been through so often; half a dozen of us fellows lying in the mud and water, close together to keep warm, two by two, wrapped in the same two blankets. We'd be growling in undertones, mad because we hadn't been withdrawn as they had promised. We'd begin to knock the Government. Why didn't they release us? Did they want us all to be killed? But just let one of the new fellows, one of the replacements, open up his bill, and we'd knock him on the nose. 'What call have you got to talk?' we'd say. 'How long have you been here?'

"When I look back on it, all those experiences are now fade-outs. It was bad enough then. Life seemed nothing but mud and shells and hunger, and awful hikes and warmers. I used to ask myself: 'Why didn't I join the Navy? I'd be a happy guy.' I used to think: 'Shall I remember this?' I'd be sure I would, and yet it's slipping away already. I'd be there in the mud and I'd hear the fellows saying: 'Tell me there won't be any more shells and I'll feel all right.' 'I wouldn't care a darn if I could only get something to eat.'

"But the best buddy I ever had, Aleck, he never used to let a peep out of him. He'd just hum some crooning song over and over; or else he'd talk deep stuff. He was a queer guy, that buddy of mine, a sort of a highbrow. Wherever he went he'd gather an intellectual crowd about him. The fringes of the crowd might be plenty lowbrow. I've sat watching a lot of fellows shooting craps or talking about some cheap cabaret at home, and this highbrow would be discussing German philosophy or talking about the music of the spheres. Fact! Some of the boys thought he had gone nuts.

"Well, Aleck always liked me, even if I wasn't much on the highbrow talk. If I was on outpost duty and there was some hot Y chocolate to be had Aleck would get an extra cup of it and mosey up to me with it. I'd do the same for him. We'd often get a little private chow and cook it ourselves. I'm a pretty good cook. We lived high, particularly at the beginning of the St.-Mihiel drive and the Argonne drive, when we struck German eats."

Binks paused and gave a short laugh.

"I'm just seeing in my mind's eye," he said, "the kind of recommendation for a D. S. C. or D. S. M. that comes out of the adjutant's office. Here, let me tell you. I know them by heart: 'Despite constant bombardment of artillery and fire from machine guns and snipers, he led the platoon forward and maintained it in a very trying and exposed position until seriously wounded.' Gee, what kind of a picture does that give a civilian? None! I bet it doesn't give much to the staff generals that have the awarding of the honors, either. I bet some fellows that deserve theirs don't get them, because the recommendation doesn't really give an idea of what they did."

Aleck Gets Into a Tight Place

"BUT I was going to tell you about my buddy. He was a long slim fellow that could cover the ground like lightning. They made him a runner and he was pretty near able to dodge between machine-gun bullets. There was one time when he covered Death Valley between Hill 258 and La Côte Dame Marie I guess six times, carrying messages of top-notch importance. It meant five hundred yards of open ground, with absolutely no protection and under constant machine-gun fire. I don't know how he did it, but he crossed over six times without a scratch.

"In the last stretch of it he had a job of guiding the units of our battalion to their proper position. I came on him wounded, sitting by the side of the trail, directing the movements of the units, and telling the stragglers where to go. My captain asked him if he oughtn't to be back to an aid station, but he said he'd stick it out till his work was done. When we got up to our position I asked my captain if he wouldn't let me take the next message he had to send back. I guess he knew I wanted to look after Aleck, for he sent me off *tout de suite*.

"I got back to the place where I left Aleck. He wasn't there. I went on down the trail we'd followed up and presently I heard Aleck yell:

"'Lie down!'

"I did, you bet; and at what seemed almost the same moment a bullet clipped the tree behind me. Well, I didn't lift my head, naturally, but I began to work through the underbrush in the direction of the voice. Presently I heard him crooning that same old song he always did when the shells fell, and then he said:

"'Beat it here, quick! I can't hold on.'

"I stood up and beat it, you bet. There he sat with his back against a tree, covering two Jerries with his rifle. It was wabbling like a free rope in a wind, and both those guys with their hands up, maybe, but with Lügers on their belts.

"So I took command, covered them and ordered them to lie on their faces. Then I frisked them. I didn't like the looks of them and I wanted to tend to Aleck. So I told them I'd shoot them if they moved, and then I went over to Aleck. He'd fainted, but he came to when I was bandaging his leg, for he'd got another wound. He told me that the Germans said they were deserters, but he

(Concluded on Page 64)

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Coe-Stapley Mfg. Corp.

(Concluded from Page 62)

thought they were rear-guard snipers. Anyhow, he'd got the bulge on them just after he was hit, while he was sitting with his back against the tree.

"'What made me notice them,' he says, 'was one of them getting ready to shoot at you, only I didn't know it was you. I just took a chance when I yelled to you to lie down. Then I made them put up their hands. Then my head began to go round. I held them a while, being too darn sick to figure out what I'd better do. Then I hollered to you, or whoever that was.'

"'For Pete's sake,' I says to Aleck, 'why didn't you kill them? Look at the chances you were taking.'

"'Yeh, I know,' he says, 'but it seems so darned unsportsmanlike to kill a man after he's trusted you and surrendered.'

"'Trusted you? Hell!' I says. 'What else could they do?'

"'I know,' says Aleck, 'but when I told them to throw up their hands I sort of made a promise to them.'

"Just that minute Jerry began to shell the woods and it didn't seem the time or place for an argument. The two Germans began to burrow down into the ground and Aleck and I lay as flat as we could, you bet. It was a time when I didn't have my mind on anything but whether I was going to be alive the next minute. But what do you think Aleck did? It wasn't a pose, either. That guy began to talk about the molecular decomposition of the shells! Anybody but me would have thought he was going dizzy again. To me it sounded a good deal like figuring on the number of strands in the rope that was going to hang you. But pretty soon I saw the funny side of it, and I bust out laughing. The prisoners eased round their heads and looked at me. I suppose they thought I was crazy. So, just for that I didn't wait till the shelling was over. I made them carry Aleck out of that and we all beat it down to an aid station.

"Well, Aleck is recommended for the D. S. C., and I hope he gets it. He is still in the hospital from the wounds he got that day. I'll tell you the kind of buddy he is. His father has a big factory in the same city where Aleck teaches. He's fixed up a job for me, and when we get home I can come round in my blue overalls and listen to old Aleck in his eyeglasses talking highbrow talk. I won't understand it any more than I did, but old Aleck and I understand each other; and I guess that's what counts."

"Corporal Arthur Brandt can have four buddies if he wants them," said an admiring doughboy of E Company of the 168th. "On October sixteenth, when the Côte de Châtillon was taken, E Company was one of the front-line elements. It was to be relieved at dusk by I Company, and Corporal Brandt was to act as its guide and to choose a position for it after it was relieved. It was very thick woods round there, except in the clearing between the woods of the Côte and the Romagne Woods. Hills 244, 288 and 263 were right there, so you can imagine what the firing was. In the thick woods we had to pass through there was nothing but a few winding trails."

Guiding From a Litter

"BRANDT got us part way along under that grilling fire, when he was badly wounded, and so were four others. He told us to put them all on a litter and he'd conduct from there, and he did. Gosh, it was awful, blundering through the dark and us not knowing whether he'd make it or not. I guess he knew he would. Then when he got us to where we were going he guided the four wounded a kilometer and a half to the aid station. He sure had nerve, and there are a good many men that owe their lives to him."

Once I ran across a doughboy who told me of a reason why he was against buddies.

"I had a buddy when I was a buck private," he said, "that saved my life, and for a while I cursed the day he did it. It was up in the St.-Mihiel drive, and we were in two shell holes right side by side. I was wounded. There was a boche patrol in a shell hole near by and he threw a potato masher. It fell by my leg where I couldn't reach it. My buddy raised up, and risked his life doing that; and then risked it again by snapping that grenade out of my shell hole just as it exploded.

"Well, going back to the aid station I got another wound, and he got hit too. We were sent to the same string of hospitals. I was so weak I didn't care if I got well or not. This fellow used to stand over me and say: 'Get well? Of course you will! Do you think I risked my life saving you just to have you croak on me?' We were sent to the same replacement camp and he bullied me there as if he were my school-teacher or something. This wouldn't be good for me and that wouldn't be good for me. I never was so sick of a fellow, but I felt obliged to be grateful.

"We were put in the same division; not only that but the same platoon. I sure felt he was an old man of the sea camped on me for life. But I had to go on being grateful. Well, we were pushing up to the Argonne one day, when a little ridge we thought was clear began to spit machine-gun fire. We ducked for cover and retreated, but some of us fell right where we stood, and this fellow was one that did. When it was dark I crawled out to get him. I tell you it was some job, because though the Germans couldn't see anything they machine-gunned the depression we were in just for luck, about every fifteen minutes. I moved by hunches and I didn't get hit."

Life for Life—Their Disinterest

"QUEER thing, but I kind of began to like that fellow again after I saved his life. When I was waiting for it to get dark enough to go after him I kept thinking to myself that if I got him in we'd be even and I could quit him cold. But crawling in, lugging him on my back, I kind of warmed up to him. When one of the fellows gave the first aid I sort of bossed the job like a proprietor. The fellow that was doing it joshed me.

"'Tell him to get well for your sake,' he says.

"Well, you do have a peculiar feeling when you know that except for you that man would be out in the mud, dead. I didn't feel easy till I saw him littered back to an ambulance and I made him promise to write to me from the hospital. But he didn't. He seemed to kind of lose interest in me as soon as I got it back on him."

The loyalty of buddies for each other is, or was, symbolic of each man's loyalty to the squad, the platoon, the battalion, the regiment and the division. It was a case of tapering down. A man stood by his buddy first, but he stood by all the units afterward, in their proper order. Inside the family, so to speak, he might have his own reservations about this or that unit, but never in the hearing of an outsider. You might hear the Ninth Regiment whisper among themselves that the Marines had had too much publicity, but no outsider would hear them say that. Nor will you get a member of the 42d Division to explain the incident by which the 167th and 168th, the Alabamas and Iowas, developed at Camp Mills the affinity that brigaded them together. But you can hear anywhere the story of a group in a café near the Front, a member of which said something slighting about Iowa, on which a boy from Alabama rose from a neighboring table with a bottle in his hand, approached the group, and said: "Any fellow that opens his head about Iowa, I'll crack him on the head with this bottle!"

This loyalty to the outfit, this extension of the buddy feeling, was proved by the efforts the soldiers made not to be separated from their company. They refused to go to the hospitals for minor wounds for fear they would not be able to get back. If they were forced to go they would often fight to get away. After passing from hospital to replacement camp and then to another division they frequently sneaked away to return to their original outfit. This was no easy task, for they never knew where they were in France, and could not remember the names of the villages where their original divisions had gone to. They were always in danger of arrest from M. P.'s. They had to slip across country and through trenches, depending for food on the kindness of Frenchwomen. When they did arrive they had to depend on the blindness of the officers. The officers, having the buddy feeling, were nearly always blind.

After the Army of Occupation was established it was still harder for a soldier to get back to his outfit, for he had boundaries and more M. P.'s than ever to evade. Now and then he would be in surprising luck. Once, for example, six men who had managed to sneak safely into Neufchâteau met six men with a pass which certified them as having orders to bring up from France sixteen men. They had only ten and they added to them the six returning pilgrims, and tolled them through Toul and Metz and Bittberg to their outfit.

Such honorable deserters when stopped by M. P.'s had various more or less convincing lies to offer; such as that they had lost their passes or had come ahead on a billeting detail and had lost their way, or they had fallen out on the march, ill, and had been cared for by a French family and were now trying to join their outfits. If they were sent back they tried to appeal to the highest powers. One young officer especially, of the 165th, wrote to G. H. Q. saying that his father and grandfather had both belonged to the old 69th and that he did not want to belong to any other; that his mother was in poor health and that it would be too great a shock to her if she found out that he wasn't with the crowd. He was allowed to go back.

This devotion to the outfit was of course strongest in the squad or battery. Here the sense of buddy unity was developed by the close work together. A man did not always awake early to his sense of devotion to this smallest unit. Sometimes, strangely enough, the thing that made him aware of it was the loss of the first man by death.

"I never can forget," my friend Mac said, "the first man I saw mortally wounded. It was a fellow in our battery. Shells can pick anyone out, of course, but they went and got the best-liked kid in the battery. His old man had lots of tin. He'd bought the kid an auto, and the kid had planned to take two years off after the war and spend it going round having a good time. He'd invited everyone in the battery to go with him. His father had sent him five hundred dollars and he was buying stuff for all hands and the cook. He sure was one fine kid. It wasn't his generosity only. Whenever things loomed blackest the fellow would say: 'I'm up; you up? Isn't this great?' He was always cheerful when the officers made us unnecessarily gloomy, talking of chances. He never was an abri hound. He took so many chances that no one ever associated him with death.

"Well, he was hit with a shell. We all rushed up and did what we could. He said 'I'm hit; *fin!*' There was a doctor right at hand luckily. The fellows thought it looked mortal. It's pretty awful—the grief of a lot of hard-boiled guys. No one said anything about him, but they damned the war. He says to the doctor with a laugh: 'Don't try to kid me, doc. It's curtains, isn't it?' 'Yes, boy,' the doctor said, 'you'll die.' 'Too bad to be polished off,' he says, 'just as it seems to be over.' We spoke of carrying him off to the ambulance. But he said: 'Don't need one. Put me in the field, then take a pick and hit me in the head.' I guess he was suffering. The doctor gave him morphine, but it wouldn't work. He said good-by to the fellows and then told us what to write to his folks.

"We'd seen death before, but somehow it hadn't been personal. At that, it had impressed us. It was some doughboys. They had all died with their faces forward. We could feel that they were reaching after the Germans when they died. We were touched and inspired, but do you think we'd show it? Not we. We didn't say a word or else we made some cheap joke about a soldier whose bones were all broken; he must have died from the concussion of the shell. 'Look at that poor bum; he looks like something to scare the crows.'"

When Justice Was Merciless

A SOLDIER who did not live up to the standards of the outfit was not called an antibuddy, but that would have been a convenient term for him. If he were selfish or cowardly, woe betide him. He not only suffered criticism but often punishment.

In a certain unit there was a conceited, selfish man, always grasping money, always looking out for himself. It was a part of his duty to travel to the nearest Y or army commissary for extras for the men. It was his habit to look out first for himself, keeping back more than his own share; after that he looked out for the officers. The other men could have whatever was left. Everybody hated him for his meanness and hoarding. One day, when he was riding a horse, he fell off. He was pretty badly cut; his face was covered with blood. No one ran to help him. They shouted such remarks as: "Who gave you permission to get off?" And "Give the horse a Croix de Guerre."

One night the soldier had come back from a trip to the rear with tobacco and jam. He had made a division which infuriated his companions, apportioning about one tin of jam to a squad. He had also short-changed them and they had seen him walking toward his pup tent, counting a big roll of francs. Soon afterward shells began to fall and he was hit and badly hurt. He called most piteously for help. For any other man the whole outfit would have risked their lives. But they just let him call and went on pressing down the earth a foot deep. An officer crawled to his help, ordering three buck privates to come and assist in carrying him back to the first-aid station. The buck privates obeyed sullenly, but they came back smiling. They had salvaged his roll of francs, which he would lose anyhow, and were going to spend it for the benefit of the outfit.

There were officers who suffered from the antibuddy spirit. The soldiers gave them, in spirit, no quarter if they failed to come up to requirements. On this subject I once heard a monologue from my friend Treasure Island—so called because he is romantic, ingenious, creative, full of caches of jeweled thought, and, somehow, solitary. He spoke his mind one wet muddy night in the last drive, when he was smarting over an injustice, real or fancied, from one of his superiors. Treasure Island just naturally doesn't like officers.

"Say, some of the folks back home," he said, "that have officer sons in the Army, and picture us beating our foreheads in the dust before them, would be surprised to know how we really regard them. Some of them have the wrong spirit entirely. They think the private is a dog; that he'll react to kind words by biting the calf of your leg; that he has to be man-handled and kept down. They've read that somewhere in a book. They forget that we sure have their numbers. The worst of it is that an officer's power is absolute everywhere, except in the front lines. We judge the officers by the way they behave at the Front. If we wanted to we could take things in our own hands. The fear of punishment doesn't bother us up there. We've seen too much of it. If we go too far some of them take it out on us when we get back. Well, the boys get vindictive. I don't suppose they'll really ever do anything; but the way they talk, after the war some of these officers better go round in armored tanks if they want to save their lives."

Editor's Note—This is the first of two articles by Mrs. Warren. The second will appear in an early issue.

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STORIES OF THE OLD WEST

(Concluded from Page 34)

clear that they could not take the women and children out of the sink unless someone got food for the journey and found a route between water holes. They appointed Manley, the young hunter, and an ox driver named John Rogers for the venture. And the pair set out across the Panamints just north of Telescope Peak with the beef from an ox in their knapsacks, while the rest sat down to await their return—or death.

There were two outfits of unmarried men among the wagons here. They had forsaken the Jayhawkers at about the time the Brier family joined that section. When several days had passed these bachelors departed to find the trail of their former companions in the valley's north arm and follow it. They said that the chances were ten to one Manley and Rogers would never get through alive and if they did they would be fools ever to attempt coming back. The others watched the two prairie schooners crawling off into the gray plain until a mirage engulfed them and lifted them distorted into the blazing sky.

And now the families faced the question these men had left with them: Would Manley and Rogers get through? They did not know what hazards lay beyond those mountains to the west, but none of them had the Jayhawkers' faith in a fertile valley there leading to the north. As it turned out Mount Whitney was the snow-clad peak to which the faulty Williams map referred and the valley was the Owen's Lake country, many a weary mile from this sink.

If the pair did survive the desert would they be men enough to face it for the second time? The marooned ones could only hope. That hope had become an abiding faith in Bennett's wife. She had given the two young fellows a double handful of rice—half her store of grain—on the morning of their departure and pointed mutely to her children as she placed the little bag in Manley's hand.

"They will come back," she told the others many times.

The food was running low; the few remaining oxen could not last them long. There was a dog with the Bennett wagons. He had followed them all the way from Iowa and in this time of dire extremity some talked of killing him. But he was—even in his starved condition—able to wag his tail when the children came near him. Sometimes he comforted them by his presence when their mothers could not. The men had not the heart to do away with him.

Hope lingered within those people like the breath in an old man who is dying hard. Rogers and Manley had gone northward on the burning plain to reach a ridge which mounted toward the Panamints. Now as the days dragged by to weary weeks the men and women always gazed into the north where nothing lived except the hatred of the sun. But when the weeks had grown beyond a month they knew the time had come when they must make one last attempt to save themselves. They yoked up the oxen and set out into the south toward a spot where Bennett had discovered what looked like a gap in the mountains. Three days later they returned half dead from thirst and unhitched the staggering animals by the well.

There remained one shadow of a chance—as ephemeral as the mirage that came before them with the mounting of each morning's sun.

They stripped the tops from the prairie schooners and began making pack saddles from them with the idea of abandoning the wagons and following the trail of the Jayhawkers.

At midday they were sitting under the wagons for what shade they gave working at this task. They as good as knew it was a futile proceeding. The time had long since gone when they had enough provisions to last them through that long northern route. But they were not the sort of people who can sit down and die. If they must perish it would be while they were still fighting. No one spoke. The silence of that dead land had crept over them.

That silence was broken by a shot. Unbelieving, they crept forth and saw three figures moving toward them from the north. Manley and Rogers were hurrying across the flat leading a laden mule.

While the others ate from the store in the pack sacks the two young fellows told of their journey two hundred and fifty miles across the Mohave Desert; of the dead of the Jayhawker party whom they had found beside the trail; of the survivors whom they passed shortly before reaching a ranch near the head of the San Fernando Valley where the little town of Newhall now stands; of great arid mountain ranges and the shimmering floors of dried lakes and days of torture between water holes; of a man named French who had procured this mule at the Newhall ranch and given it to them with its burden of provisions. With this food supply they believed the women and children stood a chance of getting through.

They slung the pack sacks of canvas on the gaunt oxen the next morning and placed the children in them. Then they set out on their long climb up the Panamints.

Before they left the summit of the divide to go downhill into the West they halted for one last look back. And as they stood there among the rocks gazing down into the sink which lay thousands of feet below them, walled in by the mountains on either side, one of the mothers lifted her arm in a gesture of farewell.

"Good-by, Death Valley!" she cried.

That is the way the place was named. They turned their backs on it now and descended the long slope. The dog which they had taken with them all this distance limped along behind the little train. The mule went on before. And in Los Angeles, where they joined the other survivors of the company weeks later and told the people of the pueblo of their sufferings, they called the sink Death Valley when they spoke of it.

Later, when they had gone on into the north—for all of them pressed on as soon as they were able to travel again—they separated, seeking their fortunes in the mines. Years passed and occasionally some of them met again. At such times or when they talked to others of the pitfall into which they descended, striving toward the snow peak, they always used the name Death Valley. And so it has come down to us to-day.

THE MAN WHO MARRIED A REAL WOMAN

(Concluded from Page 38)

it was just as well to let him stay alone a bit longer.

"Just as well," she repeated, serenely rocking back and forth.

She reckoned rather shrewdly. Remembering the pile of gifts she had gathered after six weeks' absence four years ago it seemed likely that six weeks now, plus the baby, ought to be good for an automobile. So she waited. She learned to do tatting and made a lot of underclothes and went out every evening. When her six weeks were up in a burst of entertainments she prepared to go home; and she was not surprised to find Jerry waiting for her at the train with a shiny new car. She had thought he might do it something like that.

After the first rush of joy at seeing her and the baby, Jeremiah looked at her solicitously. Her color had never been more exquisite; her skin shone with the soft polish of a miniature; her bosom heaved plumply under a vast bouquet of violets. But there was no denying she looked tired.

"Well, I am tired," she admitted. "I haven't been feeling very good, Jerry."

"I don't feel very good either," the baby piped shrilly. "I feel bad."

"Well, if you'd done what mamma told you you wouldn't have caught cold," Belle said firmly. "I'm trying to discipline her by reason," she explained to Jerry. "She's got so spoiled. She played out all yesterday morning in the snow without her rubbers on. I told her to put them on and she just wouldn't, so I said to her, 'All right for you—you'll just have to learn.'"

"Where do you feel bad, honey?" Jerry said tenderly.

"I feel bad everywhere," the baby contended.

"Well, you should have minded mamma, shouldn't you?" he said gently. The baby turned her head away in stubborn silence.

"Don't pick on her, Jerry. She is kind of tired. We were up late the night before we started. Sue Malley gave us the grandest party. My goodness, I never saw such cake, and lobster salad! Sue makes a mayonnaise with whipped cream that's grand, just grand! I'm going to make you some right away. I said when I ate it, 'My, I'm glad I'm going home! I can make some for Jerry.'

"It made the baby real sick in the night. I guess she oughtn't to have eaten it. And I got the grandest idea for a children's birthday party. I'm going to have one for the baby. They look so cute having a good time."

The baby curled up against her father and seemed half asleep in the car.

"My, she's tired! I'll put her to bed as soon as we get home. My, I'm so glad to get back to my own kitchen! I tell you there's no place like home."

And Jerry hummed the tune ecstatically.

By six o'clock it was clear that something was seriously wrong with the baby, and the doctor was sent for. He kept asking all sorts of impatient questions about her food and exercise.

"Yes, she has played out of doors—she was out all the morning just two days ago. She never has had much appetite. You just couldn't get her to eat at mealtimes. You don't know how it is, doctor," Belle sobbed. "You haven't got a ch-child of your own."

The doctor shut her out of the room and installed two nurses.

"She hasn't a ghost of a chance to get well," he told his wife. "She has nothing to go on. So far as I can make out she has been raised mostly on cake and lobster salad."

Dorothy did not get well. Belle was beside herself in helpless misery. Jerry attended to all the details of the burial and tried to comfort Belle. Haggard and sick himself, he poured all his sad tenderness upon her. She cried all night and drifted about moaning all day, the short locks of her much-curled hair hanging straight and stiff about her face.

"I can't even believe in God any more," she would sob, "since he took my baby away."

But after a time she began to consider the effect on her complexion.

The Hubbards left the university the next year. Jerry had a very lucrative offer from a manufacturing corporation; and Belle felt coincidently that she could not endure surroundings that "reminded her."

After five years they came back to visit. Belle frankly enjoyed making a high financial impression on the old place. She looked hardly a day older. She was heavier, but she was dressed with art. Mrs. Howard Carter was openly admiring.

"Why, my dear!" she exclaimed. "Nobody'd ever guess it—you look positively slender."

"Yes, sir, a hundred and seventy," Belle repeated, surveying herself in Mrs. Carter's long mirror. "But it costs a lot to dress a figure like mine. My goodness! Just my corsets ——"

Jeremiah had dropped in for another visit with the Davises while Belle was at Mrs. Carter's. A comfortable intimacy seemed to have grown between him and the Davises in his absence and he liked to play with their three sturdy children.

"Yes," he said with a little sigh, "I wish we might have a little family like this round us. But Mrs. Hubbard feels that no other child could take the place of our Dorothy. She's just all heart, you know, Mrs. Hubbard is. A man can't always understand a woman's feelings—and she's all woman," he said with unconcealed tenderness. "All woman."

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THE GIBSON UPRIGHT

(Continued from Page 23)

GIBSON: Sit down, sit down!

MIFFLIN [exuberantly]: How do you do, Carter, how do you do! [They shake hands and Mifflin pats Carter on the shoulder.] Look at him, Mr. Gibson! Look at him! Don't you see what the New Freedom has done for him? It's in his eye! That pride of liberty! It's in his step, in every gesture he makes. [Carter strokes his whiskers.] You're old friends—equal now, equal at last. I won't disturb you! [Picks up his hat, magazines and umbrella.] He can give you more than I can, Mr. Gibson. Good afternoon! Good afternoon!

[He goes out through the gate.]

GIBSON: Sit down, Carter. Sit down! [They sit.] Well, is everything fine?

CARTER [heartily]: Yes, sir! It is, Mr. Gibson! Indeed it is!

[Glances with some little pride at his clothes.] I couldn't of expected no finer. Fact is, I never could of asked for anything like this, even if I'd been a praying man.

GIBSON: Well, I'm glad to hear it, Carter!

CARTER: I knowed you would be, Mr. Gibson. It's all just wonderful the way things are working out!

GIBSON: Everything is working out just right, is it?

CARTER: Oh, I don't say everything! They's bound to be some little mites here and there. You know that yourself.

GIBSON [grimly]: Yes, I do. What are your little mites, Carter?

CARTER: Well, what mostly gits my goat is this here Simpson's wife, Mrs. Simpson.

GIBSON: What bothers you about Simpson's wife?

CARTER: Well, what I says, woman's place is the home, and this here Mrs. Simpson—I—I never could stand no loud gabby woman!

GIBSON: You're not neighbors, are you?

CARTER: No! She spends all her days at the factory; you might think she was running the whole place! What's worse'n that, you know they elected me chairman o' the governing committee, and she's all the time trying to 'lectioneer me out. What she wants is to git Simpson in for chairman; that'd be jest same's her bein' chairman herself, the way she runs Simpson! That's the only thing that worries me. Everything else is just splendid, splendid!

GIBSON: I understand you don't blow the whistle any more. What hours are you working now?

CARTER: Well, first we thought we ought to work about six; but we got on such a good basis a good many of them are talkin' how they think that's too much. It'd suit me either way. *That* ain't the trouble over at that factory, Mr. Gibson.

GIBSON: What is the trouble over at that factory?

CARTER [with feeling]: Mr. Gibson, it's the inequality. Look at me now, and look at Simpson. Simpson and his wife haven't got a child, and I got seven, every one of 'em to support, and my married daughter lost her husband and got a shock and I got her and her three little ones pretty much on my hands. And Simpson draws down every cent as much as what I do; just exactly the same. And if the truth was told he don't work as much as what I do. Then, look at them bachelors; they ain't got nobody to support! Well, that's got to be settled!

GIBSON: How are you going to settle it?

CARTER [cheerfully]: Oh, the committee meeting settles everything by vote. I'd of put a motion about these matters at some o' the meetings long ago except I'm chairman and they worked a rule on me the chairman can't put motions. But some of us got it fixed up to git it put over at the meeting to-morrow. That's the big meeting to-morrow—the monthly one. Don't misunderstand me, Mr. Gibson; I ain't makin' no complaint about these here details, because everything else is so splendid and prosperous it seems like this here New Dawn Mr. Mifflin called it in his article.

GIBSON: Nothing else worries you then, Carter?

CARTER: Nothing else in the world, Mr. Gibson. Except there might be some of 'em don't take their responsibilities the way I could wish. Fact is, there's so much talkin' gits to goin' over there sometimes you can't hear yourself work. Me? I'm an honest worker, if I work for you or work for myself. But I can't claim they're all that way. Some that used to loaf, you can't claim they don't loaf more than they did; yes, sir!

GIBSON: They get just the same as you do, though, don't they?

CARTER: Oh, yes! That's the *sines que none;* it's the brotherhood between comrades. I don't mean to complain, but they's one thing that don't look to me just fair: It took me four years to learn my trade and I'm a skilled workman, and now some Hunnyacks that just sends strips along through a chute—and it's all they do know how to do—they used to git two and a half a day to my six, but this way we both git just the same. I says something about it didn't seem right to me, and one of them Hunnyacks called me a boor-jaw. Well, then I talked to Miss Gorodna about it.

GIBSON: What did Miss Gorodna say?

CARTER: Miss Gorodna says: "But you both get enough, don't you?"

GIBSON: Well, don't you?

CARTER [scratching his head]: Yes, plenty; and it *sounds* all right, them and me gittin' the same; but I can't just seem to work it out in my mind how it *is* right. [Cheering up.] Mr. Mifflin says himself, though, it's just wonderful! And we certainly are makin' great money!

GIBSON: Then all you poor are getting rich?

CARTER: Yes; looks like we will be.

[During these speeches Nora has appeared, or rather her head and shoulders have, above the hedge. She has come along the hedge and now stands halting at the gate. She wears a becoming autumn dress and hat, in excellent taste; carries a slim umbrella. She has a beautifully bound book in her hand.]

NORA [opening the gate]: Do you mind my coming in the side gate, Mr. Gibson?

[Gibson, startled by her voice, turns abruptly from Carter to stare at her, speaks after a pause and slowly.]

GIBSON: No, I don't mind what gate you come in.

NORA [coming down to join them]: How do you do! [Gives him her hand.]

GIBSON: How do you do!

CARTER [on the other side of her]: How do you do, Miss Gorodna!

NORA [for a brief moment confused that she has not noticed Carter]: Oh—oh, how do you do, Mr. Carter! [Turns and shakes hands with him, then faces Gibson.] I just heard you were here. I wanted to bring you this copy of Montaigne—if you'll forgive me for keeping it a year.

GIBSON: I gave it to you. Don't you—remember?

NORA: Yes, I—remember. But things were different then. Please.

I think I oughtn't to keep it now. [He takes it, places it gently upon the table; they sit facing each other; she speaks more cheerfully and briskly.] I came to see you on a matter of business too.

CARTER: Well, then I'll just be ——

NORA: Oh, no! Please stay, Mr. Carter! It's a factory matter. [Carter coughs and sits, Nora continues.] It was about that great stock of wire you had your purchasing agent buy, just before the—before you went away, Mr. Gibson.

GIBSON: I'm glad to see you looking so well, Miss Gorodna.

NORA: Thank you! If you remember, you must have ordered him to buy all the wire of our grade that was in the market at that time. At any rate we found ourselves in possession of an enormous stock that would have lasted us about three years.

GIBSON: Yes. That's what I wanted.

NORA: As it happened it turned out to be a very good investment, Mr. Gibson, because in less than a month it had gained about nine per cent in value, and three weeks ago a man came to us and offered to take it off our hands at a price giving us a twenty-two per cent profit!

GIBSON: Yes, I should think he would.

NORA: So of course we sold it.

GIBSON [checks an exclamation, merely saying]: Did you?

NORA: Naturally we did. Twenty-two per cent profit in that short time! Now it just happens that we've got to buy some more ourselves, and we can't get hold of any, even at the price that we sold it, because it seems to have kept going up. I thought perhaps you might know where to get some at the price you bought the other, and you mightn't mind telling us.

GIBSON: No; I wouldn't mind telling you. I'd like to tell you.

NORA: You think there isn't any?

GIBSON: I'm sure there isn't any.

NORA: Then I'm afraid we'll have to get some back from the people we sold to. Of course I'm anxious to show the great financial improvement as well as other improvements. That's partly my province and Mr. Carter's, our committee chairman, besides our regular work.

GIBSON: Mr. Mifflin tells me that you had a general manager for a while at first.

CARTER: Oh, that was Hill, the head bookkeeper. He left. He was a traitor to the comrades.

GIBSON: Hill? He knew quite a little about the business. Why did he leave?

CARTER: Why, that Coles-Hibbard factory went and offered him a big salary to come over there; more than he thought he could get coöperatin' with us.

NORA: Hill was always a capitalist at heart. We certainly haven't needed him!

CARTER: Oh, everybody was glad to get rid of Hill! Better off without him—better off without him!

GIBSON: I suppose it was really an economy, his going?

NORA [smiling]: It resulted in economy.

GIBSON: Have you made many economies?

NORA: A great many!

CARTER: Oh, my! Yes!

NORA: Economies! [Her manner now is indulgent, amused, friendly, almost pitying.] Mr. Gibson, have you any realization of what you threw away at that place? Don't be afraid, I'll never bring you the figures. I wouldn't do such a thing to anybody!

GIBSON: Do you think I was too lavish?

NORA: We couldn't believe it at first. Just what was being thrown away on advertising, for instance. The bill you paid for the last month you were there was five thousand dollars!

CARTER: That was the figger! It's certainly a good one on you, Mr. Gibson.

NORA: We cut that five thousand dollars down to three hundred! That was one item of forty-seven hundred dollars a month saved. Just one item!

CARTER [hilariously]: Quite some item!

NORA [seriously and gently]: Five thousand dollars a month to advertise a piano that sells for only $188!

CARTER: That's the facts!

NORA: Mr. Gibson, did you really ever have any idea what you were paying in commissions to agents?

GIBSON: Yes, I did.

NORA: Why, I can't believe it! Did you know that you paid them twenty per cent on each piano? Over thirty-seven dollars!

GIBSON: Yes.

NORA: But wasn't it thrown away? I can't understand how you kept the factory going so long as you did, with such losses. Why, don't you know it amounts to hundreds of thousands of dollars a year? When we found it out we couldn't see how you made both ends meet, and we thought there must have been some mistake, and you'd never realized what advantage these agents were taking of you.

GIBSON: Yes, I knew what they got.

NORA [triumphantly]: We cut those commissions from thirty-seven dollars—to twelve! And that's just one more item among our economies. Now do you wonder at the success we're making?

GIBSON: And your profits have been—satisfactory?

NORA: The very first month our profits were four thousand dollars more than the last month you were there!

GIBSON: That's the month you say you cut out four thousand seven hundred dollars' worth of advertising.

NORA: And the next month we cut down the commissions, and the profits were five thousand more!

GIBSON: But those were returns under the old commissions.

NORA: We shan't know that until the report's read at the meeting to-morrow. I think it will be the largest profit of all.

CARTER: That bookkeeper's workin' on it to-day. Talked like he was going to cut us down two or three thousand, mebbe. [Laughing.] That's the way he always talks.

NORA: He isn't a good influence.

CARTER: No—too gloomy, too gloomy to suit me!

GIBSON: What about the other two bookkeepers?

CARTER: The committee voted them into the packing department; and they ain't much good, even there. It's a crime!

NORA: They weren't needed. Our bookkeeping is so simplified since you left!

GIBSON: It all seems to be simplified, Miss Gorodna.

NORA: Yes; and whatever problems come up, they're all settled at our meetings.

[A sound of squabbling is heard upon the street, growing louder as the people engaging in it approach along the sidewalk.]

CARTER: There's one we got to bring up and do something about at the meeting to-morrow.

GIBSON: What is it? [Carter goes up to the gate.]

NORA: It's that Mrs. Simpson; she's a great nuisance.

CARTER: Yes, it's her and Simpson and Frankel. The Simpsons moved into a flat right up in this neighborhood. Quite some of the comrades live up round here now.

[Frankel and Mrs. Simpson are heard disputing as they approach: "Well, what you goin' to do about it?"

"I'll show you what we're goin' to do about it!"

"You can't do nothing!"

"You wait till to-morrow and see."

"I got my rights, ain't I?" and so on.]

SIMPSON [heard remonstrating]: Now, Mamie, Mamie! Frankel, you oughtn't to talk to Mamie that way.

[Gibson, interested and amused, goes part way up to the hedge. Nora is somewhat mortified as the disputants reach the gate. Gibson speaks to them.]

GIBSON: How do you do, Simpson! How do you do, Mrs. Simpson! How do you do, Frankel! Won't you come in and argue here?

MRS. SIMPSON: Wha'd you say, Mr. Gibson?

GIBSON: I said come in; come in!

SIMPSON [uncertainly]: Well, I don't know.

GIBSON: Come in! Nobody here but friends of yours. Sit down. I'd like to hear what the argument was about.

[Mrs. Simpson is a large woman, domineering and noisy, dressed somewhat expensively. She is proud of some new furs and a pair of quite fancy shoes. Simpson has a new suit of clothes and a gold-headed cane.

Frankel wears a cheap cutaway suit and is smoking a cigar.]

MRS. SIMPSON: I don't care who hears the argument! Right's right and wrong's wrong!

FRANKEL: You bet right's right, and so's my rights right!

MRS. SIMPSON: You ain't got any rights.

FRANKEL [hotly to everybody]: Do you hear she says I ain't got no rights at all?

MRS. SIMPSON: You ain't got the rights you claim you got.

FRANKEL: She comes down there and tries to run the whole factory. Ask any of 'em if she don't. Ask Carter!

MRS. SIMPSON: I own that factory just as much as anybody does.

SIMPSON: Now, Frankel, you be careful what you say to Mamie!

FRANKEL: I got shares in that factory and by rights I ought to have as many votes at the meetin' as I got shares—let alone your talking about trying to root me out of my profits!

GIBSON: What's this about Frankel having shares?

FRANKEL [violently]: You bet your life I got shares! And I'm going to have my shares of the money at that meetin' to-morrow!

MRS. SIMPSON: You bet your life you ain't!

SIMPSON: You think we're goin' to vote all our profits away to you?

CARTER: Wait a minute! Ain't I the chairman of that ——

MRS. SIMPSON: You may be chairman yet—but not long!

FRANKEL [sharply to Carter]: You just try to rule me out once!

GIBSON: What's it all about?

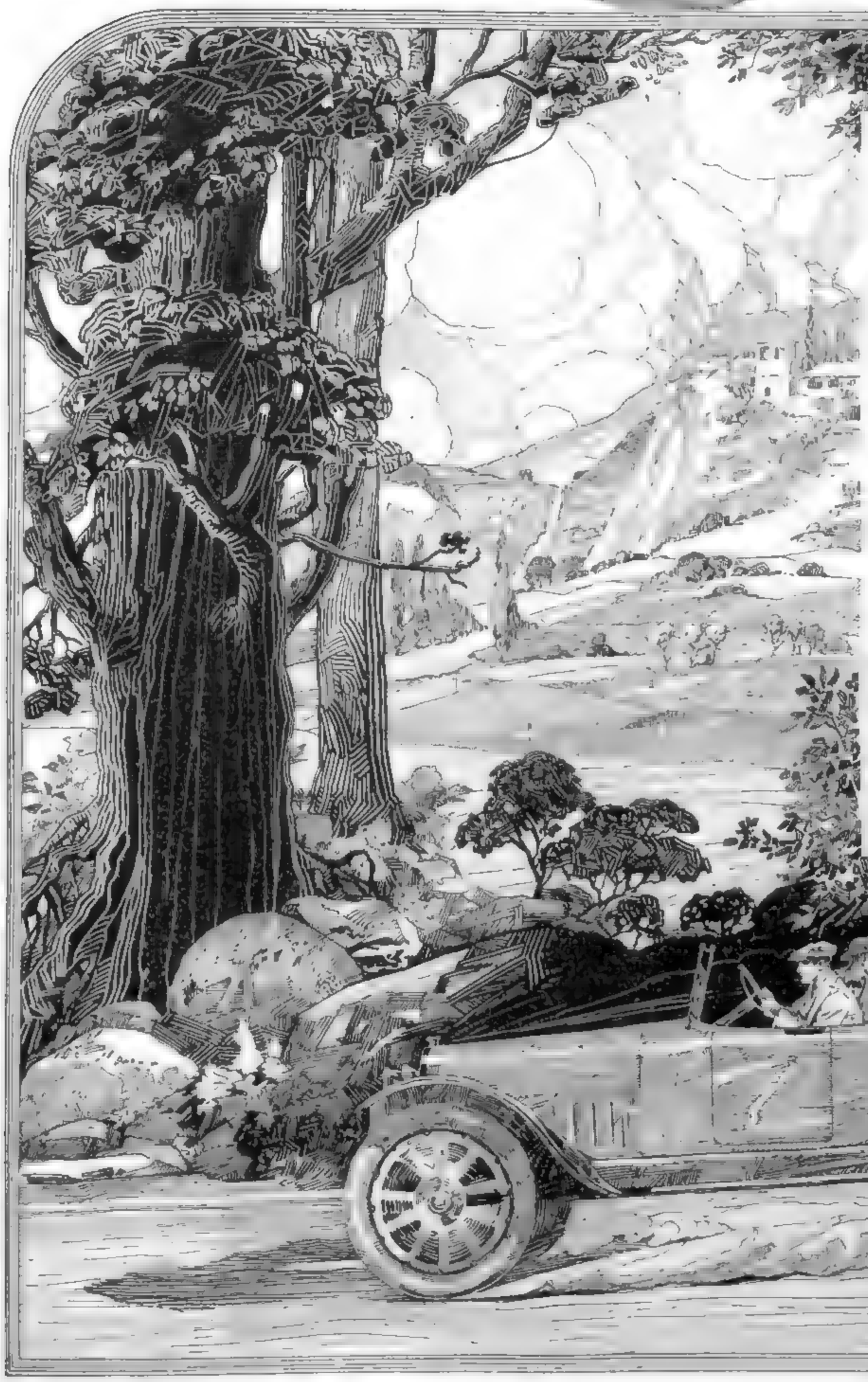
MRS. SIMPSON: I'll soon enough tell anybody what it's about!

FRANKEL: You couldn't tell nothing straight!

CARTER [deprecatingly]: Now, now, this here's just one of our little side difficulties,

(Continued on Page 70)

Ball Bearings



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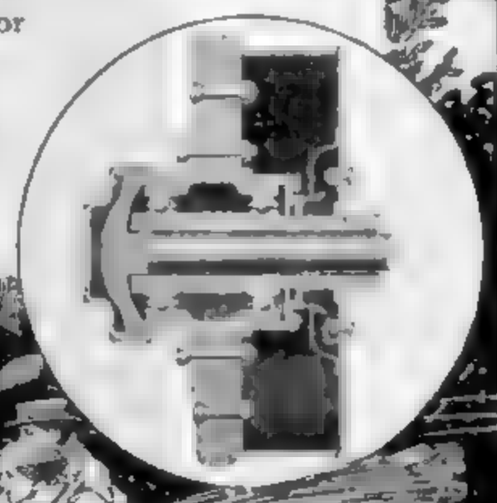


(Continued from Page 68.

you might say. What's the use to git huffy over it, we're gittin' along so well and all? The trouble is, some o' the men and their families ain't been used to so much prosperity and money in the house that way, all of a sudden. Of course some of 'em got to living too high and run into some debt and everything.

FRANKEL: Well, what business is that of yours? The factory ain't a home, is it? And you ain't the matron, are you?

CARTER: I don't claim such!

FRANKEL: It's my business, ain't it, if I take and live on the cheaps and put by for a rainy day, and happen to have money when other people need it from me?

SIMPSON: That much may be your business, but I reckon it was our business when you come blowin' round the factory, first that you owned seven shares besides your own; then, a week after, you says seventeen; then ——

GIBSON: Well, how many shares has he got?

SIMPSON: He was claimin' twenty-four yesterday.

MRS. SIMPSON [violently]: He's bought two more since. Now he claims twenty-six!

FRANKEL: Yes; and I own twenty-six!

CARTER: That ain't never goin' to do! I don't say it's a condition as you might say we exactly see how to handle right now, but the way it is, you certainly got us all disturbed up and hard to git at the rights of it. You claimin' all them shares ——

FRANKEL: Well, my goodness, you git the *work* fer them shares, don't you? What you yelpin' about?

CARTER: I don't say we don't git the same amount o' work, but ——

FRANKEL: Well, how you git it, that's my lookout, ain't it, so it's done?

CARTER: But you claim you got a right to draw out twenty-six profits!

FRANKEL: Sure I do when I furnish the labor for twenty-six. Am I crazy?

CARTER: But that way you're makin' more than any ten men put together in the whole factory!

FRANKEL: Ain't it just? What you going to do about it?

[Shomberg has come along the street and stands looking over the gate.]

CARTER: Well, so fur, we ain't been able to see how to argue with you. It don't look right, and yet it's hard to find jest what to say to you.

FRANKEL: You bet it is!

CARTER: 'Course, that's one of the points that's got to be settled at the meeting to-morrow.

FRANKEL: You bet it'll be settled!

MRS. SIMPSON: If we had another kind of a chairman it'd been settled long ago, and settled right!

CARTER: Now look here, Mrs. Simpson ——

FRANKEL [passionately]: I got twenty-six shares, and I earned 'em too!

[To Gibson]: Look at the trouble they make me—to git my legal rights, let alone the rest trouble I got!

[Fiercely to Carter and to Simpson]: Yes, I had twenty-four shares yesterday and I got twenty-six to-day and I might have another by to-night. Don't think I'm the only one that's got sense enough not to go smearin' his money all round on cheap limousines and Queen Anne dinin'-room sets at eighty-nine dollars per!

[Dramatically pointing at Shomberg]: There's a man worth four shares right now! He had three and he bought Mitchell's out last night at Steinwitz's pool room. Ask him whether he thinks I got a right to my twenty-six profits or not!

SHOMBERG: You bet your life!

MRS. SIMPSON: I guess that Dutchman hasn't got the say-so, has he?

FRANKEL: No, you run the factory now, Mrs Simpson!

CARTER: Now look here; this ain't very much like comrades, is it, all this arguin'? Sunday too!

FRANKEL: Oh, I'm tryin' to be friendly!

CARTER [to Gibson]: This buyin' of shares and all has kind of introduced a sort of an undesirable element into the factory, you might say. That's kind of the bothersome side of it, and it can't be denied we would have quite a good deal of bothersomeness if it wasn't for our meeting.

NORA [to everybody except Gibson]: Don't you all think that these arguments are pretty foolish when you know that nothing can be settled except at the governing committee's meeting?

SIMPSON: That's so, Miss Gorodna. What's more, it don't look like as good comrades as it ought to. I don't want to have no trouble with Frankel. He might have the rights of it for all I know. Anyways, if he hasn't I ain't got the brains to make out the case against him, and anyways, as you say, the meetin' settles all them things

NORA: Don't you think you and Frankel might shake hands, like good comrades?

FRANKEL [with hostility]: Sure, I'll shake hands with him!

SIMPSON: Well, I just as soon.

MRS. SIMPSON: Don't you do it, Henry!

SIMPSON: Well, but he's a comrade.

MRS. SIMPSON: Well, you can't help that! You don't have to shake hands.

SIMPSON: Well, consider it done, Frankel. Consider it done!

CARTER: That's right, that's right! We can leave it to the meeting.

SHOMBERG: You bet you can! You goin' my way, Frankel?

[Frankel joining him speaks to Mrs. Simpson.]

FRANKEL: I s'pose you're goin' to come to the meetin', Mrs. Simpson?

MRS. SIMPSON: Ain't my place where my husband is?

FRANKEL: Well, you don't git no vote!

MRS. SIMPSON: There's goin' to be a motion introduced for the wives to vote.

FRANKEL: Watch it pass! Good-by!

[Gibson nods. Frankel goes away with Shomberg.]

SIMPSON: Good-by, Mr. Gibson! All this don't amount to much. It'll all be settled to-morrow.

MRS. SIMPSON: Good-by, Mr. Gibson! [And as they go out the gate]: You bet your life it'll be settled! If that wall-eyed runt thinks he can walk over me ——

CARTER [looking after them, laughing]: Well, she's an awful interfering woman! And she ain't the only one. If they'd all stay home like my wife things would be smoother, I guess. Still, they're smooth enough.

[Going]: If you want to see that, Mr. Gibson, we'll be glad to have you look in at the meeting. You're always welcome at the factory, and it'd be a treat to you to see how things work out. It's eleven o'clock if you'd like to come.

GIBSON: Thanks, Carter.

CARTER: Well, good afternoon, Mr. Gibson and Miss Gorodna. Good evening, I should say, I reckon.

GIBSON: Good evening, Carter.

[The light has grown to be of sunset. Carter goes.]

NORA [going toward the gate]: I'm glad to see you looking so well. Good evening!

GIBSON: Oh, just a minute more.

NORA: Well?

GIBSON: It looks as if that might be a lively meeting to-morrow.

NORA: Is that the old capitalistic sneer?

GIBSON: Indeed it's not! It only seemed to me from what we've just heard here ——

NORA [bitterly]: Oh, I suppose all business men's meetings and arguments, when their interests happen to clash, are angelically sweet and amiable! Because you see that my comrades are human and have their human differences ——

GIBSON: Nora, don't be angry.

NORA: I'll try not. Of *course* it isn't all a bed of roses! Of *course* things don't run like oiled machinery!

GIBSON: But they do run?

NORA: It's magnificent!

GIBSON: Do you want me to come to that meeting to-morrow?

NORA: Yes; I'd like you to see how reasonable people settle their differences when they have an equal and common interest.

GIBSON [in a low voice]: Aren't you ever tired? [For a moment she has looked weary. She instantly braces up and answers with spirit.]

NORA: Tired of living out my ideals?

GIBSON: No; I just mean tired of working. Wouldn't you rather stop and come here and live in this quiet house?

NORA [incredulously]: I?

GIBSON: Couldn't there even be a chance of it, Nora? That you'd marry me?

NORA [amazed and intensely displeased]: A chance that I would ——

GIBSON: Well, then, wouldn't you even be willing to leave it to the meeting to-morrow?

[Already in motion she gives him a look of terror and indignation.]

NORA: *Oh!* [She runs from the gateway.]

Editor's Note—This is the second act of a play by Mr. Tarkington and Mr. Wilson. The third and last act will appear next week.

EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

(Concluded from Page 28)

Yuma, Arizona—a distance of five hundred miles. This latter line if brought east would run from Boston to Norfolk, Virginia. Of course these lines lack the capacity of the one proposed by Secretary Lane, but this deficiency would be overcome by engineering skill.

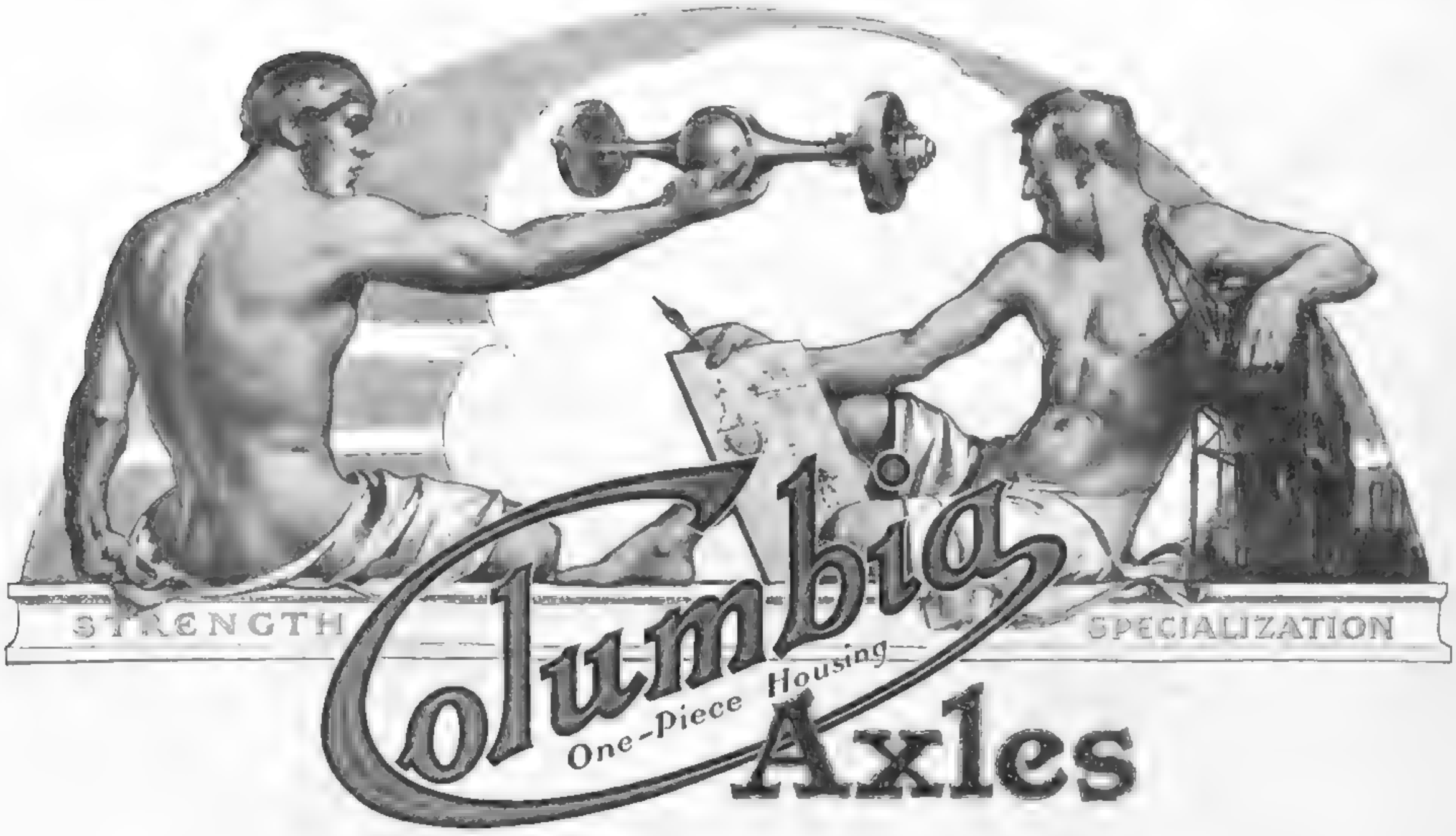
Just now our citizens are not worrying themselves concerning fuel problems; but it is true nevertheless that our present relief from a coal and power shortage is only temporary. Wherever we turn in this great field of heat and energy we are confronted by a bad economic situation. The householder suffers worst, for he cannot pass the high prices on to someone else, no matter what their cause. When one ton of coal is burned in a kitchen range or in a domestic furnace the consumer gets only a part of the heat value and permits about twenty dollars' worth of useful commodities to go up the chimney in the form of black smoke. Each ton of good bituminous coal contains 10,000 cubic feet of gas, which is sufficient to furnish the average home with a supply of gas for a month's cooking; there is also in this coal twenty pounds of ammonium sulphate, two and a half gallons of benzol—enough to run an automobile thirty or forty miles—and eight and a half gallons of tar.

Colliery owners and operators who are aware of the immense potential value of coal are helpless in the matter of this waste, and will be until the nation has been roused and a great coal-products industry has been established. In New England, since the beginning of this year, fuel oil from Mexico has replaced nearly two million tons of coal. These Mexican oil fields are one of the prizes of the world, and as a competitor they threaten the whole coal business of our Atlantic seaboard. This could not be the case if the methods of utilizing coal were in every way efficient.

As the situation stands now, the transportation of coal engages more than one-third of the freight capacity of the country.

Furthermore, we consume five per cent of all the coal we mine in the United States in the business of transporting the remaining ninety-five per cent of the output to market. In our strenuous effort to keep warm and well fed things are radically wrong, and though we cannot remedy the problem all at once or in time to avoid the curse that will be placed on us by coming generations, we can at least refuse to be a party to further industrial excesses of like nature and insist that private interests shall at last give way to the exercise of national economy.

Interior of a By-Product Plant, Showing Bennet Tanks



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And an element of greater safety is greater than usual Braking Surfaces.

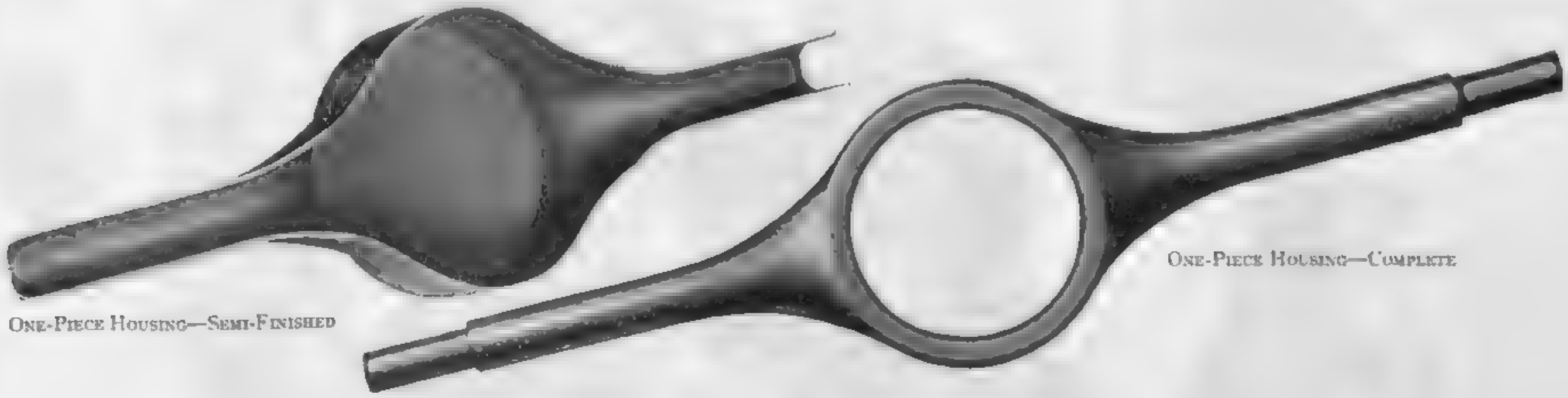
These elements of greater strength and safety in Columbia Axles evidence the determination of this organization of Axle Specialists to excel beyond possibility of failure in the production of incomparably superior axles.

They also evidence the car manufacturer's realization of *his* responsibility to the purchaser of the car.

And this may well be taken as an earnest of equal sincerity and devotion to high ideals, in his selection or manufacture of all other units that enter into the sum total quality of his product.

Columbia One-Piece Housing Axles are made in varying sizes to conform to varying requirements.

We will be glad to hear from manufacturers, dealers and others who may be interested in our conception of our responsibilities as Axle Specialists pledged to the highest conceivable standards of service to motor car owners.



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DUDS

(Continued from Page 25)

Herewith opened before the startled Phineas a tidal wave of astounding possibilities. Yet were they so astounding after all? Supposing that the sporting features of the cabin were primarily a blind for a more sinister employment of it? The two functions could be easily combined. The smugglers might run down for two or three days, spend part of them on the marsh with their decoys, and a night or two offshore. They could divide their time between pleasure and business. There was probably a narrow inlet near, by which a light-draft motor boat could run in and out at high tide.

A shiver not entirely of cold brought Phineas back to a recollection of the prevailing pandemic. "No use getting the flu over it," he muttered, and climbed into the heavy flannels of what he was now disposed to regard as their late owner. He felt very little doubt that this hospitable cabin was indeed the secret rendezvous of those whom he had sent to their final reckoning within the last three hours; their point of departure and return. He had encountered them directly off this spot. The house had given him an atmosphere of recent occupation on his entering it. To be sure the stove was cold, but they would not have been apt to leave a fire burning. Very possibly they had put out directly from the mainland. At any rate he did not see how they could possibly have escaped death. Phineas felt no fear of interruption.

Picking up the comforter he wrapped it about himself and sat down on the edge of the bed to reflect. From the newness of its furnishings he felt certain the cabin had been fitted out after hostilities had stopped. Before the armistice anybody to occupy it would have been under the closest scrutiny of the coast patrol; would probably not have been permitted there at all. He determined to question the coast guard, but not until some days later. He would return there for the purpose.

His next decision was to tell Miss Melton nothing at all of his conviction. In the first place she did not deserve it, and he remembered Rosenthal's caution to keep his own counsel and confide in nobody. But Phineas felt an intense desire to examine the contents of the boxes. To do so, and that immediately, was imperative. It was certain they must contain some clew.

As this thought was revolving in his mind his quick ear caught a splitting, splintering sound from the other side of the thin partition that separated the two small bedrooms. The noise was very faint, scarcely audible in fact, and the chances are that if Phineas' mind had not been keyed to the same vibration he would not have noticed it at all. But coming just at that moment it acted on him like a sharp clap of the hands behind a man who lives in dread of assassination. He was on his feet in a flash, his head against the pine partition. Again came the faint splitting sound, and Phineas found it easy to analyze. The little boxes were securely fastened with long wire nails which could not be drawn without a special tool, nippers or a claw. Miss Melton having no such implement was prying up the cover with some other—a kitchen knife or something of the sort.

The anger and resentment, which Phineas had put aside through chivalry, returned with a compounded interest. Here was a woman, whose difficult and dangerous work he had undertaken without question and accomplished in a masterly way, now taking advantage of his solicitude for her welfare to steal a march on him and examine the loot without giving him the opportunity so much as to learn its character. He had just saved her life, to be given as a reward what crooks would call the double cross. She had used him as a pawn essential to a checkmate, quite necessary to make her play, and to be sacrificed if so required. She had insulted him, done him a physical violence—without offering apology for either. And at this moment she was stealthily engaged in cheating him out of a recompense that might be of infinite value to the accomplishment of his task and could not possibly cost her anything.

It struck Phineas that this was about as mean a trick as he had ever heard of. Not only did it rouse his bitter anger but a disgust which swept away the protective instinct that their position had roused in him. It made him ruthless, regardless of her sex.

x

SOFTLY opening his door Phineas crossed the living room and looked into the kitchen. Miss Melton had evidently followed his advice, as her dripping clothes were steaming on a chair close to the stove. The bedroom which she occupied was next to the kitchen, the door opening into the latter. Phineas rapped sharply and heard a sudden scuffling sound. He knew as clearly as though he could see her act that she was pushing the boxes under the bed.

"What are you doing?" he asked.

"Resting. Please don't disturb me. There is nothing that I want."

"Really? Well then, there is something that I want."

There was an instant's silence, then: "What is it?"

"I want to see what is in those boxes; in fact, I insist upon seeing what is in them."

"That is impossible, I'm afraid. I am under strict orders not to let anybody know what I may discover. You have learned quite enough already."

Phineas' anger went up another notch.

"Do you think so? I'm very sorry, because I don't. It is outrageous—ridiculous. Here I've managed this thing for you and now you have the nerve to tell me that I'm not even to know what we have found."

"You know what is going on. That ought to be sufficient. You might otherwise have pottered round indefinitely without learning anything at all."

Phineas' patience began to slip its cogs. He tried the door and found it locked.

"Let me in!" said he sternly.

"I shall do nothing of the sort."

"You know perfectly well that you have nothing to fear from me. I am a gentleman, but I am not altogether a fool and a dupe. It can do you no harm for me to see what those boxes contain."

"Perhaps you would like a share"

Her voice held the dulcet limpid tone which had so irritated Phineas on their first meeting. But now it did not irritate him. It infuriated him—that and the impudent, insulting words.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself!" said he, his own voice tremulous with anger. "You know that I don't claim any of the loot. But I want to know what it consists of and if there is any clew to its source and consignment in any of the boxes. Now I've said enough. If you don't open this door immediately I shall open it myself."

"You—coward!"

"Oh, come, you know better than that! Are you going to do as I ask?"

"I am not! Haven't you any sense of chivalry? Do you mean to burst into my bedroom like a boche?"

"No. I am going to burst in like a man who has been shamefully duped and insulted. Haven't you any sense of gratitude? Of appreciation?"

"Oh, là, là, là!" The cool voice held a flippant tone. "The young man is beginning already to harp on the obligation I am under for having given him a chance to find out something about his job. You are the one who ought to be grateful." Her tone changed abruptly, became sharp, imperious. "Now that's enough! You can't come in. I've nothing on but those pyjamas. If you had any chivalry at all you would never think of asking such a thing. Go away. I want to sleep."

"You want to open those boxes. You have started to do so already. Is that your final refusal to let me in?"

"No. There is still a last word. If you try to force the door I shall assume that you intend some act of violence upon myself, and I shall put a bullet through you. I noticed that you left your automatic in the boat. I hung on to mine."

"Very well. Then you will have a chance to use it immediately."

If Phineas had felt any scruples up to this time these last words banished them. The appeal to his chivalry had cut deep, but followed by this threat its value became negative. The rush of anger it evoked swept away all respect for the girl, her person and character. She became to him no more than a sly, cold-blooded selfish intrigante. He could scarcely believe that she was capable of shooting him; but still, she might be. He was ready to take the chance. He felt that if he allowed himself to be cowed by her he would be ashamed for the rest of his life.

As has been said, the door opened into the kitchen, so that the hinges were on Phineas' side. These were of the usual sort, swinging on a detachable pivot rod. It was necessary only to slip these out and exert a little prying pressure to remove the door. Phineas took out the rods, then glancing about the kitchen saw a hatchet hanging between two nails. Taking this he inserted the edge, pried gently, and the door fell off into his hands. He set it aside against the wall, then set foot upon the threshold.

In spite of his glowing anger the tableau presented was a startling one, and in more than a single way. Miss Melton was sitting on the edge of the bed facing him, arm bent, her automatic pistol leveled at his chest. She was in the voluminous pyjamas, which were several sizes too large for her, though a big girl, and of which she had rolled up the legs and sleeves in a manner to expose her bare round ankles and forearms. She had been drying her hair, which fell in shimmering waves cascading over her shoulders and bosom to swirl on the bed beside her in a golden-copper ruddy flood.

Phineas saw nothing but her extraordinary eyes, which gleamed at him through narrowed lids with a light in them more metallic than the yellow lamplight reflected from the barrel of the automatic pistol. It was a peculiar glare, not only in its ruthlessness but in a strange mocking quality—one might almost say amusement—of an inhuman malicious elfin sort.

There was a delicate flush on her face, which showed not the slightest sign of the ordeal through which she had just passed nor the ensuing exhaustion thus produced. Her lips were scarlet, slightly parted to show the white double rim of her even little teeth. The neck of the blouse was so large that it was like a toga, slipped to one side to disclose an alabaster neck and throat of an impalpable texture. Beneath, a proud bosom gave the only token of emotion in its rapid rise and fall.

For several seconds Phineas stood there on the threshold in a sort of amazement, bewildered almost, forgetful of the weapon leveled at him, in a confused contemplation of her outrageous eerie beauty. She seemed like a perfect creature from some other world. If she had dissolved into thin air he

Her Eyes Gleamed at Him With a Light More Metallic Than the Yellow Lamplight Reflected From the Barrel of the Pistol

would not have been astonished. His eyes fell rather stupidly to her bare little feet, rosy pink and delicately formed as those of a fay. If he had not so recently staggered under her material weight Phineas would not have believed her to possess any at all. Despite the fullness of her exquisite form she gave the impression of ethereal substance.

Her cool mocking voice brought him back with startling abruptness, brought all his anger at the same time, augmented by a rush of some fierce foreign emotion. Yet not altogether this, for he had previously felt it, though vaguely and in a baffling, undetermined way. It was that perverse desire to seize and shake the malice from her. At least he thought it to be that.

"Well," said the mocking level voice, "now that you've had your look you had better go."

Phineas felt the blood pouring into his face. The tone, the insult, the very look of her was maddening. It seemed to him that his head was going to burst. The atmosphere of the room grew roseate, then crimson. In a word he saw red, though not with unadulterated rage.

"Shall we open the boxes?" His voice was thick. It seemed to him that someone else was speaking.

A malicious smile whipped up one corner of her wide mouth. "I shall open them when you have put back the door—with yourself on the other side."

"Then you had better shoot and put it back yourself. *J'y suis, j'y reste.*"

He did not move. His head was beginning to clear. For the first time he believed that she would carry out her threat; but for some reason he did not seem to care. She stared into his face and the telltale eyebrow quivered. Her mouth lost its mocking smile, grew straight and hard and firm.

"You are mad!" Her voice was sharp. "Go out! Do you want to die?"

"I don't care."

He took a step forward. The expression of her face underwent a startling change. The mockery gave way to a sort of exasperated ferocity. Her eyes opened to their full astounding size.

"You fool. What is the matter with you? I tell you to go out. My hand is getting tired. This pistol is apt to fire. Get out!"

"Shall we open those boxes?"

"Idiot! You can scarcely stand. You are white as a sheet. You have been drinking!"

"I have not! Shall we open those boxes?"

A sudden fury rushed into her face. Phineas stepped forward. He expected each second to hear the deafening report, to feel the mortal pang. He welcomed it as the price he was prepared to pay for his obedience to an imperative impulse. He forgot the boxes, the pistol, everything but this mocking, tantalizing, infuriating, inhuman girl. She was not a mortal, had no legitimate place on the mortal plane. She belonged to some other, the fairy realm. It needed her bullet, perhaps, to open its doors for him. Perhaps when he was dead he would find her waiting for him there. Some consciousness told him that he had inhaled the poison, that there would be no peace left for him in his own befogging world. He took another step toward her, thrusting forward his chest, inviting his release. He was at that moment insane, as she had said.

The fury of her face froze into a look of livid hate. And then a startling thing occurred, and one for which Phineas was least prepared. The pistol went flying across the room. There was a flash of white arms, a swirl of ruddy hair and billowing pyjamas, and Phineas felt himself gripped by one elbow and the side of the neck. He knew the hold, had practiced it in college, where in senior year he had taken wrestling lessons. To be seized violently thus awakened old memories, brought an instinctive muscular reaction, this assisted by the stab of pain as the girl's thumb sank in upon the nerve, the "funny bone," as it is called.

Yes, he knew the hold, and how to break it and recover; so as she whirled him backward with uncanny strength he pivoted on his heel and clinched her under the arms, clasping his hands just beneath her shoulder blades and bearing downward with his head against her chest. It was a back-breaking grip, but her lithe body twisted in his arms as though he had been trying to hold a revolving shaft. A bare arm slipped over his shoulder, a hand fastened on his wrist and began to tug it slowly upward with the deliberate strength of a low-geared safe hoist, while the other hand stealing round him encircled the middle finger of his clasped hand and began to force it back—a jiujitsu trick. Resisting, the finger would be broken; releasing his clasp, a dislocation of the other arm was the possible result.

Phineas realized that he had to do not only with a feminine phenomenon of strength but a skilled and practiced exponent of Oriental wrestling tricks. He was by no means ignorant of this school, and countered the attack in the proper technical way, with utter relaxation for the moment—a supple yielding followed by a swift offensive. Lean as he was they were nearly of equal weight, equal height, possibly equal strength, though of a different sort. That of Phineas was slower but enduring. The girl's was more that of a cat—swift, high of innervation but incapable of sustained tension.

Such maneuvers as immediately followed in this curious combat were startling, bizarre; would have presented a spectacle to shock any but an athlete, but were far from that to the contestants. Phineas felt that he was struggling with a wrestler far more skilled than himself, trained to the last degree in scientific application on the levers and fulcrums by which the minimum force might achieve maximum results in the straining of ligaments and paralysis of muscle. And there was this difference of method—that whereas he was striving to overcome without injury to his antagonist the girl was fencing to disable.

They fell across the bed, pitched off onto the floor, Phineas underneath. He writhed over on his face and offered an opening for an elbow twist which was not neglected. There was an instant when he thought the joint would go, but he broke the hold by a head spin at the cost of infinite pain. For a moment or two his efforts were purely defensive, his object to save himself from disgraceful defeat. He felt that it would be more than that, a defeat to leave him helpless and crippled for a period of three or four hours. He had seen the state in which the jiujitsu wrestlers left their vanquished adversaries.

Then it seemed to him that she was tiring. Had he chosen to avail himself of tactics similar to hers he could have finished the bout at any moment, but manliness forbade. That and the passion to subdue her by sheer masculine strength, contemptuous of tricks. And presently his chance came in an honest half nelson by which he turned her supple body slowly, inexorably, until of a sudden its tense resistance relaxed, and from being a creature of steel springs imbedded in long round muscles he found her of a tender and infantile softness which infused him with a sudden sense of shame.

Phineas raised himself on his elbow and stared into her burning eyes. Some mysterious change had happened there. They glowed like crucibles of molten gold but the fury had left them. It was as though they shared in the surrender, ungrudgingly admitted the defeat. An intense questioning lurked in their depths, and as they read the humiliation in his own they seemed to cool and soften, become human and with a hint of mirth. Phineas rose lightly to his feet, took her two wrists and raised her to her own. They stood for a moment looking at each other curiously, as if astonished at the violence of the past few moments and wondering if it had actually happened. Phineas drew a deep breath.

"Shall we open those little boxes?"

She threw back her head and laughed. "Why, yes, of course!" she answered, and her accent was one of surprise.

"Who taught you jiujitsu?" Phineas asked.

"A woman professional in London. She had a little class. The others went in for it in a ladylike way but I took it up seriously because I thought that I might need it some day."

"Have you?"

"Once or twice—but never like this." She laughed.

"I should hope not." Phineas' face was rather pale. He frowned. "Where do you get your wonderful strength?"

"Heredity and training. I come by it honestly. It is not supernatural, as some people seem to think. My father was the strongest man I ever knew. He could tear horseshoes apart and bend five-franc pieces in his fingers and do such things as that. He trained me until his death, when I was seventeen; running and fencing and swimming."

"You said you couldn't swim."

Her wide smile whipped up. "That was because I wanted to tire you out. I swim like an otter. I wasn't the least done in when we crawled up the beach. Nor coming here. I let you carry me because I wanted you to be so exhausted that you would not want to bother about the boxes until I had opened them. Shall we open them now?"

"They can wait a bit. Let's first have something to eat. Why were you so mean as not to want me to see what was in the boxes?"

"I was curious to see if I could bluff you out of it."

"Well, you saw, didn't you?"

She nodded and looked at him with a curious light in her tawny eyes. "I never doubted for a moment that I could cripple you temporarily in the first clinch. Not seriously, of course, but enough to put you hors de combat for the moment."

"While you opened the boxes. Then you never intended to shoot me at all?"

"Of course not! I might have felt like it though if you had let yourself be bluffed. Then I saw a look in your eyes which made me think I had gone too far, and that I should have to choose between being bluffed myself or crippling you pretty badly. But I never had the slightest fear of the result. You are stronger than I thought—in quite a number of ways."

Phineas flushed. "I don't feel very proud," said he. "Perhaps I am not so strong as you think. But I can't understand why you should have wanted to put me through my paces—or let me think about you as I did."

She looked at him with a sort of indulgence in her slanting smile. "You might as well know. I wanted to have you work with me. But first I had to be sure that you were the man I needed. I did not want you if you could be bluffed by a woman, or downed or—or ——"

"Tempted? You did not seem to me like a woman. You seemed like some beautiful witch or fairy; and I am not sure but that you are."

"You must not say such things! The idea is absurd! I am as much of a mortal as you."

The color flooded her face as it had once before when Phineas had made a similar remark. He saw to his astonishment that she had taken it seriously and that it angered her. He could not understand why a sensible girl could object to being called a fairy, even supposing that there were such things.

But apparently she did, and so he dropped the subject. It seemed to him that every hour spent with this curious and fascinating personality changed his estimate, his opinion of her. She put him through a gamut of varied and kaleidoscopic emotions as a performing poodle might be made to exhibit its tricks. Their outrageous tussle had left him cooled and shamed and with an aching elbow, but he could not see that this astonishing girl was in any way upset by it. For his part he was conscious of a new-found intimacy: a sense of ownership, of domination. At any rate he had satisfied the craving to seize her violently and shake the mocking malice out of her. And at the same time, perversely enough, he rather missed it.

But he was tired and hungry and for the moment desired peace and a comradely relation. He got up and began to overhaul the stores stacked up on the shelves, then suddenly turned to her.

"What is your first name?"

"Patricia. I inherited it from my mother's mother, who was the daughter of an Irish baronet and very beautiful."

"You inherited that too. I shall drop the 'Miss Melton.' Henceforth your first name for me. Somehow I feel as if I had the right."

"Because you are the first man who ever outwrestled me?"

"I prefer to base my claim on our having faced death together. It was touch and go to-night. If the motor had stopped five minutes sooner we should have been done in. The tide would have set us off the beach. . . . What would you like to eat? Here are soups and sardines and pork and beans—and a little bit of everything, in fact. Let us hope the proprietor may not drop in to spoil the party."

"No danger of that."

Phineas turned to look at her as she sat close to the glowing stove. "Why not?"

"Because he is probably dead by this time."

"Indeed?"

"You appear to have discovered it yourself."

"I thought so. On what do you base your theory? Previous knowledge of this cabin?"

"No, but I suspected something of the sort. It was that." She pointed to what appeared to be a pair of onions hanging from a nail.

"Those onions? Why?"

"They are not onions. They are garlics. Very few Americans eat garlic, but about all Frenchmen do. Not many greengrocers in this country even keep it."

"Then you think this is a French job?"

"Right here, yes. You see I am putting my cards on the table. Do you mind showing yours?"

"Not now. I have the honor to accept your offer of partnership—with the understanding that my name is not yet to appear."

"*Entendu.*"

Phineas stepped into his bedroom, picked up the clock and handed it to her. Up went the telltale eyebrow. She examined the timepiece and nodded.

"That settles it. An antique French clock with a few bloodstains from the boche who looted it. Picked up on the battlefield by some soldier and sold for a couple of marks—or francs."

"Francs?"

"It's possible. Anything is possible. But I doubt if it was smuggled in. It would hardly be worth it. More probably it was gathered in with other such loot by this organization and shipped as a consignment of antique merchandise. They import a certain amount in the legitimate way to give an air of honesty to their shops. It would be interesting to know which this came from."

"I think I do. There are a lot just like it in the window of Durand Brothers."

"What?" Patricia looked up quickly.

"Yes. You know the place?"

"Of course. The two Durand brothers are under suspicion in Paris. I have discovered that as a matter of fact they are one man."

"The deuce you say!" Phineas looked extremely pleased. "I was just about to take a room next door when you abducted me."

"Really? You improve more and more on intimate acquaintance, my Phœbe. Yes, Paul Durand is known to his friends and neighbors as a highly respectable and patriotic bourgeois. Over there he has a pretty wife, two small children of three and five and is *bon papa*. He is rather portly, dresses in black, wears a close cropped mustache and Vandyke and plays dominoes after dinner over a *petit verre* in the corner café. Over here he has a pretty wife, two small children of three and five ——"

"Hold on. You are making me admire the rascal. And ——"

"—— is something of a sport, wears loud checks, is lean and muscular, smooth-shaven, plays the races and poker over several whisky-and-sodas. His neighbors regard him as a harmless rake."

"How does he do it?"

"He passes for his own brother, with whom he is not supposed to be on any social terms whatever. His name in America is Herbert Durand. His friends and families think that the two brothers have quarreled bitterly but continue their business relations because neither will give up his interest. Paul Durand spends six months in Paris and six months traveling in search of curios and gems at a bargain. Herbert does the same. The intervals recently have been trimestrial."

"I see. Papa Paul comes over here, gets a tight shave and a tight suit of shepherd's plaid, a red necktie and a blond overcoat, and blows in on wife and kiddies as having just returned from the road. Then when he feels the need of a change of wife and other surroundings he kisses the family good-by, fools round a little to give his fringe time to sprout, then runs down to some southern port and takes a slow ship for Marseilles. By that time his lip and chin ornaments are well along, so he bales himself up in a black redingote, gets a *chapeau de forme*, and is enthusiastically greeted by his pretty French wife and children. Gee, but that is some idea!"

"Particularly for a crook, because if one of him gets into a tight place he has only to disappear into the personality of the other."

"And still be in the bosom of his family, and a respected member of the community with a business and a bank balance. Great!"

(Continued on Page 78)

Supplying Agricultural America
With Uninterrupted Transportation
By George A. Kissel

Motorizing The Farm

Agricultural America has become the food producing Nation of the World!

Back of this acknowledged fact—**how it was accomplished**—is a bit of unpublished history that will interest every business man whether his office or workshop is in store, factory or on the farm.

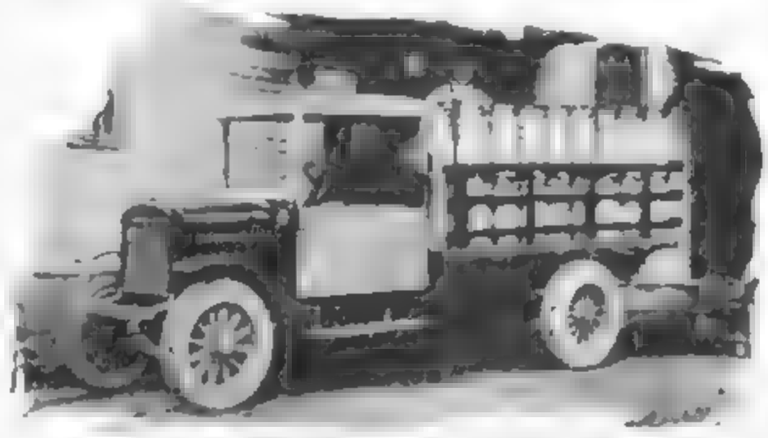
Fresh from their triumphs in solving the transportation problems of Industrial America, the time has now arrived to tell how Kissel motor trucks **were successfully designed and built** to reach out from the commercial and industrial field into that of Agriculture, and how they **have helped reduce the cost** of farm operations and solve the transportation of farm products.

The Kissel engineers realized at the time when farm haulage methods were still "horse-limited," that "motorizing-the-farm" demanded special study of the farmers' requirements—an intimate knowledge of the obstacles to be overcome by trucks on the farm and doing country road work. This study incorporated the proper balance of fixed or moving units, weights, power and transmission requirements, strength of steels and materials to withstand stress and strain.

It was this close application to the trucking essentials of farm work that enabled Kissel engineers to practically **design and build Kissel Trucks to fit farm requirements as if especially designed to meet them.**

Analyzing Farm Truck Requirements

For instance—they found that for a truck to be operated economically and efficiently, it must fit farm trucking conditions—i. e., be of the right size to accommodate the farmer's body preference with full loading space and long wheel base to properly distribute the load, giving maximum capacity with perfect balance without top-heaviness.



"General Utility" on the milk route

Again, the truck must be built heavy and strong enough to stand up under capacity loads on country roads, and must prove dependable in emergencies that occasionally come up in transporting farm products.

Take the Kissel-built power-plant, designed and perfected here at the Kissel shops for trucks exclusively. If there is one feature that is vital in farm truck performance it is the motor, because on it depends the success of the whole truck. Plenty of power is necessary to take all grades with capacity loads—to negotiate muddy roads or soft fields—to accomplish the seemingly impossible mountainous paths and corduroy roads.

To prevent overheating or steaming of the motor under severe conditions, we have equipped Kissel Trucks with a high efficiency tubular radiator set in a cast-iron shroud. In addition, a powerful 18 inch fan drawn by a 2 inch belt and a centrifugal pump of the right size and design insure an adequate cooling system.

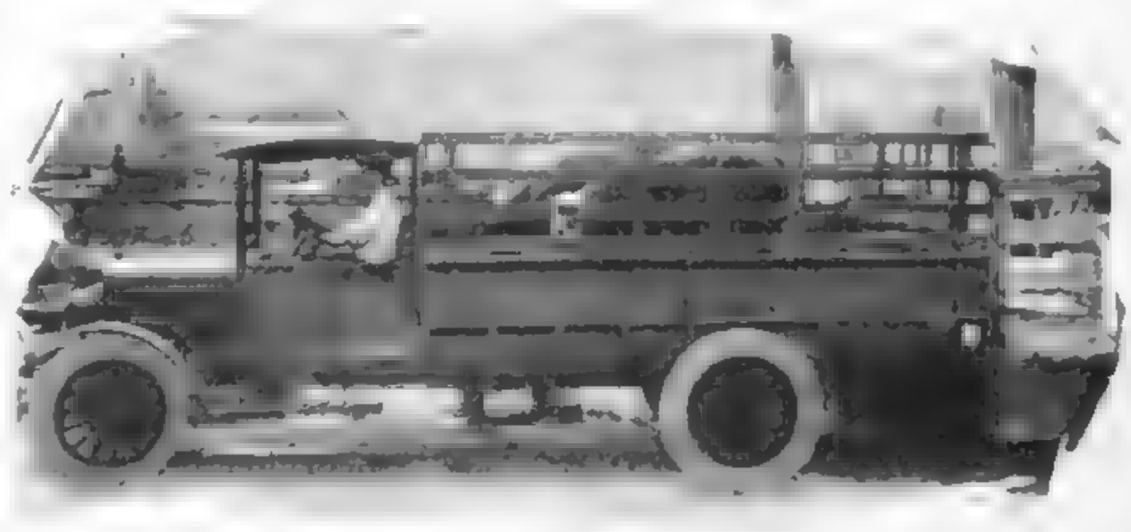
And so it goes—take the axles, brakes, and frame. The rear axles are of the type proven to be the best for country usage—strong, durable and easily accessible. Brakes are of super-strength with the bridge-builders' factor of safety—holding the load on all grades—quick to act and stay when in action. The springs are heavy and flexible, sturdy but pliant, of specially selected and inspected steel chemically analyzed and heat-treated to give strength.

The frames, the real foundation of the truck, are made of pressed steel of specified analysis, designed for more strength than capacity calls for, easily withstanding the severe strain and stress of capacity loads on uncertain roads.

Experiments in operating trucks in different kinds of soil and over dirt roads proved that by equipping all four wheels with pneumatic tires, unusually satisfactory results were secured, not only in negotiating sandy roads or freshly plowed fields without sinking or getting stuck in mudholes, but permitting better time in trips to town, and was easier on the load, especially fruit, eggs and similar produce.

Three Models Designed For Farm Usage

When these standardizing engineering practices and perfecting mechanical innovations were completed the proper combination of all parts and features was determined for each of the following three sized models best adapted to farm work:



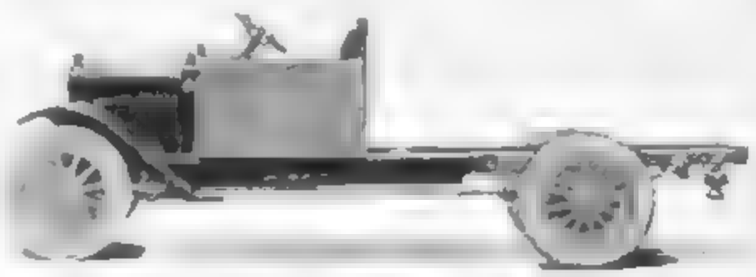
A smooth trip from pasture to stock yards in the "Freighter"

The "General Delivery" truck—¾ ton capacity—a reliable light delivery truck with ability to carry capacity loads at a good rate of speed. This model is equipped with many notable features designed for farm use, such as an 8 foot loading space, unusually large tires, heavier transmission, new and decidedly heavier axles, improved seats. It has proven to be ideal for quick trips to town—an emergency runner when a special consignment of produce must be shipped in a hurry.

The "General Utility" model—1½ ton capacity. The farmer's choice for general hauling purposes, either on the farm or transporting produce and supplies between farm, city and shipping points. It is a powerful truck for larger loads—a good traveler—accommodates any body, and is proving to be the "Farmer's Special" in getting his crops to shipping points or elevators in quick time.

The "Freighter" model, the masterpiece of the 2-ton field that comes nearer in performance and ability to the 2-ton U. S. Army "A" truck than any other truck on the market, with greater power than is usual in the average 2-ton truck. Farmers, overland transportation companies, road-builders, etc., find this model the leader in power, dependability and economy on any grade or road.

The two other Kissel truck models are the "Heavy Duty" with a chassis capacity including body of 8,600 pounds, with ability to withstand tests of heavy work, and the "Goliath" model with chassis capacity including body of 11,800 pounds, a brute in strength and power.



The ¾ ton "General Delivery" for quick trips

Some Unusual Performances

It is because the Kissel engineers have directed their attention to the haulage necessities of the farmers—studying their requirements so exhaustively and the character of their roads so thoroughly—that the records of Kissel Trucks on the farm stand out so prominently.

On the big wheat fields in Nebraska and Kansas, Kissel Trucks have been used to pull cultivators and drills through miles of open fields at a saving in time and man-power. With the aid of a pulley-shaft they furnish power to the thresher and ultimately deliver the grain to the elevators miles away.

In Iowa the farmers haul their hogs and cattle to the Omaha stockyards in Kissel Trucks, saving transportation cost, time and shrinkage of stock.

Fruit growers in Florida and California drive their Kissel Trucks into the orchards where crated and boxed fruits are loaded for transportation to the railroad stations.

In the truck garden centers—Kissel Trucks unload fresh garden produce in the nearby cities and return to the farms before the heat of the day sets in.

Plying up and down over thousands of miles of rural motor express routes, Kissel Trucks bring in the produce of farms and fields and return home with luxuries and necessities.

Creamery and cheese factory owners collect milk and cream with Kissel Trucks at the farmer's gate, saving the farmer this extra trip.

Potato growers in Maine use their Kissel "Freighter" Trucks to haul the loads out of soft fields by equipping with large pneumatic tires.

On farms of all sizes, in all parts of the country, Kissel Trucks furnish power for the saw, separator, thresher, silage cutter and other power-driven equipment.

In the Northwest, farmers are buying Kissel Trucks to haul beets, potatoes and wheat out of plowed fields, necessitating a truck of unusually great power.

In Wyoming, Kissel Trucks deliver ranch supplies and equipment to ranchers forty or fifty miles from railroad points.

Thus it can be seen that what Kissel Trucks have proven in the country's industrial life is well written in handling the transportation problems of farming communities.

Agricultural America has found that having built the greater part of our trucks for eleven years, we are better prepared to furnish spare parts.

The All-Year Cab

Then there is the ALL-YEAR CAB, the biggest truck innovation for farmers in recent years, giving full protection from rain, snow, wind, etc., during winter use. Changed easily and quickly into an open summer cab by removing the winter attachments.

In Conclusion

It is due to this intimate knowledge of the farmer's transportation requirements, that Kissel Trucks have become synonymous with Uninterrupted Transportation in Agricultural America.

And it is because Kissel Trucks have passed through the test of time on non-experimentals and are permanently established that truck dealers who are concerned about their own reputation prefer handling them.

Your nearest Kissel dealer is prepared to show you how the perfection to which Kissel Trucks have been brought is your protection. Catalog on request.

KISSEL MOTOR CAR CO.

HARTFORD, WIS., U. S. A.

(Continued from Page 74)

"He has been working it for about ten years. If he had kept out of this smuggling business he might have died of old age undiscovered. At least one of him might have done so, and the other fallen into a quicksand or something. But we think that he was at one time the fence for a swell mob of French thieves under the direction of a Pole. It was broken up three years before the war by an American ex-cracksman named Frank Clamart, whom they tried to double-cross. He killed their principal operator, a terrible man known as Chu-Chu le Tondeur."

Phineas looked startled. "I know Frank Clamart. He had the agency for an American car over on the Avenue de la Grande Armée."

"That's the man. There was also a very beautiful woman named Léontine, who was under the protection of a Russian prince. Her house was a rendezvous for the gang. She disappeared when the mob was broken up."

"How did you get onto this cheerful bigamist?"

"That was my discovery. We crossed this last time on the same ship. He was Paul, the sober *père de famille*. I noticed that he had a slight tic, a little nervous contraction of the muscle round the right eye, which came from time to time. I got Madame d'Irancy to go with me to the store you spoke of and buy some beads. I waited outside in the taxi. She saw Herbert and told me that he had this tic. It is not likely that two brothers of entirely different habits would have the same little nervous affection."

"Then this must be his place!" Phineas exclaimed. "He was probably out in that boat to-night."

"Perhaps, but I rather doubt it. He's a man of soft habit and considerable wealth. People like that usually get somebody else to do the rough work. He's more apt to be in the bosom of his American family at this moment than drifting round out there. Do you think that the coast guard will discover our boat?"

Phineas nodded. "Yes. There's no ballast in her and she's got wood enough to float the motor. She will wash in with the high tide and they'll probably find her at the ebb. Then they will examine her license, which the law requires to be carried in plain sight framed under glass, and communicate with the owner."

Patricia reflected for a moment. "That need not give us away," said she. "I engaged her by letter and sent them a money order for her full value on deposit, so she was practically my boat. Nobody saw us start." She stifled a yawn.

"Well," said Phineas, "let's have a bite to eat, then overhaul our find and get a couple of hours' sleep. We ought to clear out of this place without being seen if possible."

He replenished the stove and opened some cans of soup and beans and other foods. They were both desperately tired and sleepy but their supper refreshed them, and when they had finished eating they looked at each other and laughed.

"Now let's open these boxes," said Phineas.

XI

PATRICIA rested her elbows on the kitchen table, dropped her chin on her knuckles and stared at the heap of baubles which gleamed and sparkled in the lamplight.

Phineas dropped the last empty box on the floor, stamped upon it and fed it to the roaring stove. He stretched himself a little stiffly, rubbed his elbow, then picked up a slip of paper and examined it anew. This was the master list of all the articles contained in the boxes, each of which inclosed a separate inventory of its own. Opposite the items Patricia had noted the money values appraised by Phineas and herself.

"Twenty-one thousand, two hundred and forty dollars, at a conservative estimate," said Phineas, and gave a prodigious yawn. "If that represents their average week's duty-free importation by a single line they must do quite a business."

The collection was heterogeneous. There were finger rings, both men's and women's, none of any great value; gold watches and cigarette cases, bracelets; small bibelots, such as might have been looted from the vitrines in the salons of wealthy bourgeois houses; antique snuffboxes and lorgnons; and even little pieces of rare porcelain, Satsuma and cloisonnée and carved ivory and the like. Each box contained but few articles, the object of their number being apparently to make a sort of trawl which would spread out over a considerable distance so that it could not be missed.

"It's rather disappointing as a haul," said Patricia, "but of value in proving what is going on and in furnishing a clew for investigations on the other side. Some of this stuff is certain to be identified, and that ought to lead to discoveries that may be of great importance."

"We've got enough now to bust up some of the business over here," said Phineas. "Let's take a nap."

"There's no busting up to be done until we've got a lot more than we have now. We are only dangling on the fringe of this thing, so far. All right, sleepy head. Run along and say your prayers and get in bed. I'll wake you as soon as it begins to get light. I wonder how far we are from anywhere."

"Not very. But you must get some sleep. You have had a wearing day. Especially the final wrestling event."

"I've had my rest."

"When, for heaven's sake?"

"While we were waiting for the ship. In these days of intensive everything one must learn to rest intensively. If you know how to relax properly you can do it anywhere—in a street car, on horseback, waiting for a train. You learn to crowd hours of repose into a few minutes of utter relaxation."

"Perhaps you are right. At any rate you have certainly cultivated the other extreme, which is a terrific high tension. But if you are going to sit up, then so shall I. That might be better. Once I take the trail to dreamland it would need a stronger girl than you to haul me back; and that's saying something."

He drew a wicker armchair up to the stove and flung himself into it. Patricia gave him a smile and let her head sink against the back of her own. They were sitting vis-à-vis, she with her heavy hair still loosened and spread to dry. It hung straight to the floor, on which it seemed to swirl and ripple in the flickering glare from the open door of the stove. Phineas had always thought of the expression "clothed in her flowing tresses" as a poetical figure of speech, but he reflected that Patricia might easily verify it. He had never supposed that women ever actually had hair of such quality and abundance. Its color also was unusual, neither golden nor cupric nor of any other metallic sheen, but warm and luminous of tone, and so fine that its shimmering edges were like ruddy fumes.

It struck him that everything about this girl was individual and apart. She was *sui generis*, of her own separate species; or if there was such a species it was not a sort of which he had any knowledge except from the fanciful imagery of fairy tales. He wondered why she resented being called a fairy. It required an admission of elfin origin to account for her. But Phineas knew that there actually existed rare phenomena of feminine physical strength as well as beauty, though he had never seen the two so outrageously combined.

Pretending to doze he examined her face, which was presented at an angle of three-quarters. Her eyes were closed, the long dark lashes penciling a pair of sweeping crescents. Her small delicately chiseled nose with its concavity of bridge, and the crimson curving lips gave her features thus reposed a curiously infantile expression. She looked like a sleeping child endowed with féerique loveliness by a fairy godmother. Phineas found it difficult to believe that only an hour before it had required the full exertion of his considerable strength to overcome this soft and tender creature, to keep her from crippling him to a degree of helplessness.

Was it actually through strength of skill or had it been some sort of glamour? The thought of the desperate struggle, the violent physical contact—set his heart to pounding, nerves tingling, banished sleep. Whatever she might be, no matter what the metaphysical solution of her dynamic force, something told him that her result upon himself would be to render all other women insipid. It seemed to him that the essence of many was contained in this cosmic creature.

Then, as the night wore on, fatigue asserted itself and he fell asleep; to be awakened as it seemed to him almost immediately by a blast of icy air. He started up and saw Patricia looking out of the open door, through which came the first faint glimmer of early dawn. She closed the door and turned to him with a smile.

"We had better be moving, *mon ami*. The storm is over. It's clear and cold."

Phineas sleepily agreed, and picking up his clothes, which had dried thoroughly, went into the bedroom and dressed. Patricia called him presently and he went out, to find her pouring out two cups of steaming coffee. They made a hurried breakfast, for the day was breaking rapidly and they wished to get away from the place unseen if possible. Phineas thought that it must be a desolate stretch of beach ten or twelve miles west of Fire Island Inlet; also that they would find a landing on the bay side.

He cut the closed end from a gunny sack and tied up the contraband in it. Then they set out between the sedge and snow-covered dunes for the back of the beach, for if there was a landing, as seemed most probable, there might be also some sort of craft in which to make their way to the mainland. This proved to be the case, for a short walk brought them to a creek, where they came upon a jetty and, tied up to it, one of the typical Great South Bay duck boats—a long, low carvel-built double-ender of about a ten-inch draft, with half decks and centerboard with which to sail in open water.

But there was no open water here, this part of the bay being a maze of serpentine creeks writhing between patches of bare firm marsh a few inches above mean high water. The bayman seldom if ever rows his skiff, these shallow waters permitting of swifter and easier propulsion with the pole. A British punter would find himself at home. Standing with the pole enables one also to watch the depth of the water ahead, gives quicker control of the swiftly gliding boat, and is more convenient for shoving off when one gets aground.

This pole was in the boat, supporting a tarpaulin cover to keep out rain and snow. Phineas shook this out and stowed it forward, then slipped off his ulster and handed it to Patricia. Following his directions she drew it over her head and shoulders as a wind break, then snuggled down in the forward part of the boat, facing aft, for these craft have no seats.

"You'll freeze, *mon ami*."

"No fear, shoving against this nor'-wester."

"Do you know the way?"

"Just as well as I did coming ashore last night. There's the smoke of a town about five miles across the marsh. The tide will not be full flood for a couple of hours, so we've plenty of time."

He cast off the painter and they started to thread the water labyrinth. The sun had not yet risen but the day was coming fast, with a clear sky between flying squadrons of clouds. The marshes had awakened, and from all about came the bugling notes of wild fowl which had enjoyed two years' immunity from sportsmen in quest of bigger and more dangerous game.

High above their heads a Y-shaped formation of geese was searching sheltered feeding ground, their trumpet cries falling faintly. A line of whistlers whirred past, and if Phineas had been at the Front he might have waited instinctively for them to strike and burst with violent reports. Hidden in a ditch at the left some black mallards were at play and spattered out with startled squawks. Vertical roseate rays shot up over the Long Island hills and a moment later a dazzling orange gleam swept the marshes like a wave of flame.

"I like this, my Phœbe!"

"So do I. Wish we could stop for a couple of days' sport."

"Perhaps we may come again—for bigger game than ducks."

"That's so. They may think that boat broke down and blew offshore and foundered. Well, you can pay for yours; and then some."

"My government pays. This stuff goes back in the French embassy pouch. This is quite a feather in my cap, *mon ami*, and I have you to thank for it."

"That's not what you thought last night."

"Yes, it is. I told you that I wanted to try you out."

"Well, you sure managed it. Some day when you are not so tired you might take me on again."

She looked at him with her teasing smile and the tantalizing gleam in her amber-colored eyes; and all at once Phineas found himself again the victim of her potent spell.

"*Jamais de la vie, mon brave!*"

"*Jamais?*" He leaned forward, the crimson sunrise in his face. It looked far from vapid at that moment. "Never again?"

She shrugged but did not answer. It was plain to Phineas that he had failed to shake all the malice out of her.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

WESTCOTT

The Car with a Longer Life

THE LIGHTER SIX

Type A 48-inch Wheelbase
Five-Passenger Touring
Two-Passenger Roadster
Three-Passenger Cabriolet-Coupé
Straight Seat
Five Passenger Sedan

THE LARGER SIX

Type A 48-125 inch Wheelbase
Seven Passenger Touring
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Seven-Passenger Sedan
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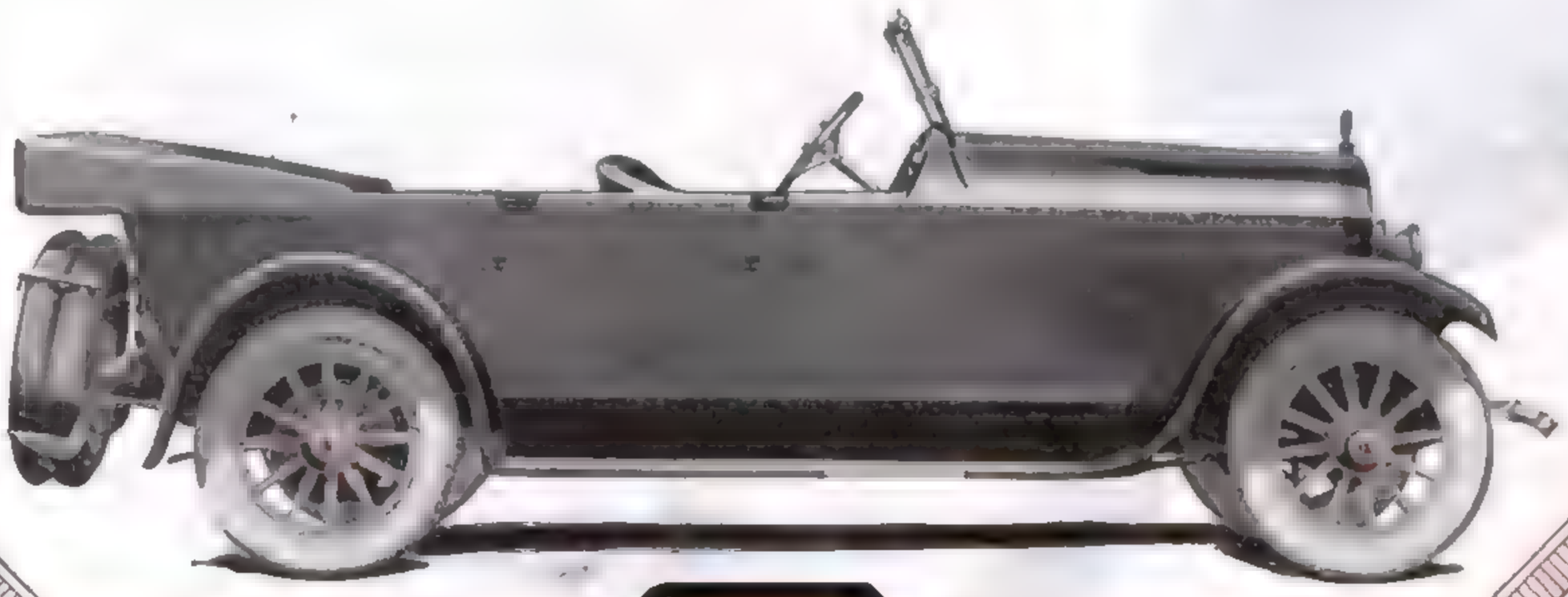
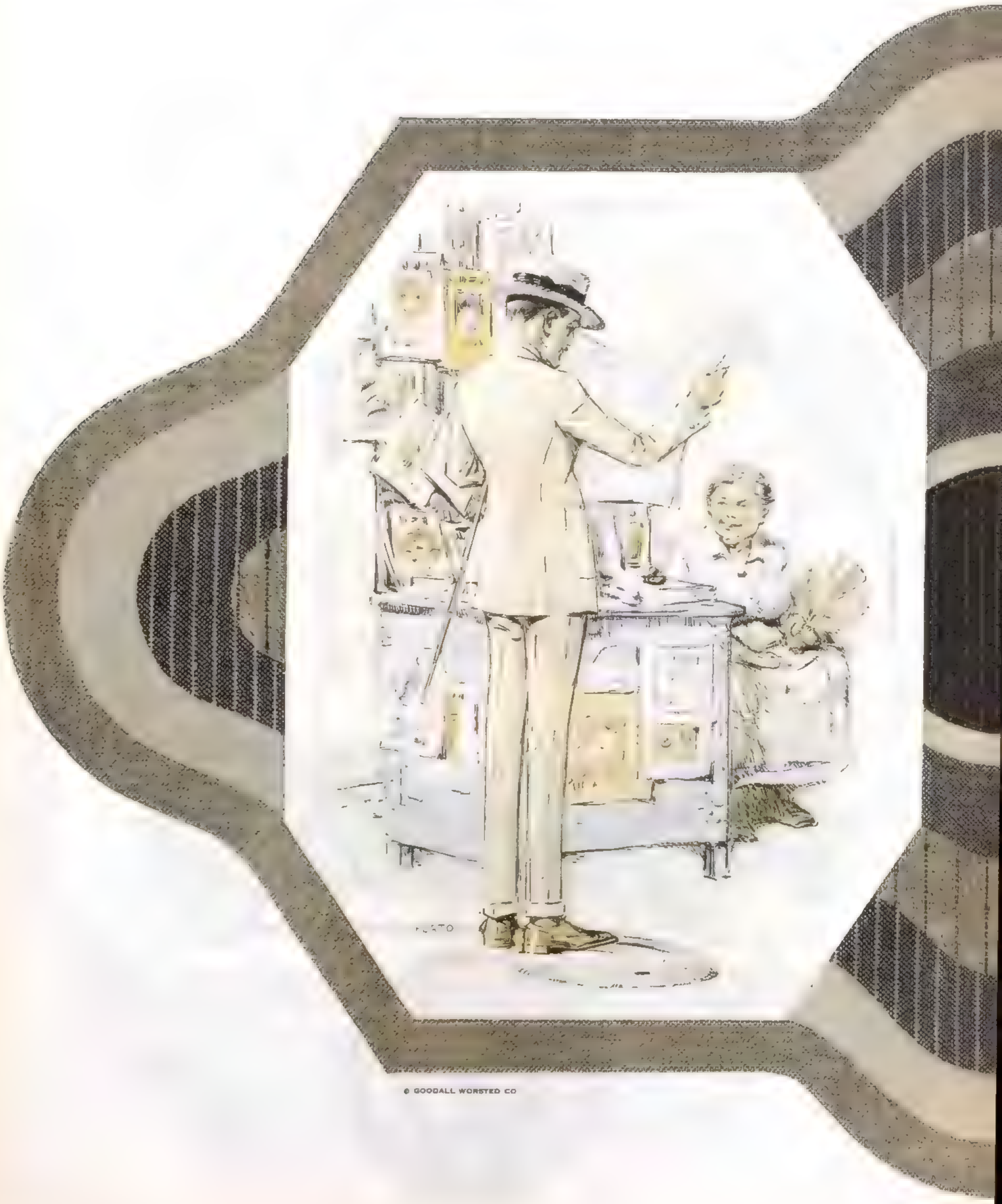
Healthy old age! Many venerable old Westcotts are still in service in the hands of their original owners—*simply because no good reason has ever developed for trading them in.* After thousands of miles of trouble-free running, there is still no end to their service in sight. Westcott is not only the car with a longer life, but the car with less trouble and more genuine comfort during every year of that long life. The "*Larger Six*" has built this reputation. The "*Lighter Six*" will more than maintain it because—within a smaller compass—it has all the character, all the quality and honest worth of the larger car!

Build now the National, State and County roads we need and prosperity will ride to every American's gate.

W. B. WILSON,
Secretary U. S. Dept. of Labor.

THE WESTCOTT MOTOR CAR COMPANY
SPRINGFIELD, OHIO, U. S. A.

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Palm Beach
REGISTERED U S PATENT OFFICE
THE GENUINE CLOTH
MFD. BY GOODALL WORSTED CO.

"Two little Words - - and Two little Palm Branches"

Have come to mean Summer Style and Cool Comfort to a Nation of Men.

When you find them sewn in a Summer Suit, buy with confidence and with satisfaction—for—

PALM BEACH is no ordinary fabric. Years of test and trial have developed its patented porous weave and unusual finish.

Quite true—other Summer Cloths have tried to trade on PALM BEACH success, but they lack the washing qualities—the durability—the smartness and the comfort of the Genuine Cloth.

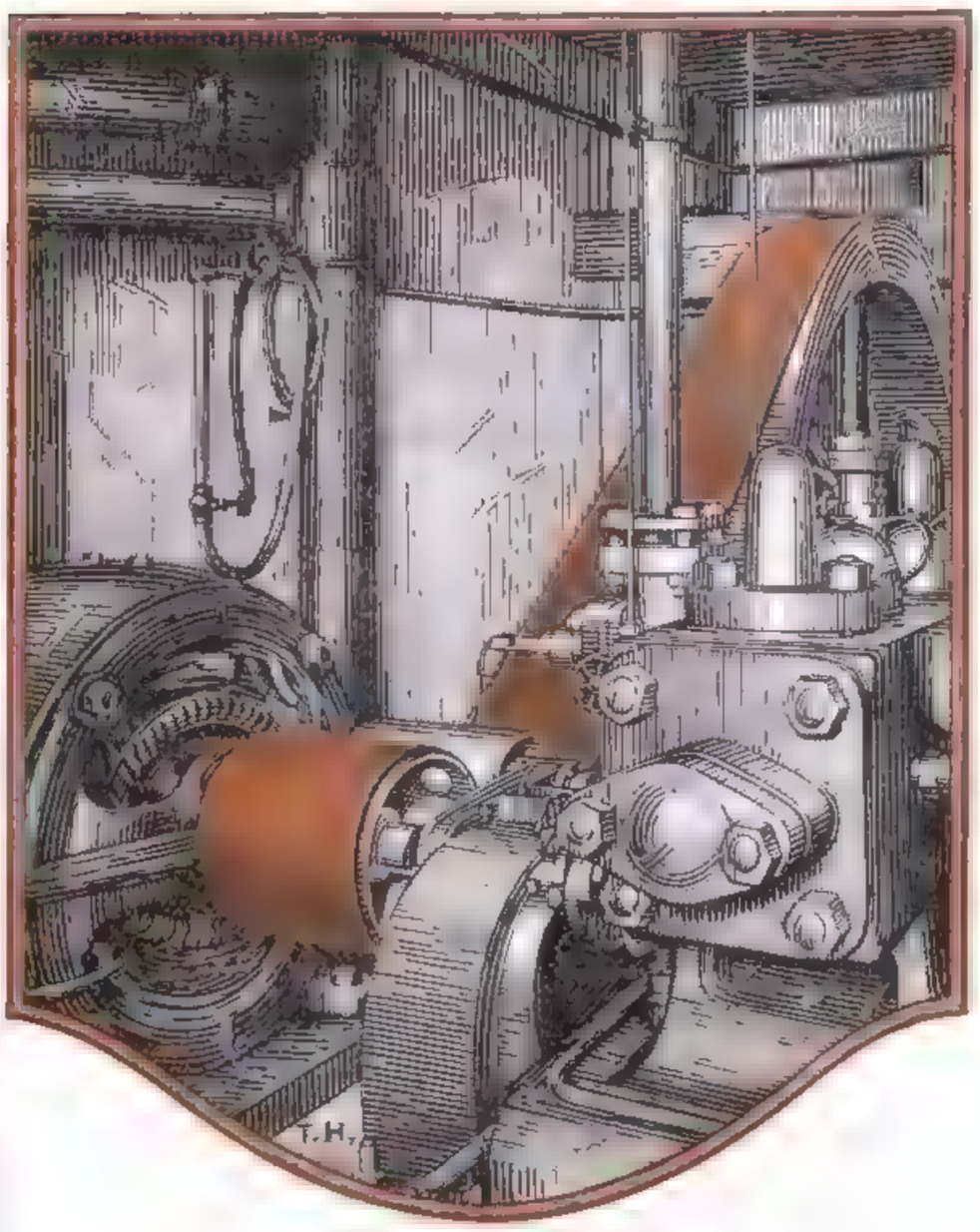
All Clothiers who take pride in building reputation, can show you well-made suits with the Label that bears the trade-marked safety sign—

PALM BEACH

Shown in many shades and patterns

THE PALM BEACH MILLS
GOODALL WORSTED CO., SANFORD, ME.
A. ROHAUT—SELLING AGENT
229 FOURTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

Do you know that the centrifugal force in belts at high speed reduces their driving power until at about 9600 F. P. M. a belt is incapable of transmitting power? All such factors are taken into account by our Engineering Department when they design standardized belt drives. Consult them about your problem.



This is a 12-inch Spartan Double Belt, operating a 50 horse-power Gas Compressor. Its cost to date is ½c per horse-power per week. When this belt had been in use 18 months, the engineer wrote us that it had given double the length of service of belts previously used. This has now been in use over four years and is still going strong.

TOP NOTCH

This is another case where top-notch efficiency and economy have been obtained by simply installing the right belt for the work to be done.

For many years Spartan Belting has been dominating the hard drives that destroy other belts. That experience ranks it as top notch in leather, in tannage and in workmanship. It is unusually pliable, wonderfully elastic, it is the greatest of pulley grippers and without an equal for high speed, overload drives or where unfavorable conditions exist.

Spartan well exemplifies the three principles back of Graton & Knight Standardized Series Leather Belts: First, they are made of the right material—leather. Second, they are tanned in our own tannery specifically for belting use, thus assuring the right kind of leather. Third, they are graded into a Standardized Series—a belt for each class of power transmission requirements—standardized in manufacture and standardized for the work to be done.

Certain articles can be tested in a short time—not so belting. It takes years to test out the correctness of principles applied in power transmission. The result of 60 years' test of experience is that Graton & Knight Standardized Series Belting, the highest in grade, is also the most widely sold. That is a significant combination: highest quality—largest sale.

Many of the best belted plants ask us to specify the belting for every drive. Try the plan yourself. Then, when buying, call for "Graton & Knight —— Brand or equal." This won't commit you to buying our belts. It will put your buying on the one basic consideration—the work to be done.

Write for book on Standardization as applied to Belting

THE GRATON & KNIGHT MFG. COMPANY, Worcester, Mass., U. S. A.

Oak Leather Tanners, Makers of Leather Belting and Leather Products

Branches and Distributors in all Principal Cities

Graton & Knight

Standardized Series

Leather Belting

Tanned by us for belting use

ENEMY PROPERTY IN THE UNITED STATES

(Continued from Page 21)

Synthetic Patents Company, another subsidiary, was vested the ownership of 1200 American patents. This New York company also owned the Hudson River Aniline Works, through which it established its Albany factory. Berlin was represented by the Berlin Aniline Works, also a New York corporation. Kalle & Co. operated through a third New York corporation, also called Kalle & Co. In each of these three cases all the stock of the American houses was admittedly owned outright by the parent organization. All three, accordingly, were taken over by the Government at the very outset.

The great Badische Company acted through the Badische Company of New York, the stock of which appeared on the books to be owned by Adolph Kuttroff, Carl Pickhardt and their leading employees. Leopold Cassella & Co. was represented by the Cassella Color Company, another New York corporation, the stock of which was in the name of its president, William J. Matheson, and its vice president, Mr. Shaw. Höchst functioned through a New York company known as Farbwerke Höchst, of which the stock stood in the name of its president, Herman A. Metz. Of these gentlemen Messrs. Kuttroff and Pickhardt were Germans by birth but Americans by naturalization. Messrs. Matheson and Shaw were American-born, as was Mr. Metz. It was shown after a prolonged investigation, prosecuted by Mr. Francis P. Garvan as head of my bureau of investigation, that the ostensible ownership of these three branches was not in fact genuine, but that each was actually owned by its German progenitor.

Corrupt Practices in Selling Dyes

The state of war in Europe naturally interfered seriously with the importation of German goods into the United States, and though the German houses had considerable stocks on hand in 1914 these were not sufficient to meet trade demands. The result was a revival of an American dye industry. At the time I took office as Alien Property Custodian this American industry was active and prosperous and in almost undisturbed possession of the field. But it required only the slightest knowledge of the situation to show that the new-born industry's hold upon its field was insecure. The supply of crudes had been so expanded by the needs of the explosives industry, and the coincident increase in the number of by-product plants and recovery installations had been such that our supply of raw materials was unsurpassed. We were, however, producing only a few of the essential intermediates; and we had a pronounced lack of that technical knowledge required to produce dyes in the laboratory, to say nothing of the similar knowledge needed to translate laboratory work into commercial production. This was particularly true of the faster German dyes covered by the German patents, and though the law authorized the issuance of licenses under these patents the terms were such that no licensee could hope to continue the manufacture in competition with the Germans after the war.

In the meantime the great German houses were holding their organizations together and keeping their trade intact as best they could by doling out their remaining stocks and by selling under their own names American products, sometimes mixed with their own. These representatives were awaiting the end of hostilities and were preparing at a moment's notice to reëmbark in the importing business and assist their parent establishments in Germany to destroy the new American industry. It was therefore a matter of vital importance for us to ascertain every trace of German ownership in the new industry, and particularly to determine the American representation of the enemy trust. Unless the Germans could be deprived of the benefit of these branch houses their reëntrance into the field would be a very simple thing.

This proved to be an exceedingly hard task. Every variety of camouflage had been resorted to by the Germans to conceal their identity and their interests. A favorite method in this as in other industries was that of fictitious transfer of stock. In a few cases such transfers were carried out after the severance of diplomatic relations and before the declaration of war. In these instances the transactions were so obvious that our course was readily determined upon. In other cases, however—and this was true of the three great German houses that were apparently American-owned—the transfer took place at a period before the American entrance into the war. In these cases the transfer was the result of an attack made by persons interested in the textile business upon the representatives of the German houses, and was made under the provisions of the Sherman Antitrust Law. This attack was so important in its effect that the circumstances of it might be briefly sketched.

Up to about 1910 all the German dye establishments shipped their goods to their American representatives on a straight consignment basis. The compensation of these representatives was the amount of their commissions, and the American houses were merely selling agencies. In 1912 a group of Philadelphia lawyers brought about the prosecution of an officer of Bayer & Co. for corrupt practices in bribing buyers. In the course of this prosecution these lawyers became acquainted with the general history of the German dye industry and realized that it might be made the object of an attack under the Sherman Act, on the theory that each of the German companies through its agent was actually doing business in this country and that the two great cartels were conspiracies in restraint of trade.

Proceeding upon this theory suits were commenced for triple damages against most of the American representatives. The institution of these suits, which were later settled, resulted in at least two cases in the transfer by the Germans of their stock in the American company to the officers of that company. There was on the surface no apparent reason why these transfers should not have been genuine. Each German house really controlled the situation with reference to its agent, because it could instantly ruin that agent's business by withdrawing supplies. They therefore escaped more than general suspicion for a time, but when we looked deeper beneath the camouflage the truth was disclosed.

Following the declaration of war by the United States the German dye industry became a center not only of espionage but of enemy propaganda and direct governmental activity. A number of very striking instances of this were unearthed during our investigation. Among the early examples of this aid to the enemy was that of the by-product plant established by the Lehigh Coke Company. This was a corporation organized by a syndicate represented by the Deutsche Bank and it had been in operation for a number of years when the war came. It had not, however, gone extensively into the manufacture of coal tar and its derivatives. It established a large plant for this purpose in 1915, however, and every ounce of toluol and benzol that it produced was sold under contracts binding the purchaser not to use or permit the use of a product for the manufacture of explosives to be disposed of to the Allies.

Plans to Corner Phenol

An examination that we made of the correspondence between Hugo Schmidt, the agent of the Deutsche Bank in this country, and the bank shows that the whole enterprise represented by the by-product plan was a direct effort on the part of the German Government to prevent the use of its output for the benefit of Germany's enemies. The undertaking was decided upon because the Deutsche Bank had learned that the Bethlehem Steel Company, which had a contract with the Lehigh Coke Company for the latter's coke and gas, had determined to build a plant of its own, but that this decision might be forestalled by the erection of a by-product plant by the Lehigh Coke Company. This actually occurred, moreover, with the result that large supplies of these invaluable coal-tar products were kept out of the munitions industry. Later on the Lehigh Coke Company was sold out to the Bethlehem Steel interests.

What is perhaps a still more striking case was uncovered by my bureau of investigation in coöperation with the Department of Justice. This centered round what is known as the Chemical Exchange Association. The purpose and for a time the effect of this organization was to corner the supply in the United States of phenol, an essential in the explosives industry—picric acid and T N T. This proposition apparently was initiated by Doctor Albert, the financial adviser of the German Government in this country, in direct collaboration with Von Bernstorff.

Doctor Albert carried out the scheme through Dr. Hugo Schweitzer, the chief chemist of Bayer & Co. The outbreak of the war had instantly stopped the importation of phenol, a substance not manufactured to any great extent in this country.

Wheels Within Wheels

A manufacturer who required a considerable quantity of phenol for the making of his product immediately undertook to solve the difficulties involved in the production of the substance. He succeeded after a time in producing considerable quantities of phenol, and the surplus naturally would have gone into the manufacture of American explosives. To prevent this, however, Doctor Schweitzer, on June 22, 1915, entered into a contract with the selling agents for the company for practically the entire surplus of phenol. A week later Doctor Schweitzer made a contract with the Heyden Chemical Works, a branch of the German house of Heyden, by which the entire supply was to be taken by the Heyden interests and converted into salicylic acid and other harmless medicinal and flavoring products. In the meantime, to avoid doing business in his own name, Schweitzer registered as a trade name the Chemical Exchange Association, which was described as a copartnership consisting of himself and Richard Kny, the latter being the father-in-law of George Simon of the Heyden Chemical Company. We discovered that a net profit of $815,000 was made out of this transaction, which was apparently divided between Schweitzer and Kny.

Dr. Hugo Schweitzer, president of the Bayer Company, was really the head of the German industrial spy system in America. He was given a secret-service number by the Imperial Minister of War, our information being that his number was 963,192,637. He had become an American citizen under instructions from his home government, and was upon the surface a reputable American business man. When Doctor Albert came to America to take command of the industrial army on this continent it was to Schweitzer that he first went for assistance. It was Schweitzer who originally planned the idea of purchasing a great New York newspaper. It was Schweitzer who conceived the German Publication Society, formed to publish the literature of German Kultur.

It was Schweitzer who, with the German-American Alliance, formed the Printers and Publishers' Association as an attempt to create an English-language newspaper to present Germany's side of the war. When Albert left the country with Bernstorff he turned over large funds in the management of the German interests here to Schweitzer, to whom he wrote:

"The breadth of high-mindedness with which you at that time immediately entered into the plan has borne fruit as follows: One and a half million pounds of carbolic acid have been kept from the Allies. Out of this one and a half million pounds of carbolic acid, four and one-half million pounds of picric acid can be produced. This tremendous quantity of explosive stuffs has been withheld from the Allies by your contract."

This meant that Schweitzer's efforts had kept from the Allies 2250 tons of explosives, enough to have played havoc with the German armies.

At the time the office of Alien Property Custodian was created the law required all companies in which enemy subjects held stock to report such holdings to that official. About half of the German-owned chemical houses in this country complied. The rest, relying upon pretended transfers of the stock to Americans, paid no attention to the law until my bureau of investigation disclosed the true facts. In some cases the camouflage that concealed the real ownership was so subtle and effective that great difficulty was experienced in unearthing the owners.

A conspicuous instance where measures had been taken apparently placing the enemy interests beyond the law was furnished by Bayer & Company. This company at an early date reported all its stock as held by one of its officers, Mr. Seebohm, for three trustees, who in turn held it for the benefit of the German parent house. It was in all respects the most important of all the German branches. Through the purchase of the stock in the Hudson River Aniline Works it produced a few of the simpler coal-tar colors and a considerable quantity of pharmaceuticals, especially the most valuable single product of the German house, the drug known throughout the world by its proprietary trade name. This was a coal-tar product on which enormous profits were made. Practically the entire management of the company was in the hands of German subjects. The leading spirit, Dr. Hugo Schweitzer, was the most ardent of German propagandists and German agents in this country.

To conceal the profits, another company was organized, known as the Synthetic Patents Company, all the stock of which was held by the German concern and to which were conveyed 1200 American patents of the German house. The eagerness with which the Bayer interests surrendered the stock of their American company roused surprise and suspicion, and the secret was not disclosed until it was discovered that in the emergency they had hit upon the small American house of Williams & Crowell Company, organized in Connecticut to manufacture dyes. The effort was made to buy into the American company, but its legal advisers warned against its sale to enemy interests on the ground that it would be liable to seizure by the Government. Thereupon a new company was formed known as the Williams & Crowell Color Company and all the stock taken in the name of American citizens. Williams & Crowell Company at the time was making profits at the rate of about $50,000 a month, and with the aid of the scientific staff of the Bayer force the company was in a fair way to great prosperity. The purchase of the Williams & Crowell holdings, however, required a substantial cash payment—approximately $100,000—and in our investigation of the deal we were at last able to prove that the $100,000 thus paid was Bayer money, and therefore money of the German parent house. Other transactions were discovered even more convincing of this, and I accordingly insisted that the Williams & Crowell stock be turned over to Bayer, which stock was sold at the time the Bayer properties were disposed of.

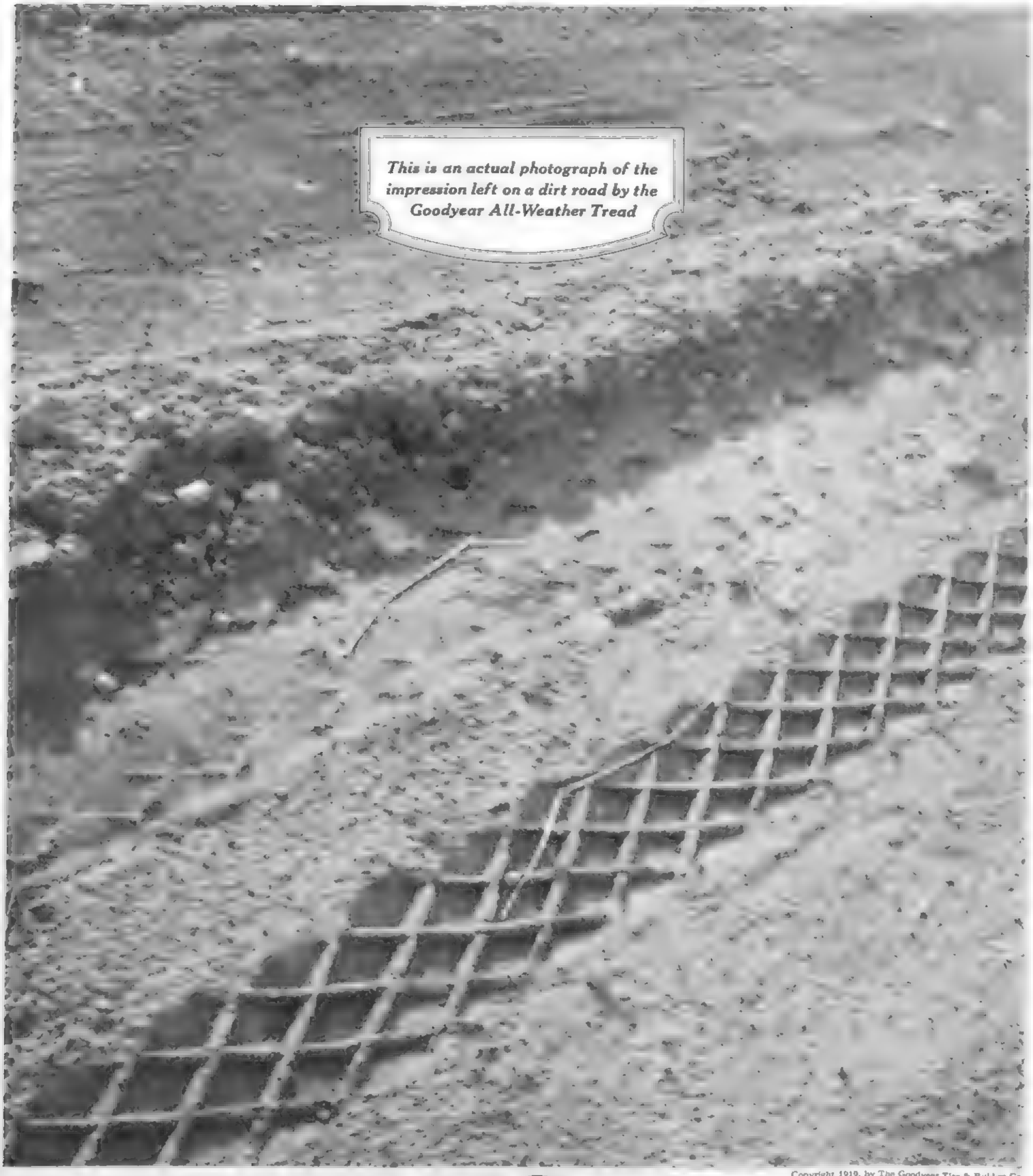
Secret German Control

Two other of the American branches of the six great German dye companies were taken over at the very outset. These were the Berlin Aniline Works and Kalle & Co. These companies, however, were little more than shells, each consisting almost solely of a selling organization without plants or other valuable assets. Having disposed of three of the six concerns my activities in this direction seemed for a time to have come to a halt. The other three did not report any German ownership and on a preliminary investigation they seemed to be American-owned. A very careful examination of all available materials, however, raised sufficient doubt in each to force the company to open its books and records for our inspection.

A thorough investigation was thus made possible, and in each it has resulted in disclosing the fact that the stock of the branch was actually, in part at least, German-owned.

In its relation to the American industry the most important of these companies was the Cassella Color Company. This was managed by W. J. Matheson and Robert A. Shaw, both American-born. An important fact about this concern was that it had apparently been absorbed by the American Aniline and Chemical Company, which had been the largest American producer of dyes. It was borne in upon me that this latter company was partially owned by German interests. An investigation developed the fact that prior to 1918 a majority of the stock of the Cassella Company

(Concluded on Page 85)



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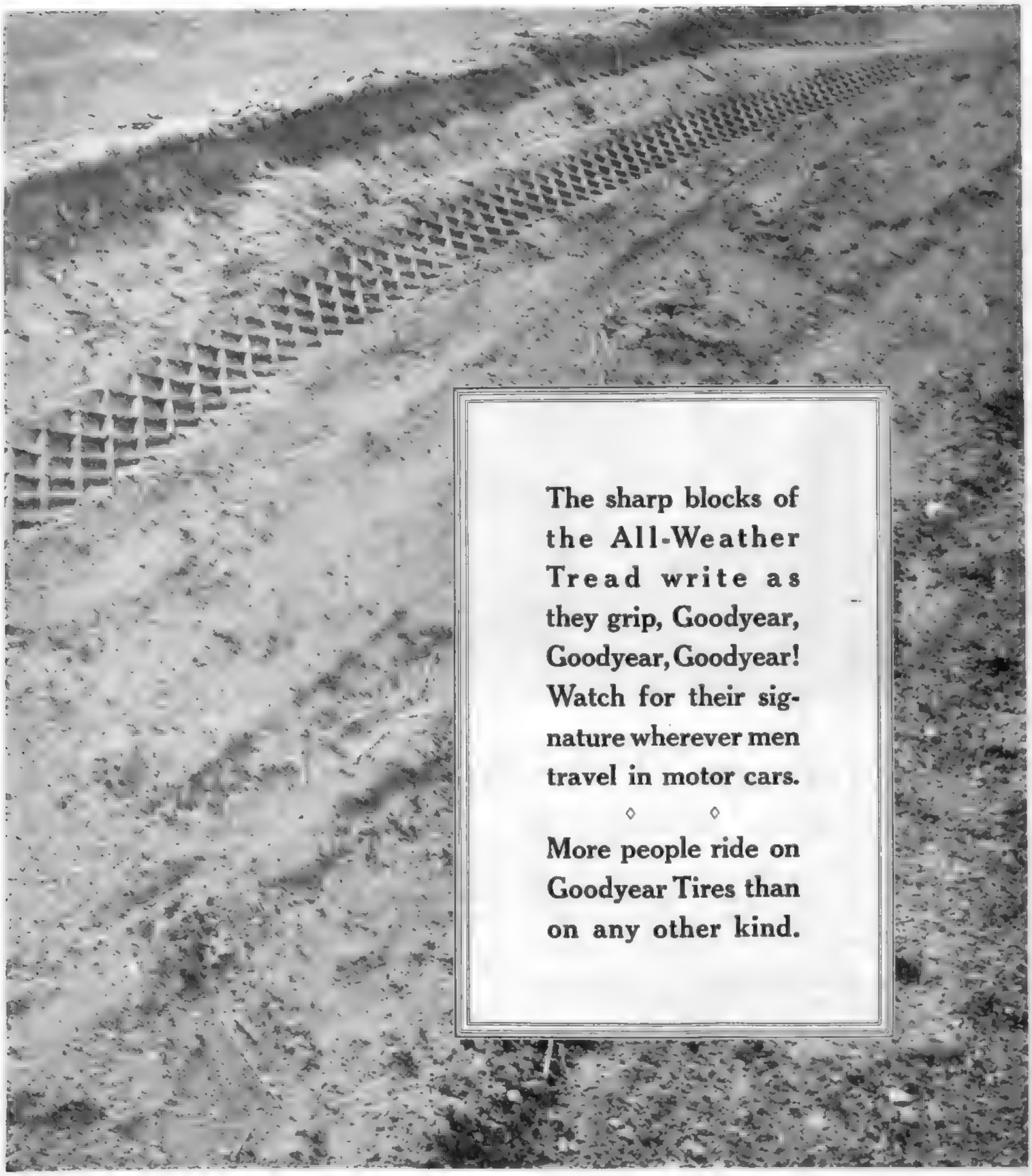
GOODYEAR
AKRON



The sharp blocks of the All-Weather Tread write as they grip, Goodyear, Goodyear, Goodyear! Watch for their signature wherever men travel in motor cars.

◇ ◇

More people ride on Goodyear Tires than on any other kind.

CORD TIRES

They couldn't believe it would happen—but it did. And that hospital fire cost the lives of ten bedridden patients and three nurses.

Some five billion dollars of business property has been protected from fire by automatic sprinklers. State Industrial Commissions are guarding the lives of factory employees by requiring this same unfailing protection in business property. The United States Government insisted on war industries being so protected.

Meanwhile our wonderful humanitarian institutions and our fine schools are burning up, and the roll of victims grows larger each month.

Are *you* one of the dull public?

"THERE is not much chance of fire in a hospital," said the doctor.

"Unless somebody overturns an alcohol stove or unless there is defective wiring—or something happens in the heating plant—or unless—well, I guess I'm getting myself in trouble here," he ended ruefully.

Many other good and useful citizens would say just what this doctor said. You never can know and appreciate fire dangers till you *stop* and think how many, many fire causes there are, and how worthless ordinary methods of prevention have proved themselves.

Hospitals for the insane with splendid equipment for helping or curing the mentally unfit; hospitals where little crippled children grow strong and learn once more to play; hospitals where the blind are taught trades so they can go back to a happy and natural life; hospitals where wounded heroes are made whole again; all with the finest of modern appliances, light, air, sunshine, heroic doctors and nurses—*but*, no fire-fighting apparatus worth mentioning.

Constant exposure to the worst kind of death in institutions *dedicated to humanity*, the world over!

Investigate your own hospital. Find out for yourself what will mean safety for the patients.

Don't put on your nurses, those fine women already giving their lives to the service of others, the cruel burden of responsibility in case of fire.

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GRINNELL
AUTOMATIC SPRINKLER SYSTEM
When the fire starts the water starts

(Concluded from Page 81)

was owned by the German house. In that year the antitrust suits resulted in the German holdings being transferred to Matheson and Shaw.

This was a cash transaction, but an option was reserved to the effect that the stock could be reclaimed by the Germans on the death of either Matheson or Shaw. Meantime a contract was made providing that the profits of the company should be divided as before, fifty-seven per cent going to the German house.

The sale therefore made no difference in the relative rights of the parties. The correspondence shows an understanding the legal effect of which seems to continue the German ownership to the extent of fifty-seven per cent in the American company, and I therefore demanded and took over fifty-seven per cent of the stock.

The American branch of Höchst had been in the hands of Mr. Herman A. Metz for many years, and prior to 1912 the New York corporation was known as H. A. Metz, Inc. The chief products controlled by this concern were salvarsan and novocaine, the former widely used all over the world.

In addition to the majority stock held by it, the parent company about 1912 took over all but ten shares of the minority holdings, changing the name of the branch to Farbwerke-Höchst.

About this time the antitrust proceeding already referred to was commenced against the Höchst-Metz interests also. Mr. Metz settled for $40,000 and thereupon urged his German house to sell him its stock so that it could be shown that the Germans no longer did business in America.

In 1913 it was arranged that the 1900 shares held by the parent house should be transferred to Mr. Metz, but he was required to issue a demand promissory note without interest for $597,000. This note was to be secured by the stock, together with a suitable transfer properly executed. Under the old contract with the American branch the profits were arbitrarily divided, one-half of the color business and seventy-five per cent of profits from the pharmaceuticals going to the German establishment. Mr. Metz might vote the stock under an irrevocable power of attorney, but an option was reserved by the German company to purchase the stock in the event of Mr. Metz's death or retirement.

This contract was continued unaltered after the stock transaction in 1913, and under it profits were divided as long as it was possible to remit money to Germany. It was easy to see, therefore, that the whole stock transaction produced no change whatever in the rights of the parties. At the outset Mr. Metz filed reports stating the existence of the note and the fact that certain stock was deposited as security for it; but it was not until the ascertainment of the whole history of this arrangement that we were convinced that the stock transfer was not and had never been intended to be of any effect. When this was thoroughly demonstrated the stock was taken over.

Only a few of the more pronounced cases of enemy intrigue and perfidy in concealing or trying to conceal German holdings in the great chemical industry have been cited. The record is a long and tortuous one; but those that have been reviewed will serve to show how vital it was to us as a nation to throttle this invader while war continued and how important it is that the same invader be barricaded against now that we are at peace. But the chemical field was not the only fertile ground the German found in America. Some other spheres of his activities will be explored in the concluding article of this series.

Editor's Note—This is the second of three articles by Mr. Palmer. The last will appear in an early issue.

THE EYE OF THE BEHOLDER

(Continued from Page 19)

Miss Star-eyed Smith with the entrancing smile, you are going to have a new acquaintance, and that forthwith, if not sooner.

It is amazing the way I keep thinking of that girl.

The next day I find the local room abuzz with excitement. A new M. E. For the love of Mike! Who? Wait; you haven't got it all yet. More is yet to come! A new city editor too! Holy sailor! Who—whom?

"McGill's our new boss. What do you know about that? Good old Mac!"

Glad tidings! McGill is my friend. We all love him, but I am particularly close. We have walked home together to the North Side many a morn and oft, exchanging confidences—sacred confidences—even steven; we have supped together at Lovely Bill's time and again, and vied one with another in the invention of epithets applied to the Sachem.

"What about the Sachem?"

"Oh, he's the new managing editor. Old Gordon has gone to the A. P. in New York."

My heart sinks deeper than ever plummet sounded. I have always felt that I should have been ignominiously fired a dozen times over if the Sachem had not supposed that I was the fair-haired boy with Gordon. The old man was sure enough a friend of my dad's years ago; but, having blue-penciled a note to the Sachem asking him to squeeze me in if he had room, he had evidently forgotten my existence. All the Sachem could do, believing I was protected, was his malignant best to starve and rag me out. I might just about as well quit now—only I hate to be a quitter.

"Mis-ter At-ter-bur-ry!"

It is the voice of William the Kid summoning me, and I hasten to McGill, who receives my congratulations pleasantly, but with an eye and a finger on the open assignment book. Somehow I don't slap him on the back as I had intended to, nor do I ask him what he thinks of my prospect of staying on now that that bald-headed old blitherer has been boosted to absolute power.

Somehow—did I imagine that McGill had a genial presence and a warmth of manner that indexed his noble and sympathetic character? Well, maybe he has, but just at this moment ——

"Let's see," says he. "Atterbury, I want you to cover the Old Settlers' picnic. Beek will go with you to get the pictures. Be sure to get all the names you can. And call me up when you get there—in case anything breaks loose here. That's all. William, ask Mr. Gough to come here."

Oh, lovely! A picnic! And get names!

Well, there is one thing to do, and that is to get an Old Settlers' picnic story that will be absolutely unique. It may be that Mac figures that I will do that little thing and thereby demonstrate to the other fellows and the world that an assignment need not be important to produce a crackajack front-page slug head. I do that little thing, and McGill cuts the gizzard out of it, but retains the names. He also tells me that the stuff I have written is not news. Next morning, that is.

"If you just wanted the news, half a stick of the City Press would have given it to you," I say.

He gives me what is known as the eye. He doesn't say anything though, and—after a mental struggle—I imitate his reticence. I draw a meeting of mixed nuts addressed by a slack-jawed individual of whom not even Dick Evans has ever heard. The address is entitled Why We Should Keep Out of It, and I think I see that after all it is significant. McGill allows me five hundred words on it, which I stretch to eight and he cuts to three, eliminating all my delicate irony and cautioning me against usurping editorial functions. For the evening assignment I am instructed to help Joanna, our society editress, at a reception given in honor of Miss Elaine Goshamity, who has written a novel in which the biological, the psychological and the sociological are blended most remarkably—for a last season's débutante.

Ossa upon Pelion, and then some! Is thy servant a cub that he should do this thing? But I make no protest. I have a curiosity to see how far McGill will go with me, and meantime I am saving it up for *Der Tag* when I, too, shall break loose. Mr. McGill, by the way, has taken to posting proclamations to reporters and requires explanations of expense accounts; he also requires his young men to call him up by phone at intervals so he can assure himself that they are not loafing on the job. All of these reforms in the interest of increased efficiency are not gratefully received in the local room. One might say that Mr. McGill's popularity has waned to an extent where you would hardly notice it at all.

Yes, I'll go.

Not exactly a society event after all. It is—and it isn't. Society predominates, but the bars have been let down for the occasion and there is a strong leaven of the literary. My blue serge isn't as conspicuous as I feared it would be. There is one gentleman in a Russian blouse, and a checked suit or two may be seen. Loose flowing neckties, mandarin goggles, bobbed hair and smocks—all that sort of thing. No, I don't feel conspicuous.

"Bennie Atterbury, old thing, what are you doing here?"

I turn and confront a slender, smooth-polled, fresh-colored young man with an overseas mustache, dressed in evening clothes of the very, very latest, and with a distinct shock I recognize Evan Pleydell, with whose name I have so recently made free—on the strength of an old college acquaintance if the worse came to the worst. Evan Pleydell!

"Been intending to drop in at your shop ever since I heard that you were in the old town," says Evan. "How do you like newspaper work by this time anyway? Different from the old college rag, eh, what? Hotter than billybedam here, ain't it? And what a mob! Well, why didn't you let a fellow know?"

"I'm a busy man, Evan," I tell him. "No time for frivolity—and I know you. I want to shun temptation and things. What are you doing here your own self?"

"I came with Mrs. Christopher."

This second shock is almost too much for me. I try not to show it though. Can it be that my random shot hit the mark at Northumberland Avenue? And if so ——

"Oh, yes," I say nonchalantly. "Somebody said that you were engaged to Miss Christopher. I congratulate you."

"No, don't," says Evan rather gloomily. "No occasion for it. Who in—who told you that? Nothing in it anyway, and I don't suppose there ever will be. I—you've met our dear talented Elaine, haven't you? Of course you have. No? Well, you must. She's won-derful! Her book is won-derful and her insight into human nature is—well, it's simply won-derful! Come and tell her so. You don't want to be the only one here who hasn't."

He is dragging me by the arm toward an animated group whose center is a sallow young woman with prominent collar bone decorated with simple Orient pearls, when I suddenly stop short.

"See you in a minute! Excuse me, Evvy! Important!"

But even as I break away I realize that it won't do to make a bee line for my object, so I divert to Joanna, who has just escaped from the Russian blouse, and then another idea occurs to me.

"Joanna," I say breathlessly, "tell me one thing, tell me truly—and tell me quick: Do you happen to know that poor homely young creature with the taffy-colored hair—there, swinging her fan and talking to the fat woman? Look where I'm looking—in the blue-and-white frock. She's smiling now. Know her?"

"Oh, I don't mind if you do think she's a heavenly beauty," says Joanna. "I'll even admit that she is, I'm that big and noble. No, I don't know her, Bennie."

"I hoped you would. She's a Miss Smith—the Miss Smith in fact; but of course that doesn't get you anywhere. I want to meet her for a very particular reason indeed, and I haven't the nerve to introduce myself."

"I'm sorry about your nerve," says Joanna with much concern. "Where do you think you lost it and when did you first miss it? Well, I've got mine with me, and if it's for a very particular reason indeed I'll introduce you. Miss Smith, did you say? All right! Come along."

Whereupon that good little sport takes my arm and marches me right up to my deity in blue. Luck is decidedly with me, for, just as we approach, the fat woman turns to greet another matron and gives us a clear field for a sufficient moment.

"Miss Smith," says Joanna brightly, "let me present Mr. Benjamin Atterbury, who is a very estimable young man and has the respect of all who know him. Oh, there's dear Mrs. Beeman Rogers! I must fly."

And she flies; and if she were literally spreading chiffon wings and fluttering a foot or two over the heads of the assemblage Miss Smith could hardly look more amazed. I have to remind her that I am present—and quickly—before the fat woman turns again.

"Miss Smith, I ——"

She looks at me wonderingly, and then recognition flashes into those sapphire-blue eyes of hers and slowly, slowly she smiles.

"Oh, yes! Mr. Atterbury. We almost met, didn't we, the other day? You looked rather uncomfortable, Mr. Atterbury."

"I was more than that," I tell her. "I was feeling like a noxious insect with a really sensitive nature undergoing unfriendly examination by—by Mrs. Christopher. I imagine that you understood that and that you felt a little sorry for the insect."

"I did," she says. "But you mustn't think that ——" She seemed to check herself slightly. "Mrs. Christopher is really not at all like that, but she has a morbid dread of reporters. Fear makes us cruel sometimes, doesn't it? Still, I can't blame her much—shan't we sit down?—because she has had some very trying experiences. So has Mr. Christopher, poor man!"

I remark that Mr. Christopher hasn't the appearance of being particularly thin-skinned, and she tells me that I am very much mistaken and that only a few days before he had come home a nervous wreck because his car nearly ran over a little girl. "He adores children," says Miss Smith, "and he was terribly upset. But who was that lady—I don't think I know her?"

"You should. She is Miss Joanna Blair, of the Herald-Mercury. You may read her column, Out Among 'Em, in the Sunday edition. But I don't think you do. Joanna is—Joanna, and one of the best ever, I assure you. Well worth knowing."

"An estimable young woman and respected by all who know her—and I don't," says Miss Smith musingly. "And she doesn't know me, I'm sure," she adds.

"She wouldn't let a little thing like that stop her from doing a tremendously big thing for a friend."

Miss Smith looks at me and that slow smile of hers—it's like the morning sun coming up behind a hill and touching everything with glory as it comes—and her smile breaks into laughter and I laugh too. Looking into each other's eyes we laugh together; and what is there in the world like that to bring people into sweet accord?

"You haven't a morbid dread of reporters, at least," I venture.

"I'm not afraid of you," says she.

"Not if I should interview you—ask impertinent questions?"

"Not a bit. I just wouldn't answer them—and you wouldn't ask them."

"We'll see," I say, and produce pencil and paper. "Christian or given name or names, if you please, Miss Smith?"

"Sarah Ellen—Sally to my old and intimate friends."

"Occupation, if any?"

"If any! Well, indeed I have!"

"Such as ——"

"We'll say companion-secretary, and—and ——"

"Governess?"

"I look after the Christopher children a good deal. I might say it is one of my duties. Yes."

"Favorite authors?"

"Robert W. Chambers and Elaine Goshamity of course."

"Favorite walks, if any—Wednesdays preferred?"

"Thursdays are the usual afternoons out. Am I to understand that you are insidiously proposing a date, Mr. Atterbury?"

"I happen to mention Wednesday because Wednesday is my day off, when I usually take walks. An innocent association of ideas, Miss Smith."

"Well, on Wednesdays I have been known to walk—on the Lake Shore and on the sunny side of Halsted Street and the Midway Plaisance and Humboldt Park, near the refectory. Have you got that down? There's a lovely romantic walk ——"

An elderly iron-gray-bearded man—curses on him and on his expansive shirt

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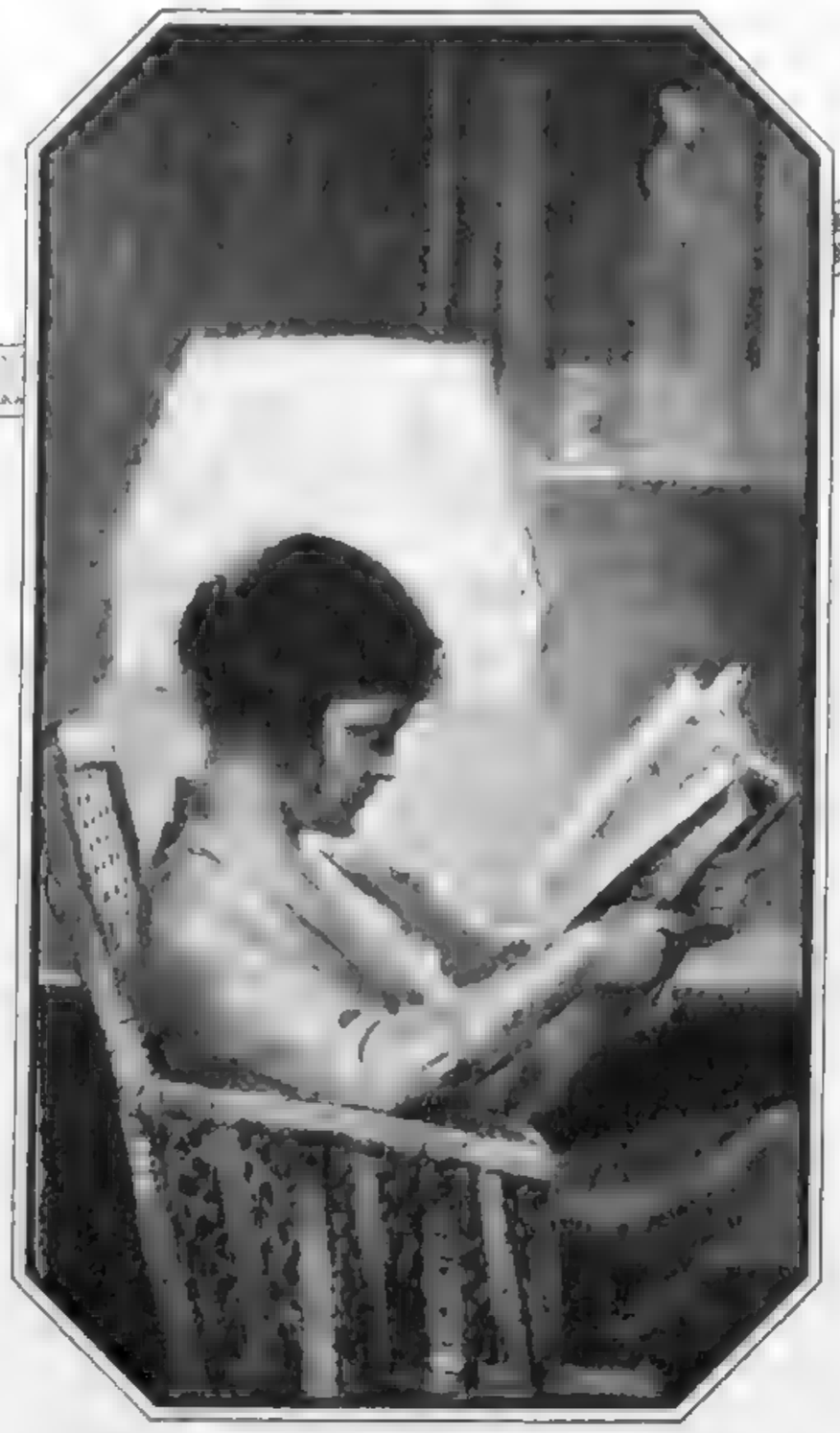

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Tom SAWYER

"WASHWEAR" For Real Boys

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bosom and black-beribboned eyeglasses stands before us.

"I'm sent to get you," he says to Miss Smith. "Sorry," he adds, addressing me with a condescending bow.

And so she goes, and I watch her conducted to my dear Mrs. Christopher, who is sitting with a gawky-looking damsel in silver and lilac—her daughter, I suppose—and I wish Evan Pleydell joy of her. I am still looking gloomily at the group when Joanna breezes up and asks me if I intend to get busy or what.

"Not that I blame you," she says, her black eyes sparkling with mischief. "How do you like Miss Smith at the close-up?"

"Awf'ly nice girl," I reply indifferently. "She's Mrs. Christopher's secretary and I thought I might get something out of her on that story I fell down on the other day—the daughter's engagement. Nothing doing though."

"Miss Smith ought to know if anybody does," remarks Joanna. "I suppose she's afraid of her job."

It is late when I go to bed. I don't know why I do go to bed. Force of habit, I suppose. Gray dawn presently makes my window panes visible and I am still exultingly living over those few blissful moments with Miss Smith. What she said and what I wish she had said and what I would have said in reply; what I said and wish that I hadn't said and what I might have said instead; what might be, what—by all the big and little gods—should be; how many hours until Wednesday, how many already gone, each bringing me nearer to her. Would it be the Lake Shore Drive? That was the first place she spoke of. Or would it be Humboldt Park? She mentioned that last—and particularized the refectory—and asked me if I had written it down. Written! As if every word she uttered was not written indelibly on my heart. As if ——

Well, it goes on that way until at last I fall asleep and don't wake up until noon. Lucky it isn't later—with McGill on the job. And this is Tuesday!

I have a sudden qualm of sickness. Tuesday—pay day—the blue envelope!

Don't I know that I am going to get it? I know it well. I have known it ever since Gordon went to New York and left me to the mercy of the wolves, but I haven't allowed it to prey upon my mind. There were other papers—elsewhere, if not in this town. But how could I go now? And if jobless here, how can I attain to—anything.

I make a poor breakfast and the two hours before I find myself at the cashier's window are crammed with miserable foreboding. I am not likely to forget my sensations as the cashier runs his fingers over the sheaf of envelopes. At last he pushes out mine and I take it to a secluded corner and open it.

"What's this?"

Must be some mistake!

One—two—three—four. That's right. Four tens—forty dollars. But it's wrong; it must be wrong!

But it isn't, so the cashier assures me, and I have got my raise—and a bigger one than I hoped for. Well, well, well—wells of bubbling joy brimming and slopping over. But how ——

When I go in for my assignment I have to restrain myself to keep from falling on McGill's neck and embracing him with tears of gratitude.

"I have to thank you for a raise, McGill," I say, beaming at him. But he doesn't beam back.

"Not me," he says. "Frankly when Mr Johnson mentioned it I didn't think it was justified."

"Johnson? The Sachem?"

"Mr. Johnson, yes," says McGill coldly. "Now here's what I want you to do this afternoon, Atterbury."

Later on I confide my bewilderment to Harry Adams of the sports. He smiles at me pityingly.

"You poor simp," says he, "didn't you know that you were Johnson's pet? Had his knife out for you! Say, where do you get that stuff? Haven't you had the best of the assignments for the last four or five months? Who gave them to you? Think it over!"

I think it over.

"Well, certainly some of them," I admit. "But he hasn't shown much appreciation of the way I've handled them. All he's ever done is strip the hide off me and pour vinegar and vitriol on my raw quivering flesh."

"He may have thought you needed it," says Harry. "Of course you were a natural-born newspaper genius when you came here bursting in on us with your dazzling college-paper record behind you. You hadn't anything to learn and much to teach, but the Sachem probably mistook you for a swell-headed young pup who needed a little skinning alive. I wouldn't put it past him. He may have thought that he could teach you something. Think it over, boy; think it over!"

"I'm getting nothing but doormats from McGill," I complain. Then I reflect that the one he has just given me isn't a doormat—not by a big brown pot-bellied stone jugful.

"Quite so," says Harry. "McGill. Yes, quite so. Think it over!"

I am not thinking that over this morning as I adjust my very best necktie with particular care. I'm thinking of something entirely different. I feel like bursting into song as I make my very elaborate toilet.

"I dress myself in all my best, for then I walk with Sally." How does it go? "She is the darling of my heart." I wish I knew the tune. "Sally, to my old and intimate friends," eh? Well, Sally, dear, you just wait! Forty a week! Men have married on less than that, Sally. True, prices are getting higher for everything and forty dollars isn't what it was when we were young, my dear, but pret-ty good money, pret-ty good money! And it's just the b-ginning! My last raise was five; this is fifteen. If they don't do any more than that ratio I'll be dragging down a hundred in little more than a year, and I can begin saving now—as soon as I have got some decent clothes and things. When I touch the hundred mark ——

My girl's promised to marry me
When I've a hundred pounds——

Now that I look at it closer I see that my collar is a trifle frayed and broken on the left wing. But who cares? Into the discard with it; I can buy more—dozens!

Yes, a hundred golden pounds,
To buy a nice little house and grounds,
So it won't be lo-ang ——

And a little extra polish on the shoes, Bennie, m'boy. You nearly forgot that.

Before I call her mine ——

That ought to do. After all it's the man inside of the clothes—the capable, highly paid, handsome star scribe—what?

For I've got a pound in the bank
And I only want ninety-nine.

I seem to be completely attired. Nothing overlooked? No! Let's go!

I enter the Drive and begin to look about me. Too bad I didn't mention the time that I took my walks abroad or ask her what her hours were! Still, I've got all day before me. One objection that I have to this thoroughfare is the length of it. It occurs to me that while I am at one end of my beat Miss Smith may be at the other. Nevertheless, I feel fairly confident that I shall not miss her—that is, if she comes. Of course she may not come. In fact the chances are that she won't. I should say that it would be absolutely absurd to suppose that she would. But the fresh air from the lake will do me good and I need the exercise.

I get that. That afternoon I inhale enough fresh air to ventilate the entire West Side and my muscular exertion distributed into ten-minute periods would last an elderly gentleman of sedentary occupation for a year or more and keep him fit. By the time it is too dark to see I have a pretty fair working knowledge of the Drive; but Miss Smith has not appeared. I really didn't think for a moment that she would—and of course I am not disappointed. Not in the least—or sore or despondent or anything like that.

The jade! The perfidious faithless jade! Fool that I was!

But it was only an idle fancy after all, and in a week or two I shall smile at the recollection of it—if I recollect it at all. The answer to such idiocy is Get busy! As Mr. Hotspur pertinently remarks: "This is no world to ——" Well, for dalliance. Bloody noses and cracked crowns are exceedingly current just now. And should we keep out of it? Something to think of there—for change of thought. Poor Belgium!

I am getting rather annoyed by our fellow citizens of German extraction; they are so offensively radiant and gutturally vociferous over the days' news, as I see and hear them in their resorts—everywhere for that matter. They are no shrinking violets found only in secluded nooks o' the woods. Those none-of-our-darned-business meetings get on my nerves too. I draw one or two of them in the succeeding week. McGill has sent me out on a couple of good stories and printed them almost without excision. But, on the other hand, he has given me rotten and trivial things that I have been tempted to refuse flatly, and has maintained his coldly hostile attitude. I would free my mind to him and leave the Herald-Mercury to its fate if I didn't think that it would please him exceedingly. But oh, for the good old days of the Sachem! He used to make me wince, but for all my talk of flaying he never got under my skin as does McGill. And then my raise. Odd!

Wednesday rolls round once more. I have intended to lie luxuriously late abed, and in the afternoon write a letter or two, read a little, smoke a little, and then hunt up Jim Reed, eat at Galli's and wind up with a good show. I haven't celebrated yet, anyway. But my alarm clock wakes me at the usual time—I set it for the satisfaction of disregarding its summons—and I don't feel so drowsy as I generally do, so I get up. It is a glorious morning. A soft wind is blowing my window curtain inward. A shaft of sunlight slants its mote-filled brightness with a pleasant intrusion. Wind and sun seem both to promise delight outdoors. What a day to lie on green turf with a pipe and a book of verse or something beneath the bough! White clouds drifting along heavenly blue—blue and white. Heavenly blue. Why not? One of the parks—Humboldt Park.

So I have come to Humboldt Park. There is green turf and there are spreading boughs here; but I don't avail myself of them. I stroll round among people—mix with my kind, observing personalities and types as beseems a man who aspires to real literature. I note how my kind refresh themselves with ice cream and red liquids in bottles and sticky confections of pop corn—at the refectory. There are couples—male and female—to be seen also; walking together, sitting together, talking together or simply looking at one another. Very interesting! So interesting that I don't lie on the turf until I am dog tired, and then I find that the grass is a trifle too cool. And if I am going to dine with Jim Reed ——

I don't find myself in the humor for Jim. I am going home. I shall write my letters and go to bed early and read myself to sleep. Early to bed and early to rise makes a man—wise. If that is true I ought to

(Continued on Page 91)

"There You Are! I Got It From a Girl Friend of Hers and I'm Saving It for the Announcement of Her Engagement to Evan Pleydell"

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Never say "dye"–say "RIT"

TRADE MARK REGISTERED U.S. PATENT OFFICE

(Continued from Page 89)

arrange to go to bed with the chickens and be up with the lark.

Especially when I am ass enough to walk along Northumberland Avenue at ten o'clock at night. What could I expect to find interesting on Northumberland Avenue at that hour?

Damn it!

Another week of the grind. I meet the Sachem going up in the elevator and he returns my "Good morning, Mr. Johnson" with "Still inexact, Atterbury. Good afternoon." There is a mirror panel in the elevator—why, heaven knows—and in it, as I get out at my floor, I catch a glimpse of a queer grin at my discomfiture; a quite human grin. He goes up to his floor, where his lair is guarded by an alert lady secretary in an anteroom. It seemed good to see him though. There's something—well, something kind of attractive about the old devil.

And perhaps he has taught me a thing or two—trimmed down my adjectives, checked a disposition to wander a little from the point. Yes, "Get to the point, Atterbury."

I will. Then at a minute or two after three o'clock P. M.—to be exact—on the following Wednesday, I encounter Miss Sarah Ellen Smith, of 3684 Northumberland Avenue, who is walking on the Lake Shore Drive. Miss Smith is attired in a street suit of dark gray and wears a hat, in spite of which I recognize her at once. She smiles graciously as I bow and is good enough to stop; whereupon I—the cool, quick-witted, ready-tongued, resourceful reporter—become a pitiable, palpitating, inarticulate and incarnadined spectacle for mirth. I honestly believe that she has to struggle to keep from laughing at me.

I stammer something to the effect that I count myself lucky to meet her, and she—obviously with a kind intention of relieving my embarrassment—says that there is no such thing as luck.

"If you came here at any time and walked north, and I happened at the same moment to be here walking south we should be quite sure to meet," she continues. "There wouldn't be any luck about it; it would be inevitable."

I don't press the advantage she has innocently given me. No.

"May I walk a little way south?" I beg.

"If you like," she says. "I couldn't prevent you, could I?"

"With a word—with a look," I assure her. "But there's no other power on earth that could, if you permitted."

"It's a beautiful day," says she.

"It's a day of days. There never was a day so beautiful -so blessed. An afternoon at least. I never knew a day like it!"

"Dear me!" says Miss Smith.

I might say "dear you, indeed!" But I pride myself on having a little sense. I do say that last Wednesday was a wretched day, a day of gloom—particularly depressing in Humboldt Park and positively Cimmerian in the neighborhood of the refectory.

"What you said about the inevitability of meeting is perfectly true, Miss Smith," I continue. "Under the conditions you spoke of. But it is equally true that if I walk north, south, east or west on any street whatever and the person I ardently desire to meet chooses another street for her promenade, or is in some other place not walking at all—why, I shan't meet her, and the result will be that I shall get into a state of mind that my worst enemy wouldn't wish me. I know that, because I tried it out right here only two weeks ago to-day."

"There's nothing like personal experience, is there?" says Miss Smith. "But I shouldn't have thought that you ever got into a state of mind."

"I'm in one now, but a different one. May I tell you how I feel?"

"I should much rather you wouldn't," she says. "I've just used up all my sympathy on a case of neuritis. Tell me about newspaper work. I'm frightfully curious to know all about it. It must be fascinating. Tell me what you do—besides asking poor defenseless ladies embarrassing questions."

That suits me. I relate some of my reportorial experiences with unscrupulous but picturesque embellishment, and she listens to them with flattering interest and makes the right comment exactly on each. Sometimes she laughs—often in fact—and I am humbly grateful to the Creator who has put the instrument of such joyous music into a human throat and given her the disposition to use it. At one story she doesn't laugh but turns her head away, and when I see her eyes again their brightness does not suggest mirth.

"How sad it must be to be poor," she says. "I mean very, very poor like that!"

"And how sad to be rich," I rejoin. "Really rich—like that!" I wave my hand toward an ornate edifice on our right. "That house reminds me of your Mrs. Christopher's. The homeless rich!"

"Don't you like our house?" she asks. "What sort of a house do you like?"

"One with a soul," I answer. "Large or small, new or old, it mustn't be indifferent to its tenants or disdainful of humanity at large. It must have an inviting exterior, if you know what I mean. It must seem to say, 'Come in and see my people; they will welcome you. My walls are only to shelter them, not to keep you out—the arms with which I embrace them lovingly, these people of mine, who with their joys and sorrows have made my bricks and mortar sentient!' Sounds ridiculous, doesn't it?"

I get a look that assures me that she doesn't think so. So I am encouraged to proceed:

"You've seen old houses like that, haven't you? People have been born in them, have grown up in them, slept and dreamed, laughed and wept—and died in them. Every room has some such human association and it seems as if all the uttered voices of the past might still be heard if our ears were not so dull; and as if all the forms and faces of the past might still be seen within their empty spaces if we were only granted sufficient fineness of vision. Whatever lingers—and something has—has become a part of the house; a part of its soul.

"But it needn't be an old house," I burble on. "Some I've seen—perhaps it depends on the architect and the builder and the workmen who may have put something of themselves into it. But whether that's it or not I've seen houses stand with their plaster not yet dried and the litter of shingles and board ends and shavings still about them, and still seem to invite: 'I'm ready! Come and take me! I want your voices, your laughter and song to cheer me, and the warmth of your fires on my hearths. Use me roughly if you like; I shan't care. Let the feet of little children wear the polish from my floors; mark the record of their growth in defacing scratches on my door casings; give me the marring that makes; the signs and tokens of the dignity of a home! Here you may live and love. But you must love!'"

Idiot! I get that way sometimes—forget about everything but what I am thinking of—and say it, worse luck! If she giggles it will be exactly what is coming to me. But she seems to be holding it in admirably.

After a little silence she says: "But you mustn't judge too much by appearances—or at first sight. I always like to think that things are better than they seem. When I look at a person—well ——"

"I hope you will try to look at me in that way," I say. "I'd do my best not to disappoint you."

"Fishing, Mr. Atterbury?" she asks with a smile.

No, I wasn't fishing. I tell her quite earnestly and without any attempt to meet her on her resumed ground of banter that I mean exactly what I say. Because I do. And at that I see a deeper tinge of pink on the profile that she has half averted. Then she stops and holds out her hand.

"I must say good-by. I've been so interested that I have walked nearly a block past the house that I am going to, so I must walk north again."

I am afraid to remind her that I was walking north; it might seem too persistent. But I mustn't let her go without knowing when I am to see her again either. And yet —— I am very much troubled, and I suppose I look so, because she adds kindly, but—I fancy—with less than her ordinary ease, "I am really glad that I met you, Mr. Atterbury."

"May I call on you some afternoon, Miss Smith? Or is it—do you ——"

"Oh, yes, I'm allowed to have callers," she answers and her eyes laugh at me. "Any afternoon. I shall be very glad." A little mischievously she adds: "I'll tell Mrs. Christopher that you are on your honor not to write about anything that you may see or hear. Good-by."

Making a pretense of breaking many matches to light a cigarette I linger long enough to see that she has entered—I verily believe it's the same house that inspired all that oratory of mine.

I turn and continue my walk south—along a pavement of gold that my feet do not seem to touch.

Joanna, in her own particular corner of the local room, looks round from her typewriter, and seeing me beckons.

"Have you got anything to give me on Miss Christopher's engagement, Bennie?" she asks in a confidential undertone and with a bland and innocent air. "Loosen up, old dear," she urges further at my look of astonishment. "I won't give you away—honest!"

"Joanna," I say, "I have already given you my heart and you are kindly welcome to anything else of a valuable nature that I have, but ——" I break off as a horrible suspicion occurs to me. "But I don't know anything whatever about Miss Christopher," I conclude lamely.

"You may well blush," says Joanna. "You really would be a very capable liar if it wasn't for that foolish habit of yours, Bennie. Then you didn't find out anything about Miss Christopher when you were walking with her on Lake Shore Drive yesterday afternoon? Bennie, Bennie!"

I am rather staggered, I admit, but I've got to put her right about the lady, so I own up to the walk and talk, but it was with Miss Smith. I am still explaining how it was I happened to meet Miss Smith, when Joanna, who has been rummaging through a drawer of her desk apparently paying no attention to me, suddenly thrusts a photograph under my nose.

"Sarah Ellen Christopher," she says. "There you are! In her own handwriting. I got it from a girl friend of hers and I'm saving it for the announcement of her engagement to Evan Pleydell. Miss Smith indeed!"

It is Sally's picture, and on the back of it is an inscription with a date of two years ago:

"To my dearest and loveliest Gwendolen, from her eternally devoted friend,
"SARAH ELLEN CHRISTOPHER."

There is one thing about reporting for a great moral daily: it doesn't give a man much time for vain regrets and mournful retrospection between the hours of two P. M. and whatever it may be when he turns in his last copy. During that indefinite period he needs his wits about him. When not in action he must be either planning his attack or ruminating on the results of it with a view to his report, and if he has any private agonies of spirit or soul wrestlings to attend to he can begin on them after he has said good night to Ole, the elevator man, and keep it up for as long as he feels he can go without sleep—and devote his day off to them if he likes.

I adopt that necessary course of procedure. It isn't pleasant or easy, but the only alternative is to drown my sorrows in the flowing bowl for so long as my surplus capital might last; and on the whole I decide that it will be better to hang on to my job. So I hustle harder than ever, and somewhat to my surprise find that the presentation of other people's troubles still has an interest for me—a melancholy interest; sometimes a sardonic and sometimes a sympathetic interest; but it's there and it helps.

But these days off! I have been and still do get so desperate as to consider seriously setting out to pay that call at 3684 Northumberland Avenue, ask for Miss Smith, and see what happens. I think I could be quite cool and polite—and nasty. I really believe that I could get off a few of the scathingly sarcastic things that I have constructed at odd moments without the least compunction. But ——

And I really imagined that she met me of set purpose; that in her lonely servitude she welcomed the—the sympathy she instinctively divined. And she let me babble—led me on to babble—secretly laughing at me! I imagine her telling "my dearest and loveliest Gwendolen" and the other girls all about it. I hear their shrieks of merriment.

"And he's coming to call on his day off, girls! You mustn't miss it. I want you all to be there!"

But what could one expect, living in a house like that, with a mother like hers, with a father like B. D., and brats and dogs and Japs and Evan Pleydell!

No, I don't call. Nor do I walk north or south on the Drive, or east or west on the Midway. I do visit Halsted Street, but that was on a mysterious murder case.

McGill has been eliminated. They have sidetracked him to the bulldog and there is jubilation in the local room. Torrance takes his place: a quiet amiable chap who has been on the copy desk for years and is liked, nevertheless. I am getting along finely with him, as I suppose, when one day he tells me that the Sachem wants to see me.

"About this morning's story?" I ask. Rather apprehensively, because I feel that in this morning's story I have transgressed in more ways than one. But it was a corker.

"It may have something to do with that," he answers, smiling—it seems to me—with ominous sympathy. "But you'll have to talk to him about it."

I take the hint and a few minutes later I am admitted to the presence. There he is, the old ropy-necked, bald-headed, fishy—no, his eyes aren't fishy. I rather like the look of them, and he has some dome of thought too, if you stop to consider. It is a fact that ugliness beyond a certain point becomes beauty. But he regards me in quite the old manner, and then: "You perpetrated the story about that astronomical crank, what's-his-name, didn't you?"

I admit it modestly.

"A libel suit against this paper isn't anything in your young life, is it?"

"I didn't think there was anything libelous in the story; quite the contrary."

"Is he anything like that, do you mean to tell me?"

"There are points of resemblance," I reply.

"And did you quote him exactly?"

"He spoke to the general effect of what I wrote. I may have added a little for emphasis; but substantially ——"

"How about the tiny golden-haired granddaughter poring over the stellar chart and artlessly murmuring kindergarten stuff like Aldebaran, Arcturus, Cassiopeia and the Pleiads as she picked them out with the professor's compasses?"

"Practically true, sir. The old gentleman said she could do it, and he couldn't be displeased because I took his word for it. I didn't see the child though."

"But you put it in to give artistic verisimilitude to an otherwise bald and unconvincing narrative? Yes! Yes! Now see here, Atterbury, I love you, but never more be reporter of mine! Your genius demands a field where it won't be hampered by cold and clammy facts. If you'd like to resign—I just suggest it, you know."

I brace myself, look him in the eye and tell him that he may consider that I have resigned. I am turning to go when he tells me to wait.

"What do you think you will do now, Atterbury?" he asks not unkindly.

"Get another job," I answer with a smiling confidence that I am far from feeling.

"I'll give you one, if you like," says he. "How about a column to yourself—Bits by the Way or The Other Half? You can pick a head to suit yourself. Human-interest stuff; whatever you can find suggestive by nosing round, worked up in your inimitable but somewhat mushy style and—well, yes, I suppose signed. Do you think you would care to consider that, now that you are foot loose?"

My head whirls. My heart stops beating for a moment and then turns handsprings of rapture. A signed column of human interest! To do what I like with! And signed "Benjamin Atterbury!" I will say though that the thought of the work comes first. But am I being kidded? No, the Sachem doesn't kid that way. I wonder if I wouldn't care to! I might be induced to consider it!

"You can have the room just opposite the elevator on this floor," says the Sachem—may his tribe increase and gather much wampum! "You will send in your copy to me. Mind, this is only an experiment—an idea that I have been mulling over for some time. It's up to you to prove that it isn't a foolish one. That's all." He grins at me—the old wolf! The old devil! Bless him! I hardly hesitate a moment before offering him my hand on it. He takes it—and it's a fine, firm, quick, manly grip.

The fellows are great about it. Their felicitations may be facetious, but they are heart-warming. The finest, cleverest, keenest lot of men that ever a newspaper had the luck to get together in one bunch. From my cubhood I have been mighty proud of a place among them. But—but ——

If I had somebody—somebody to go to and to tell of this!

(Concluded on Page 94)

MO

R R I S

The flavor of Supreme Ham makes the difference! The delicious mildness of Morris Supreme Ham is the result of the cure we give it. There's only *one* cure that passes our Supreme Test.

Supreme Ham

When you taste this ham, you will want other Morris foods that bear the same mark of quality—Supreme.

MORRIS & COMPANY

(Concluded from Page 91)

Over and over again that longing comes to me; morning after morning of the appearance of Prowlings and Pryings. A month of it, during which at one time the Sachem meets me in the hall and remarks in passing: "Seems to be going all right, Atterbury," and leaves me glowing at the enthusiastic tribute. Then in my mail I find an oddly shaped envelope addressed in a firm tall hand:

"*My dear Mr. Atterbury:* At this house—which you object to so strongly—we are all greatly interested in Prowlings and Pryings. I am sorry to be obliged to take this method of telling you so and offering my own congratulations, but I suppose prowling and prying take up too much of your time to allow you to call.

"Very cordially yours, nevertheless,

"SARAH ELLEN—SMITH—CHRISTOPHER."

Do I call? Yes, I call; it would be ungracious not to.

I dress myself in all my best and I call without undue delay. It will be remembered that Miss Smith put me on honor not to write about anything that I might see or hear during that call.

And so light-heartedly I continue to prowl and pry, and now and then I call; and now and then I walk on the Lake Shore and elsewhere. I seem to be by way of becoming a small celebrity and my pay has been raised again. I have letters from publishers whose notice has been attracted that I can show—and do now show to at least one person. I could go to New York if I liked. But I don't like. It is good enough here. Too good to be true; too good to last. Certainly these are days of swift happenings; and tragic happenings too—some of them.

Yes, I ought to be light-hearted, and I am. But occasionally I have a feeling that I shouldn't, at that. It is hard to be even decently comfortable with groans of misery and cries of agony penetrating the cotton stuffed in one's ears—at times. Sam Turner and George Roach and two men from the composing room went to Toronto a couple of weeks ago to get into the game. Larry Callahan has gone; so has my old standby, Jim Reed. And who should look in on me the other day but Evan Pleydell—to say good-by. He is going to try for the Lafayette Escadrille; or, failing that, the Foreign Legion. He had already made his adieux at Northumberland Avenue and was starting that same night. There had been a more than slight coolness between us for some months, but we part friends. Good old Evan! I'm sorry.

The outcome of it all is that after a walk and a talk with a person who has my entire confidence I go in to the Sachem and tell him that for reasons which I mention I shall have to give up the column. He says that he isn't surprised and he doesn't blame me, but he has a counter-proposition. I am an American, he supposes.

"Well, aren't Americans good enough to fight with? Not going to fight? My son, as sure as God made little apples, we shall be in it up to the neck and ears. Before—well, long before a million years—you'll hear us let out a whoop and see us sail in like a wildcat landing on a hound's back, tooth and toenail and both almighty busy. I'll tell you more about that later.

"Now I propose that you do something practical to help that along. You'll go across for the Herald-Mercury. You'll go where things are doing and let us know about it. I don't suggest loafing in limited luxury in London or Paris, you understand, and you'll find risk enough. If, later on when your countrymen arrive, you think that you can help more by personally slaughtering a Hun or two—why, go to it! If you are kept waiting too long you can join any crowd that you like. But I need a man there now who can stand the gaff, and I think you are the man I want, Bennie."

It isn't settled so easily as that, but it is eventually settled, and in that way.

And so comes a morning when a taxi loaded with new and imposing leather traps stands at the door of my lodging and I enter and am driven away on the first leg of my long tack. I have made my farewells, and adventure—perhaps the great adventure—is before me; but it is of one farewell—the last—that I am thinking; thinking even now. I still seem to feel the wet of tears against my cheek and the tight clinging of soft arms about my neck; and over and over again I seem to hear:

"Oh, Bennie, Bennie! God send you safely back to me!"

"Get to the point, Atterbury, get to the point! Remember we are not running this as a serial."

That was good advice of the Sachem's. I intended to get to the point sooner, but the necessity of what seemed to me pertinent detail in illustration of my first paragraph may have tempted me a little astray. I was particularly enjoined by the same authority to "summarize in the first paragraph of your story." Well, I'll repeat:

"I want to know first in what frame of mind the critic approaches his subject."

Said subject being a house or a man or—I may add—a woman. So, making a skip of time, I resume:

I am in an altogether amiable frame of mind as I approach Number 3684 Northumberland Avenue a week after my return from overseas. I am not walking very briskly, on account of being a little crippled in one foot—but briskly, considering, I walk. To be able to walk should be enough of itself to put a man into an excellent humor, and it isn't too much to say that I am elated. I catch myself singing as I go. Not loud enough to offend the proprieties of Northumberland Avenue, however.

My girl's promised to marry me
When I've a hundred pounds ——

Not that it was made a condition. I should say not! Lord! How good the sun is! No, I should say not.

Yes, a hundred golden pounds ——

I like the houses on Northumberland Avenue. Many of them are in rotten taste of course, but the worst has a certain dignity withal. Each and every one is an outward visible token of some man's success, and success doesn't often come without hard work and self-denial—which are no bad things. A man may be lucky, but generally speaking the merely lucky man doesn't build him a house. He prefers to rent a palatial suite of apartments somewhere. That type. And a miserly man would consider such places too expensive to keep up. Exceptions? Certainly; always exceptions. There's a beauty in order, too, and order is manifest. Yes, I like them.

Number 3684 is beyond question—the most attractive in its exterior. There is a kindly mellow warmth in the tone of its red brick and the vines seem to appreciate that and hug it warmly. How beautifully the dark green of the hedge contrasts with the emerald of the lawn! And the majestic sweep of that big cedar, and the clean fresh cheer of the bedded flowers! After all the desolation I have seen I feel poignantly the charm of all this loveliness. A home! Please the pigs, I'll have one like it some of these days!

To buy a nice little house and grounds ——

The windows seem to wink good-naturedly as I approach and their reflections change. The door—a door in perfect keeping with the substantial character of the house—opens hospitably as I ascend the steps.

"Hello, Ishi!"

He is no longer just the Jap; he is Ishi, a part of the family of which in a way I also am a part. He beams at me. A more animated expression of welcome I never saw on human countenance. A loveable little people, the Japanese, and I'm specially fond of Ishi.

"H'lo, Missa At'bury!"

He doesn't ask me if I come in; he knows full well that I do, and receives my hat and coat as if they were precious gifts. As I walk down the hall a face appears at the turn of the stairway—a sweet matronly face crowned with gray hair that isn't at all elaborately dressed.

"I thought that was you, Bennie. You're getting to be a very regular nuisance. How are you this morning, boy? Go into the library; there's a fire there. She'll be down in a minute or two."

"It's you I came to see. Come on down—mother."

Just a little hitch at "mother," but that's my tongue. I think of her that way quite naturally. What a darling she is! Quick, clever and up-to-the-minute, and yet she's got the art of making a fellow comfortable down to where it should properly be spelled with a capital A. She leans over the bannister and the flowing sleeve of a loose eiderdown dressing jacket discloses a plump capable bare arm. She is evidently in dishabille. Seems good!

She shakes her head at me smilingly, and then turns her head to address an unseen somebody:

"It's Bennie. I tell him that I'll be down in a minute and ask him to go into the library, but he just stands there and won't move. What am I to do?"

Somebody says, "You'll have to manage your own beaux, mother," and mother laughs and disappears. Seeing nothing more and hearing nothing but a little giggling and the sound of retreating footsteps I go into the library.

The fireplace has a most inviting aspect. It seems to open its glowing heart to me, and I respond by stretching out my hands to it in glad greeting. One of its logs has fallen forward and with perfect confidence I take the tongs and replace it. Quite naturally and as a matter of course I add another billet from the basket, and then wheel a big leather rocker up to the hearth and lean back in it with the utmost abandon.

There are books in this peculiar library. Some of them are lying round as if they had been recently read. An ash tray on the table has been used, and some of the ashes are on the rug with a burned match. A sewing basket is in evidence, too, with a sock protruding—one of the white socks that B. D. wears, in season and out. It would seem that clubwomen do mend socks after all.

There's a man for you—B. D. He has been doing some great war work too. I guess he has earned his dollar-a-year salary. And more benevolence—under the camouflage of his stony face—than many, many people have hay. If it wasn't for his stony face he'd be stony broke in no time. Just once in a while he smiles—and then you get him. Kind as a kitten, simple as A B C, straight as a string and keen as a razor; that's my papa-in-law-to-be. His one weak place is his game of billiards. Simply awful! And just to think that B. D Christopher himself has—with a gentle hand on my shoulder—led me to the secret place where he keeps his best cigars. I'd help myself now if I felt like it. I would! Just as soon as not.

"Oh, I've looked you up," says B. D. to me. "I'm fairly satisfied, and so is mother; so if you and Sally are, too, that seems to be all that's necessary."

So it won't be lo-ong
Be-fore I call her mine.

I've got my pound in the bank and at least ninety-eight of the lacking ninety-nine—and my book ought to bring that I've dedicated it to the Sachem.

Agrippa, the bulldog, comes pattering in and—evincing no surprise at my presence—thrusts his cold ebony nose into my hand.

"Down, you old scoundrel! Your claws need trimming."

Notice that? Does he resent my tone of authority? Not at all. Meekly and submissively that gorgon-headed terror drops to all fours and disposes himself on the rug at my feet. Don't tell me that a dog doesn't know!

"Where's Jimmy, Agrippa? Where's Margaret?"

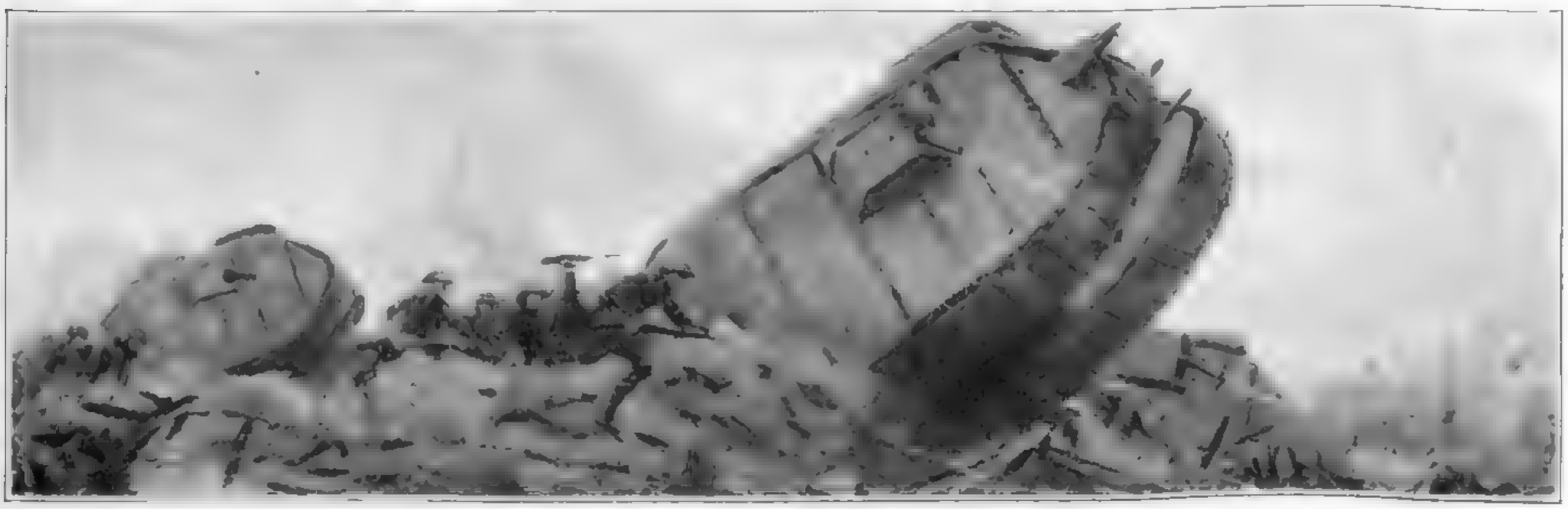
Needless to say, I allude to my new brother and sister. Blessed kids! I know they aren't in the house or they would have been racing in here to see me long before this. Jimmy and I are great pals, and Margaret—well, mother says that Margaret is Sally's understudy. Isn't it great?

Here I am quite at home in this mighty homelike room! Yesterday, so to speak, I was a lonely homeless wretch, with nobody to care two whoops whether school kept me or not. Wonderful, isn't it? And to-day ——

I look round quickly, and though—I swear—I have heard no sound, there stands the wonder of wonders—the miracle!

The doorway frames her, and never was there such a picture in that or any other frame. Much as she stood the first time that my eyes were blessed with the sight of her—swinging her tennis racket in her hand and smiling. But with no such heavenly smile as I, adoring, see now. Oh, Sally, darling of my leaping heart! Sally, soul of the house—soul of our house, our home-to-be!

"Good morning, dear little Miss Smith!"



SS. WHITE TOOTH PASTE

Health—Life's Greatest Lesson

Throughout the ages, the lesson of Health has been the greatest and most important that a mother could teach her child. The Spartan mother, stern, yet wise, put Health before love. The weakling was cast aside, the strong cherished. The Greek worshiped Health as a sign of beauty, the Indian as a symbol of strength.

We today prize Health. Without Health, life may become a burden and a waste. With Health, ambition soars—life is lived to its fullest—for Health is the means to greater achievement.

The modern mother realizes that her most important duty is to teach her child that good teeth are necessary to good health—that many ailments come from an unsuspected source, the teeth.

To safeguard your teeth—and by them your health—you must do two things—visit your dentist regularly and use a pure, *safe* dentifrice at least twice-a-day. Remember this—***only your dentist is qualified to treat a diseased condition of your mouth and teeth.*** Do not expect any dentifrice to do his work.

S. S. White Tooth Paste is absolutely pure. It does the only thing a good dentifrice can do—thoroughly and safely cleanses the teeth. S. S. White's was first made in 1862 at the request of the dentists of America.

Get a tube of S. S. White's—the "Dentifrice Made for Dentists"—today. Know how different it is. Enjoy the fresh, wholesome taste it leaves in your mouth—the clean smoothness of your teeth.

S. S. White's costs no more than ordinary dentifrices—Sold wherever dentifrices are sold.

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A Real Athletic Shoe

The "Gym-Bal" is not only an exceptionally good shoe for gymnasium and general athletic use, but is a very serviceable, good-looking, economical summer shoe. It is a great shoe for boys—one that wears like iron and cuts down their footwear bills. They like its snap and style. It has the real athletic look.

The uppers of this shoe are made of a very fine grade of tough, durable, white or brown duck, with neat leather trimmings, stitched to stay. Its non-slip sole—dark red in color—is made of the finest kind of rubber. It will wear twice as long as an ordinary rubber sole. It is full of life and spring. A cork insole provides ventilation and makes the shoe cool and comfortable.

TOP NOTCH
BEACON FALLS
RUBBER FOOTWEAR

The "Gym-Bal" combines lightness with strength. Instead of being of heavy construction all over, the shoe is strongly reinforced at all vital points of wear. It has a protective rubber toe-cap and an ankle patch of black leather, which are very valuable features. A tough strip of rubber at the edge of the sole greatly strengthens the shoe where much strain comes and where ordinary shoes soon wear out or break away. It laces snug, giving great support to the ankle muscles.

This Top Notch shoe is made by the manufacturers of the famous Top Notch line of rubber footwear. The Top Notch cross trade mark is a guarantee of real value and service. In almost every town there is a Top Notch dealer. Write for our booklet of athletic shoes and the name of the dealer in your town.

TOP NOTCH

BEACON FALLS RUBBER SHOE CO.
Beacon Falls, Conn. Dept. C

New York Chicago Boston
Kansas City Minneapolis San Francisco

LOOKING BACKWARD

(Concluded from Page 13)

though it may not be amiss for me to say to you that three weeks before the meeting of the National Convention I wrote to Mr. Gorman and Mr. Brice urging the withdrawal of any opposition, and declaring that I would be a party to no movement to work the two-thirds rule to defeat the will of the majority.

"This is all I have to say, Mister President, and you can believe it or not, as you please, though you ought to know that I would write you nothing except in sincere conviction, nor speak to you or of you except in a candid and kindly spirit. Trusting that this will find you hale, hearty and happy.

"I am, dear sir, your fellow Democrat and most faithful friend,

"HENRY WATTERSON.

"The Honorable Grover Cleveland."

I received this answer:

"GRAY GABLES, BUZZARDS BAY, MASS., July 15, 1892.

"*My dear Mr. Watterson:* I have received your letter and the clippings you inclosed.

"I am not sure that I understand perfectly all that they mean. One thing they demonstrate beyond any doubt, to-wit: that you have not—I think I may say—the slightest conception of my disposition. It may be that I know as little about yours. I am surprised by the last paragraph of The Courier-Journal article of July 8 and amazed to read the statements contained in your letter, that you know the message of 1887 by heart. It is a matter of very small importance, but hope you will allow me to say that in all the platform smashing you ever did you never injured nor inspired me that I have ever seen or heard of, except that of 1888. I except that, so I may be exactly correct when I write, 'seen or heard of'—for I use the words literally.

"I would like very much to present some views to you relating to the tariff position, but I am afraid to do so.

"I will, however, venture to say this: If we are defeated this year I predict a Democratic wandering in the dark wilds of discouragement for twenty-five years. I do not purpose to be at all responsible for such a result. I hope all others upon whom rests the least responsibility will fully appreciate it.

"The world will move on when both of us are dead. While we stay, and especially while we are in any way concerned in political affairs and while we are members of the same political brotherhood, let us both resolve to be just and modest and amiable. Yours very sincerely,

"GROVER CLEVELAND.

"Hon. Henry Watterson,
"Louisville, Ky."

I said in answer:

"LOUISVILLE, July 22, 1892.

"*My dear Sir:* I do not see how you could misunderstand the spirit in which I wrote, or be offended by my plain words. They were addressed as from one friend to another, as from one Democrat to another. If you entertain the idea that this is a false view of our relative positions, and that your eminence lifts you above both comradeship and counsels, I have nothing to say except to regret that in underestimating your breadth of character I exposed myself to contumely.

"You do, indeed, ride a wave of fortune and favor. You are quite beyond the reach of insult, real or fancied. You could well afford to be more tolerant.

"In answer to the ignorance of my service to the Democratic Party, which you are at such pains to indicate—and particularly with reference to the sectional issue and the issue of tariff reform—I might, if I wanted to be unamiable, suggest to you a more attentive perusal of the proceedings of the three national conventions which nominated you for President.

"But I purpose nothing of the sort. In the last five national conventions my efforts were decisive in framing the platform of the party. In each of them I closed the debate, moved the previous question and was sustained by the convention. In all of them except the last I was a maker, not a smasher. Touching what happened at Chicago, the present year, I had a right, in common with good Democrats, to be anxious; and out of that sense of anxiety alone I wrote you. I am sorry that my temerity was deemed by you intrusive and, entering a respectful protest against a ban which I cannot believe to be deserved by me, and assuring you that I shall not again trouble you in that way, I am, your obedient servant, HENRY WATTERSON.

"The Hon. Grover Cleveland."

This ended my personal relations with Mr. Cleveland. Thereafter we did not speak as we passed by. He was a hard man to get on with. Overcredulous, though by no means excessive, in his likes, very tenacious in his dislikes, suspicious withal, he grew during his second term in the White House exceedingly "high and mighty," suggesting somewhat the "stuffed prophet" of Mr. Dana's relentless lambasting and verifying my insistence that he posed rather as an idol to be worshiped than a leader to be trusted and loved.

He was in truth a strong man, who, sufficiently mindful of his limitations in the beginning, grew by unexampled and continued success overconfident and overconscious in his own conceit. He had a real desire to serve the country. But he was apt to think that he alone could effectively serve it. In one of our spats I remember saying to him, "You seem, Mister President, to think that you are the only pebble on the beach—the one honest and brave man in the party—but let me assure you of my own knowledge that there are others."

His answer was, "Oh, you go to ——!"

He split his party wide open. The ostensible cause was the money issue. But underlying this there was a deal of personal embitterment. Had he been a man of foresight—or even of ordinary discernment—he might have held it together and with it behind him have carried the gold standard.

I had contended for a sound currency from the outset of the fiscal contention, fighting first the greenback craze and then the free-silver craze against an overwhelming majority in the West and South, nowhere more radically relentless than in Kentucky. Both movements had their origin on economic fallacies and found their backing in dishonest purpose to escape honest indebtedness.

Through Mr. Cleveland the party of Jefferson, Jackson and Tilden was converted from a Democratic into a Populist, falling into the arms of Mr. Bryan, whose domination proved as baleful in one way as Mr. Cleveland's had been in another, the final result shipwreck, with the extinguishment of all but the label.

Mr. Bryan was a young man of notable gifts of speech and boundless self-assertion. When he found himself well in the saddle he began to rule despotically and to ride furiously. A party leader more short-sighted could hardly be imagined. None of his judgments came true. As a consequence the Republicans for a long time had everything their own way, and save for the Taft-Roosevelt quarrel might have held their power indefinitely. All history tells us that the personal equation must be reckoned with in public life. Assuredly it cuts no mean figure in human affairs. And, when politicians fall out—well—the other side comes in.

Editor's Note—This is the seventeenth of a series of articles by Mr. Watterson. The next will appear in an early issue.

FORTY YEARS OF A DIPLOMAT'S LIFE

(Continued from Page 17)

proceeded slowly; so did the other pair. Then they stopped again and came to the conclusion that the party that starts the fight has a better chance to come out the winner.

So they opened fire. The other two promptly replied.

The result was that in the morning when light broke three corpses and one dying man were discovered lying on the ground. The dying man was just able to tell what had happened; and then it was found that all four had been guests at the same ball and in fact had been good friends.

At the time this story impressed me merely as a proof of the unsafe condition of the streets of San Francisco and of the danger of walking about with loaded pistols in one's possession; but in the light of recent tragic events does not this occurrence serve as an illustration of the danger of so-called preparedness, and of the fallacy of the famous dictum, "If you wish for peace prepare for war"?

On the first of July I started on my journey across the Pacific on the old Pacific Mail steamship City of Tokio, commanded by that Commodore Maury who, if I am not mistaken, was the originator of the plan of determining certain so-called ocean lanes to be followed by outgoing and incoming Atlantic steamers.

Among the passengers were a number—some ten or twelve—of young Chinamen who had been sent out by their government three or four years before to the United States to study modern sciences in several of the American colleges, the intention having evidently been to let them get a western education and acquire a command of the English language so as to be later on employed in the service of the Chinese Government in the open ports. Some change having evidently occurred in the views of the Chinese Government these young men were suddenly recalled to China, to their infinite distress.

It was truly pitiful to listen to their expressions of poignant regret at being compelled to leave the country to which they had had time to become deeply attached. They all had cut their queues and were wearing American clothes, and were altogether as nice a set of college students as one could wish to see anywhere.

I mention this fact because a great many years afterward I happened to read in one of the American magazines a story told by a Mr. Thomas Stevens—I am not quite certain whether that was his name—a story of his journey on a bicycle through Central Asia and the interior provinces of China. He relates how one day he happened to ride into a Chinese village or small town somewhere deep in the interior of China, when suddenly out of one of the houses rushed a man, stopped him, threw himself into his arms, and addressing him in perfect English said:

"You are an American. Do me the favor of coming to my house. It is years and years that I have not had the happiness of setting my eyes on the face of a white man," or words to that effect.

Then this Chinaman related to Mr. Stevens his history. It turned out that he had been one of those young Chinamen whom I must have met on the City of Tokio, who had suddenly been recalled from America by their government and who, upon arrival in China, instead of being employed in the open ports, where their knowledge of the English language and of foreign ways and manners might have proved exceedingly useful, were all dispersed in different provinces of the Chinese Empire in such a way that no two of them should be in a position to meet and communicate with each other.

Our voyage across the Pacific was as prosperous as could possibly be, though it took twenty-five days to reach Yokohama. The weather was gloriously fine, though most of the time there was a very heavy swell running.

In connection with this I remember an incident that happened one day when we were at lunch in the saloon. The day before, early in the morning, one of the ship's officers in going to inspect the steerage had noticed one of the Chinese steerage passengers hanging by the neck from one of the cross beams. He cut him down and had the man revived. Upon investigation it was found that this Chinaman was one of quite a number of Chinese steerage passengers who were returning to their country after having made their pile in California; and being all of them inveterate gamblers this particular man had succeeded in getting rid of his last dollar, and evidently from

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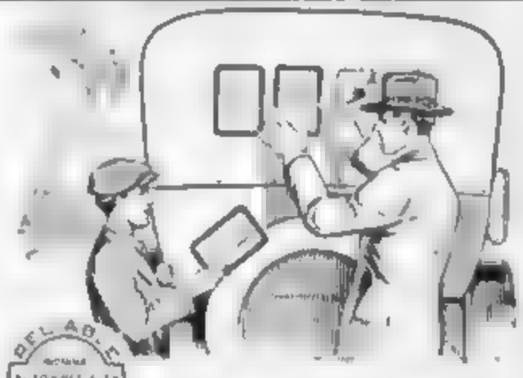

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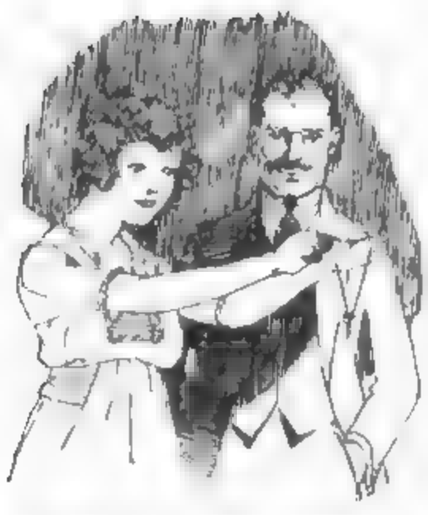

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despair had determined to end his life. Well, the captain ordered him to be put in irons; but the next morning—that is, the morning of the day of which I am speaking—the Chinese passengers sent a deputation to the captain requesting him to restore the culprit to liberty, they undertaking to set a watch on him so as to prevent his renewing the attempt at suicide.

The captain consented, and at noon we sat down to our lunch, when Captain Maury related the story to us. Suddenly we felt the engines being stopped and there was a shout "Man overboard!" We all rushed at once on deck, and we had barely reached the rail when we saw a Chinaman in the water swimming with the greatest possible energy. It turned out to be the same man who the day before tried to commit suicide by hanging, and who now repeated the attempt on his life, but on finding himself in the cold water evidently thought better of it. A boat was lowered, of course, but on account of the heavy swell running it was impossible to find and save the drowning Chinaman.

My only excuse for relating these insignificant incidents is that possibly they may furnish food for reflection to some philosophically inclined reader.

III

THE City of Tokio steamed up the Bay of Yokohama early in the morning of the twenty-fifth of July. It was a gloriously fine day, but of course very hot; the climate of Japan being subtropical and there always being a great amount of moisture in the air in summer, the heat makes itself felt much more than one would expect from the number of degrees above zero shown by the thermometer.

As soon as the City of Tokio came to anchor we were surrounded by a crowd of native boats filled with a shouting and screaming mass of coolies anxious to secure some passengers and baggage to carry ashore.

I remember how much I was struck by the strangeness of everything I saw. It almost seemed to me as if I had set foot on another planet, very strange but much more interesting and attractive than the old globe to which we have got used.

My arrival was not expected, as there had not been time enough to announce it in writing, and cable communication in those days had not yet been established with Japan. So I had to find my way as best I could in a jinrikisha to the villa I knew my future chief to have rented on the bluff overlooking on one side the Bay of Yokohama, and on the other side of the little peninsula a bay that went by the unexpected name of Mississippi Bay.

I was received by my chief and his charming wife, who were indeed old friends of mine, with open arms. They at once offered to put me up in their nice little villa, which they had rented temporarily until the construction of the legation buildings in Tokio could be completed.

The view from the veranda of the villa overlooking the bay and the native town was really delightful. I must confess that the first month of my stay in Japan, as my recollection presents it to me now, was altogether a perfect dream of enchanted happiness.

In those days the foreign legations—with the exception of the French one, which had taken up its quarters in an old temple in Tokio—were still located in Yokohama, occupying various villas on the so-called bluff. By the end of the year some of them, at least the English and the American ones, had been removed to Tokio, where the construction of the British Legation had just been completed.

In the grounds of the Russian Legation the building, a small house destined for the first secretary—that is, for me—was in a state to be inhabited, and therefore we all moved there and put up in that small house while the large building for the minister was being built, of which only the foundation had been laid.

Our removal to the capital naturally brought us into closer contact with the Japanese world. My chief and his wife were M. and Mme. de Struve, who later on, in the early '80s, represented Russia in Washington, and finally at The Hague. I need hardly add that in Japan they were just as popular and just as well liked as they were here.

Our contact with the Japanese world was in a great measure facilitated through the condition of the political relations between the two countries. I had indeed brought with me the instrument of ratification of the treaty of Sakhalin stipulating the exchange of the Japanese half of that island for the Russian group of the Kurile Islands. This treaty having removed the only cause of possible friction between the two countries, diplomatic relations between them were established on a footing of perfect cordiality.

At the time of which I speak diplomatic relations between foreign Powers and Japan, which had only so recently been established, were conducted on the basis of the principle of solidarity of all the foreign Powers for the purpose of being able to present to the Japanese Government a united front in defense of their supposedly common interests. These interests naturally centered on questions of trade; that is to say, to express it in plain words, on an endeavor to hold the Japanese strictly to the conditions of the treaties by which they had signed away their right of establishing customs duties for the import trade on the basis of autonomy. This arrangement worked naturally in favor mainly of the interests of the Power whose trade, by the importance of its volume, far exceeded the trade interests of all the other Powers taken together—that is to say, Great Britain.

Now it dawned upon some of the participants of this policy of a united front as against the Japanese that as a matter of fact they were lending the weight of their influence to the support of interests which in the main were not their own, to the detriment of their potential political interests in the Far East. Among these Powers were Russia and the United States, at least to judge from the attitude taken up by the United States Minister, who in those days was Judge John A. Bingham.

Judge Bingham had in his younger days furnished a very honorable career as a member of Congress. He was a very able man and a man of very noble character, who enjoyed the great respect and the warmest sympathy among foreigners and Japanese as well.

The British Minister of those days was Sir Harry Parkes, likewise a very able man, of very high character and great business experience, having spent the greater part of his career in the consular service in the Far East. He was gifted with untiring energy, which he displayed in the defense and promotion of his country's political and commercial interests, and enjoyed the absolute confidence of his countrymen in the Far East, among whom he was extremely popular. In regard to the Japanese, his policy naturally consisted in holding them as strictly as possible to the stipulations of the treaties, which the Japanese felt as a hardship from which their government naturally desired to liberate itself as far as possible.

Now, in this respect Judge Bingham's attitude differed considerably from that of his British colleague. Whether it was in consequence of instructions he received from his government or perhaps as an effect of his personal disposition, on most contentious questions he was inclined to favor the weaker side. This did not altogether please Sir Harry Parkes, and led to a certain amount of underlying antagonism between these two.

As far as my chief was concerned, he used to side mostly with Judge Bingham, for whose personality he entertained the highest regard.

I must mention that in those days it was the habit of the diplomats accredited to the Japanese Government to hold frequent meetings among themselves for the discussion of questions of general interest as they rose, and at these meetings the grouping of the Powers, as represented by their ministers, would usually present this aspect: On one side would be the British Minister, frequently supported by his French colleague, as well as the German Minister and representatives of the smaller Powers; and on the other side the representatives of Russia and the United States.

Of course the Japanese were perfectly well aware of this condition of affairs, and this naturally contributed toward rendering the American and Russian Legations more popular with the Japanese.

Thus it came about that very soon I got into closer touch with some of the Japanese statesmen, such as Ito, then in the beginning of his brilliant career as Minister of Public Works; Inouye, Matsukato, and Generals Saigo and Oyama. With the latter two, one of whom was Minister of War—General Saigo—and the other his chief of staff, my relations were rather intimate on account of the taste we all three shared for the noble sport of rifle shooting.

Among the statesmen, I was perhaps brought into the closest contact with Mr. Ito, with whom I frequently had extremely interesting conversations. I remember one occasion when the question of introducing a constitutional régime in Japan was being discussed by the Japanese cabinet and when a special mission had been sent to Europe to study the workings of the constitutions in different countries. Mr. Ito expressed the opinion that the introduction of the constitutional régime had become a necessity, considering that the educated classes of the nation were very anxious to obtain a share in determining the policies of the government; but at the same time that it would be necessary to provide certain safeguards to enable the government to resist political tendencies born of inexperience in political affairs, which might turn out detrimental to the true interests of the nation. With this end in view he considered that an article in the constitution, somewhat on the lines of a similar stipulation in the constitution of Prussia, would meet the case; that is to say, an article empowering the ministers, in case of parliament having refused to vote supplies, to carry on the government on the basis of the budget law of the preceding year.

It would carry me too far if I were to attempt to relate the history of the great upheaval that resulted in 1868 in the restoration of the power of the Mikado, which had been in abeyance during all the centuries of the existence of the shogunate or government of the Tycoon. I will only mention that Ito and Inouye were the first Japanese to go to England with the intention of acquainting themselves by close observation with Western civilization and institutions.

They were both samurai of the clan of Choshiu. Much impressed with what they had seen in Europe they returned, firmly decided to break through the age-long seclusion of Japan from contact with the rest of the world. They found vigorous support from their chieftain, the Prince of Choshiu, and likewise from the Prince of Satsuma, the two most powerful chieftains in feudal Japan.

I would not venture to affirm that these two men were the only originators of the movement that finally led to the overthrow of the shogunate, and that therefore they were the creators of modern Japan. I think, however, that the ideas they had been the first to bring back from Europe gave the decisive impetus to the movement which probably was the resultant of many tendencies that had penetrated the public mind since the first contact of the people with representatives of Western countries.

Both these men unquestionably from the beginning, though still occupying subordinate positions, wielded considerable influence in the councils of the group of statesmen who became the leaders of the great reform. Such men as Chancellor Sanjo, Vice Chancellor Iwakura, or Okubo, Okuma, and so on, who had never themselves been outside of Japan, naturally had to rely in many respects on the advice of these men and the knowledge they had acquired of Western civilization and institutions.

It must not be forgotten that the restoration of the Mikado's power entailed not only the overthrow of the shogunate but the abolition of feudalism, which had been for centuries the basic foundation of the social fabric of the state; in other words, a complete revolutionary upheaval. That this great revolution was accomplished almost without any bloodshed speaks volumes for the wisdom and moderation of the statesmen who had undertaken it.

They would, however, not have been able to accomplish their task had they not enjoyed the never-wavering confidence and support of the young Mikado, Mutsuhito, whose power they had restored, and whose name will go down in history as that of one of the greatest sovereigns the world has ever known.

The government of Japan, as established in 1868, though an autocracy in name, was practically an oligarchy; that is to say, the rule of a certain small group of self-appointed statesmen, some of them men of very eminent capacity, and all of them of unquestioned honesty and patriotism, who were enabled, thanks to the unflinching support of their sovereign, to carry on the government in his name during all the long years of his most prosperous reign.

(Continued on Page 100)

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Even after the introduction of a constitutional government the original group of, as they were called, "elder statesmen," or "genro," retained the greatest influence on the destinies of the country, as the ultimate decision in all momentous affairs of state rested with them. Among them a leading part was played by Ito, created at first count, then marquis, and finally prince. He unquestionably ranks with the greatest constructive statesmen of history.

Both in domestic and foreign policy the Mikado's government was confronted with the most serious difficulties. The liquidation of the feudal régime entailed the necessity of indemnifying not only the numerous and some of them extremely powerful feudatory princes, or daimios, but also the extremely numerous class of their dependents, the samurai. This indemnification took the form of a grant of pensions, represented by interest-bearing government bonds. Though some of the great daimios were in this way provided with very large incomes, the great mass of their followers, who under the feudal régime were entirely supported by their lords, could not naturally all be provided with sufficiently ample means of existence.

So it came about that a number of the lesser samurai, who found themselves unexpectedly in possession of some government bonds, the interest whereof was meant to represent the grant of a pension, began to dispose of their bonds in the open market, and frequently succeeded in running through the small sums realized in this way. Many of them would secure means of subsistence by taking service as soldiers or officers in the army or in the newly created police force; others went into business, trades and professions hitherto considered derogatory to the dignity of the samurai.

All this naturally created a certain amount of discontent, which in the end may have been one of the causes leading to the rebellion which broke out in the former principality of Satsuma in the autumn of the year 1877, and which was more or less a revolt against the newly established order of things. That such revolt should have broken out at last was perhaps but natural, considering the extremely radical character of the change brought about in the entire social fabric that had lasted for ever so many centuries.

One of the noticeable features of this rebellion was that it broke out in the province which had been the feudatory state of the Prince of Satsuma, who, together with the Prince of Choshiu, had been one of the most powerful supporters of the restoration; and furthermore that the leader of the rebellion was the famous Marshal Saigo, whose younger brother was at the time in command of the loyal Imperial Army in his capacity of Minister of War.

It so happened—as I was told a couple of years later—that the first news of the outbreak of the rebellion in Satsuma reached the government at the moment when its leading members were being entertained at luncheon at the Russian Legation. It came in the shape of an urgent telegram that was delivered to one of the ministers present, just after we had finished our luncheon. It was being handed from one to the other among the members of the government; not one of them, however, showed by his behavior that he was in any way impressed by the momentous character of the news just received.

By a curious coincidence, a few moments later, and before our guests had left the legation, a fire broke out in an adjoining building—which in the days before the restoration had been the yashiki, or palace, of one of the lesser daimios—which was occupied by the Minister of Foreign Affairs, and which, constructed in the Japanese style of wood and paper, was very quickly burned down to the ground with all it contained.

Whether there was any connection between this fire, which was evidently due to an incendiary, and the outbreak of the revolution in Satsuma is a question which, as far as I could learn, was never satisfactorily cleared up.

The government immediately took the most energetic steps for the repression of the revolution, which was in a measure facilitated for them through the circumstance that the active operations of the rebels were confined to the island of Kiusiu, where the province of Satsuma is situated. It did not take the government troops long to get the better of the revolutionists, though they were commanded by the famous Marshal Saigo, who in the first years of the restoration had won great distinction in an expedition on the island of Formosa. When he realized that his cause was lost he committed suicide.

Having promptly suppressed the armed rebellion the government exercised the greatest moderation in dealing with the situation, and the Prince of Satsuma, who of course must have been cognizant of the plans of Marshal Saigo, one of his foremost dependents, was not molested in any way.

I would mention in connection with these events that the young Japanese Army, recently organized on the European model by a French military mission whose services had been loaned to Japan by the French Government in the early '70's, had occasion to show its newly acquired efficiency in the prompt and thorough victory over the rebel forces. The French military mission, under the command of Colonel Munier, was composed of a number of young and most distinguished officers of the various arms. Being naturally thrown much into the society of these young officers of my own age, with whom I was happy to entertain the most friendly relations, visiting them frequently in camp where they were training the Japanese troops, I had occasion, partly from personal observation, partly from what I heard from their lips, to conceive a very high idea of the soldierly qualities and the military spirit of the Japanese people.

Though in later years for some unexplained reason the Japanese Government chose to dispense with the services of the French military mission and to intrust the further training of its troops to German instructors, the credit of having laid the solid foundation for the organization and most efficient training of the Japanese troops belongs unquestionably to the French military mission; to whom, therefore, should also be credited part at least of the success achieved by the Japanese armies in China and in Manchuria.

As regards foreign policy, the Japanese Government of the restoration had to contend from the beginning against very great difficulties, rising primarily from their utter inexperience in matters of international diplomatic intercourse, and then from the fact that all the foreign Powers that had succeeded in concluding treaties with Japan were, so to speak, leagued in their supposed common interest against Japan for the better maintenance of their rights and commercial advantages stipulated in the treaties.

In dealing with this situation Japanese statesmen soon began to show considerable skill. They were not long in discovering that beneath the apparent solidarity openly professed by the diplomacy of the treaty Powers there were some undercurrents due to many divergent political as well as commercial interests. They quickly perceived that by playing on these divergencies many an important point might be gained.

When we come to consider that an island empire which little more than half a century ago was almost unknown to the rest of the world, and which for quite a while after its emergence from its age-long seclusion was still considered a quite negligible quantity, has succeeded now in taking triumphantly its place by the side of the victors in the world war, and as one of the five only remaining great Powers which have undertaken to settle the destinies of mankind, one cannot help admiring the statesmanship that in so brief a span of time achieved such wonderful results.

One of the conditions that has favored the surprising rise and phenomenal growth as a world power of the Japanese Empire is due to the fact that Japan is the only country in the world whose population is almost absolutely homogeneous. Then, it must not be forgotten that the Japanese people, though they have but recently adopted Western civilization, had been for ages already in possession of a very high and very refined culture, which rendered the assimilation of all the conquests of Western civilization a comparatively easy task for them.

Furthermore, one could hardly gainsay that the astonishing success achieved by Japan in the domain of domestic as well as of foreign policy is in a large measure due to the fact—and now I am about to express an opinion of whose extreme unpopularity I am quite well aware—that the Japanese Government from its beginning has been and is to this hour practically an oligarchy; that is to say, the rule of a limited group of very capable statesmen, who have been able to fill the vacancies that have necessarily occurred from time to time in their number by a system of what may be called cooptation, quite independently of any considerations of party.

A Characteristic Country House in the Heart of Nijni-Novgorod, Russia

IV

WHILE we were enjoying the novelty and the quiet ease of our life in exotic surroundings and following with great interest the systematic efforts of the Japanese Government in modernizing the social life and institutions of Japan, serious trouble had begun to brew in that perennial danger spot of Europe, the Balkan Peninsula.

This unfortunate land, situated at the junction of three continents, seems to have been intended by Nature herself as the battleground for so many contending nationalities. Greeks, Bulgars, Serbians, Moldau-Wallachians—supposed descendants of Roman immigrants in what was known as the province of Dacia—Albanians, Macedonians and Ottoman Turks constituted elements enough to favor a condition of almost continuous friction and unrest.

The policy of the rulers of Turkey, adopting the time-honored Machiavellian principle of *Divide et impera*, systematically fostered friction and hostility between their subject races, so as to prevent their uniting in a joint effort to throw off the hated yoke of their masters. When Turkish misrule would become too intolerable this or that subject nation would break out in open revolt; as, for instance, did the Greeks in 1827, which led to their liberation and to the foundation of the Kingdom of Greece.

Already in the beginning of the '70's rumblings of an impending storm began to be heard in Herzegovina, a province inhabited by a branch of the Serbian race. Local risings of the people against the Turkish authorities provoked repressive measures, which were being applied with the customary excessive cruelty, and soon the whole country was in a state of open revolt. The people of the neighboring principality of Serbia, then a vassal state of the Ottoman Empire, naturally could not remain indifferent to the sufferings of their kinsfolk in Herzegovina.

At the same time symptoms of revolutionary unrest began to appear in Bulgaria and were put down by the Turks in such a way as to provoke all over the world an indignant outcry against the Turkish Government. That was the time of Mr. Gladstone's famous campaign against Bulgarian atrocities.

As was to be expected, these events could not fail to produce a profound impression in Russia, both the Serbians and Bulgarians being Slavs, and therefore racially related to the Russian people, and, moreover, partly coreligionists, as belonging to the Greek Orthodox Church. Though the educated classes probably attached greater importance to the racial affinity with the victims of Turkish misrule, the popular mind was unquestionably much more impressed by the cruel sufferings inflicted by the infidel Turk on their brothers in the Christian faith. Be that as it may, the popular excitement, embracing all classes of society and carefully fostered by the public press and the organization known as the Slav Benevolent Society, was constantly growing and beginning to exercise a powerful influence over the policies of the government.

Yielding to the pressure of public opinion the government at first tolerated and then almost openly favored the organization of parties of volunteers who went to Serbia to place their services at the disposal of the Serbian Government. Readers of Tolstoy's celebrated novel Anna Karénina will remember that the hero of this romance, Vronsky, the lover of the unfortunate Anna, also went to the war as a volunteer to fight for the Slav cause and the orthodox faith.

In the meantime European diplomacy had been busy trying to prevent the outbreak of a general conflagration on the Balkan Peninsula by the usual scheme of organizing a unanimous pressure by what used to be called the European concert, applied to the Porte with a view of compelling Turkey to grant her subject races certain liberal reforms. To bring about the needed unanimity among the great Powers, whose representatives met in conference in Constantinople, was by no means an easy matter. The leading parts

(Concluded on Page 103

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PRINCE ALBERT

the national joy smoke

(Concluded from Page 100)

at the conference table were played by the Russian ambassador, General Ignatieff, and Lord Salisbury, who had come out as the special envoy of Great Britain. It was largely due to the enlightened spirit of conciliation displayed by that great statesman that the conference resulted in the elaboration of a scheme of reforms to be proposed for adoption to the Turkish Government.

However well meant and cleverly devised, this scheme failed of acceptance by the Turkish Government, perhaps on account of some doubts in their mind in regard to the problematical character of the sincerity of the great Powers in their professions of unanimity. Things were left to drift toward the unavoidable issue of war, since the Russian Government had taken a stand from which regard for what they conceived to be the demand of public opinion would not allow them to recede. In the meantime the government, so as to be ready for a campaign in the Balkan Peninsula, had been negotiating with the Austro-Hungarian Government with a view to securing a free hand in the event of war with Turkey and a guaranty of safety for the right flank of the Russian Army from any attack or threat of attack on behalf of Austria-Hungary.

These negotiations resulted in an agreement by which this noninterference by Austria-Hungary had to be paid for by Russia's consent to the occupation of Bosnia and Herzegovina by Austro-Hungarian forces for the purpose of reëstablishing and maintaining law and order in these provinces, which were to remain nominally under the suzerainty of the Sultan. Further on in the course of my narrative I shall have occasion to revert to this arrangement, which eventually proved to be one of the contributory causes of the outbreak of the world war.

In the spring of '77 Russia declared war against Turkey, the Russian armies crossed the Danube and invaded Bulgaria. Their victorious advance was, however, checked by the unexpected stubborn defense by the Turks of the hastily strengthened position of Plevna, occupied by Osman Pasha's army.

While the siege of this fortified position, which blocked the way to the south to the invading army, was still proceeding, and the final issue of the campaign seemed to be uncertain, in the autumn of the same year my chief went home on a prolonged leave of absence and I was left, at a comparatively young age, in full charge of the legation for the next two years.

During my term of office I had only one rather ticklish business to transact, in the handling of which I met with the most considerate and friendly coöperation on behalf of the Japanese Government. The case in question concerned one of these curious incidents that will every now and then rise in international intercourse, and which if not susceptible of settlement by purely diplomatic means will call for adjudication either by arbitration or by some permanent international tribunal provided for dealing with similar contentious matters.

The case rose out of the following circumstances: One morning when I had just been reflecting with great satisfaction on the total absence of any business cares whatever that could in any degree disturb my quiet enjoyment of the social and other advantages incident to my promotion to the temporary headship of the legation in the capacity of chargé d'affaires, I was startled by the receipt of a rush telegram from the consul at Yokohama. He reported that the captain of the Russian trading bark Rurik—by the way, the only Russian vessel of any considerable size trading in Far Eastern waters in those days—had just applied for his clearance papers, the vessel having been chartered by a wealthy Peruvian merchant of German nationality, one Mr. Heeren, to carry to Lima a large number of Japanese coolies engaged for some work in mines or on farms in Peru under contract concluded with some Japanese. The vessel being under orders to sail on the following day the consul requested to be instructed whether he might grant or should refuse the asked-for clearance.

It is necessary to explain that some years before this, when some considerable excitement had been caused in England by the discovery that considerable numbers of Chinese laborers, so-called coolies, were being exported to South American countries under conditions somewhat recalling the long-passed times of negro slave trade, it happened that a Peruvian bark, the Maria Luz, on her way to Lima with a cargo of Chinese coolies, had called at the port of Yokohama. When apprised of the fact of the presence of this live cargo on board the Peruvian vessel, and, if I am not mistaken, with the advice of the British authorities, the Japanese Government caused the Chinese coolies to be disembarked, liberated and returned to China.

These rather high-handed proceedings of the Japanese Government naturally provoked the strongest protest on the part of the government of Peru, and the ensuing negotiations resulted in the agreement between the two Powers concerned to submit the case for adjudication to the arbitrament of the Emperor of Russia. Russia's decision was given in favor of Japan; and I might mention incidentally that I had myself had some share in these proceedings, inasmuch as my services had been requisitioned for the purpose of copying in my best handwriting the diplomatic notes conveying to the Japanese and Peruvian Governments the Imperial decision.

Under these circumstances it was plain that a Russian vessel could not possibly be permitted to carry to Peru a cargo of Japanese coolies. On the other hand it was necessary to protect the owners of the vessel against the possibility of a suit for damages being brought against them by Mr. Heeren. I therefore directed the consul to withhold the granting of the clearance for a day or two under some pretext, and at the same time laid the case before the Japanese Minister of Foreign Affairs. The latter saw the point at once and undertook to order the local authorities to forbid the departure for Peru of the coolies and to have them immediately disembarked in case they had already been taken on board.

This naturally roused considerable anger on the part of the representative of Mr. Heeren, who invoked the assistance of the German Legation, Mr. Heeren, as mentioned above, being a German subject. Nothing, however, came of it, as the right of the Japanese Government to interfere as they had done could not be questioned; nor could a suit for damages be brought against the owners of the Rurik. It all ended in some rather acrimonious explications I had with my colleague, the German chargé d'affaires, who of course understood what had brought about the action of the Japanese Government.

In those days Japanese ports, such as Nagasaki and Yokohama, were favorite stations for the naval forces of the leading maritime Powers in Far Eastern waters. We also had a small squadron stationed in Yokohama roadstead under the command of a rear admiral and composed of four light cruisers, rather slow vessels even for those times, which did not amount to much as a fighting force. Their presence, however, seemed to give some concern to the British naval authorities, so that after a while a squadron of about twelve vessels was collected in the Bay of Yokohama. The English squadron was commanded by Vice Admiral Welles—I am not sure whether I spell his name correctly—a typical and most charming old salt, who carried his flag on the ironclad Audacious. His second in command, if I am not mistaken, was Captain Buller, of the Modeste, a brother of General Sir Redvers Buller of South African fame, with whom I was on particularly friendly terms.

The prolonged stay in Yokohama Bay of such a comparatively large British naval force, comprising nearly all of the naval vessels in the Far East, did not at first impress me as anything out of the ordinary run of events, knowing as I did that the Japanese station was always a favorite one with the sailors of all nations. It was not till events on the theater of war in Europe had begun to take a more decisive turn with the passage of the Balkans by our troops and their approach to Constantinople, that the reason for the continued presence in Japanese waters of so comparatively large a British naval force became apparent.

The traditional distrust of Russia's policy in the Near East in connection with the apprehension for the safety of the road to India had begun to work on the public mind in England, and when the conclusion between Russia and Turkey of the so-called preliminary treaty of San Stefano seemed to disclose Russia's far-going plans of political predominance in the Balkan Peninsula, the British Government's policy began to assume a more and more anti-Russian attitude and the relations between Russia and Great Britain gradually reached a stage when an open rupture seemed to be the most likely outcome.

The threatening aspect of affairs in Europe naturally was in a certain measure reflected likewise in the situation in the Far East. It should be mentioned in this connection that just at the time of the greatest tension in the relations between the two countries cable communication with Europe by the Indian line was interrupted, and the British diplomatic and naval authorities could communicate with their government only by the Danish cable to Vladivostok and the Russian land lines. Telegraphic news of a final rupture and declaration of war, if such were to occur, would therefore be sure to reach first of all the Russian Legation in Tokio and would enable the Russian cruiser squadron to go to sea at once and begin operations in the Pacific Ocean. Though as a fighting force this small squadron was quite insignificant, still, having escaped from Yokohama Bay and having dispersed in the Pacific Ocean, there would have been no telling what losses these four small cruisers might not have inflicted on British shipping until they could have been captured or sunk. It therefore became of considerable importance to watch carefully the Russian naval vessels in Japanese waters so as to prevent the possibility of their unobserved escape to the open ocean. This, then, was the explanation of the presence of such a large British squadron in the Bay of Yokohama.

The tension in the political relations between our countries, which was coming nearer and nearer to the breaking point, did not, however, affect adversely the friendliness of my personal relations with the British naval authorities. On the contrary, being the representative of much the weaker side from a naval point of view, I was in every way being treated by them with redoubled and most chivalrous courtesy.

Happily the threatened rupture never took place. A preliminary understanding having been reached by Lord Salisbury and the Russian Ambassador in London, Count Schouwaloff, a settlement of the peace question by the Berlin Congress became possible. This settlement, which entailed a revision of the preliminary treaty of San Stefano and a consequent scaling down of some of its provisions, especially in regard to the extent and limits of the newly created principality of Bulgaria, was necessarily in the nature of a compromise and left a sting of bitterness in the hearts of the adherents and promoters of the policy that had led to the war with Turkey, from the victorious termination of which they had expected greater results.

It must be owned, however, that we engaged in this war without having a very clear conception of what the precise results were to be which we had set out to achieve by force of arms. Having begun the war without a definite program, when victory was ours we overstepped, in concluding the preliminary peace of San Stefano, the bounds of what we could safely attempt to secure with due regard for the interests of our neighbor, Austria-Hungary, who held the whiphand over us on the right flank of our armies, and of our ever-jealous rival, Great Britain, whose fleet had taken up a rather threatening position in Besika Bay. The dreams entertained by our militant Slavophiles and imperialists of the establishment of a permanent political domination over the Balkan Peninsula failed indeed of realization.

Still, the acquisition of Kars and Batum in Asia Minor and the restitution to Russia of that part of Bessarabia which had been lost after the Crimean War and the conclusion of the Treaty of Paris on one hand and on the other the recognition of the complete independence of Rumania, Serbia and Montenegro and the creation of the vassal principality of Bulgaria, with the autonomous province of Eastern Rumelia, would appear sufficiently satisfactory as the results of even a victorious war.

Nevertheless, public opinion in Russia considered the outcome of the Berlin Congress as a grievous disappointment.

As a contrast, public opinion in England was highly gratified with the outcome of the Berlin Congress, from which Lord Beaconsfield had brought back peace with honor. Nevertheless even Great Britain did not escape an ugly aftermath of the prolonged critical condition of her relations with Russia, which came so near bringing about an armed conflict between them. In the beginning of this critical period, as a counter move to the opposition encountered on behalf of Great Britain in the settlement of the Near Eastern question, the Russian Government had dispatched General Stoletoff with a secret mission to the Ameer of Afghanistan. What the precise object of his mission was I am unable to say, but it is likely enough that it had something to do with the friction that rose between the Ameer and the Government of India, and which later on embroiled that government in a war with Afghanistan.

The Japanese Government during all this time had been closely watching the development of events in Europe, probably drawing their own conclusions from what they were able to observe in regard to the combinations of European Powers which might possibly affect their interests in the Far East. In the meanwhile they observed the strictest neutrality, with perhaps a slight leaning in favor of our side as the one from which they could best hope to obtain some support in the future, when the question of the revision of the commercial treaties would come up for consideration.

Besides the organization of a regular army the Japanese Government had also taken steps for the gradual acquisition of a navy. The organization of this branch of the service had been intrusted to an English naval officer, Captain James, who was placed at the head of a naval school or academy where Japanese aspirants for the naval service were receiving professional training. At the same time the government had ordered the building in England of some vessels destined to serve as a nucleus for the future Japanese fleet. The first three of these vessels were the ironclad Fuso-Kan and the protected cruisers Hiyei-Kan and Kongo-Kan. They arrived in Japan, if I remember well, in the summer of 1878. In the English colony in Yokohama a rumor had been afloat to the effect that I had been secretly negotiating with the Japanese Government for the purchase of these vessels in view of the expected outbreak of war between Russia and Great Britain. I need hardly say that nothing of the kind had ever been contemplated by either of the two governments.

Upon the arrival of these vessels at Yokohama the Japanese Government determined to give the Emperor an opportunity of seeing his newly acquired naval forces, and for this purpose organized a naval review in which they requested the commanders of the numerous foreign men-of-war at anchor in the roadstead to take part. On the appointed day the Emperor, with the Imperial princes, boarded the Fuso-Kan, as the flagship of the little Japanese squadron. The diplomatic corps—that is to say, the chiefs of missions, of which I had the honor to be one—were invited to join His Majesty on board the flagship.

After the reception by the Emperor of the foreign admirals and commanders the Fuso-Kan weighed anchor and stood out to sea, followed by the Hiyei-Kan and the Kongo-Kan, for a little excursion down the bay.

This was the nucleus of the Japanese fleet which covered itself with glory in the war with China barely sixteen years later, and lastly in the war with Russia.

In November, 1879, my chief, Mr. de Struve, returned to his post with his charming wife and three little girls, the two elder of whom were my godchildren—the youngest one having cheated me out of my favorite occupation of standing godfather to all Russian children born in Japan, by choosing to come into this world in St. Petersburg. A couple of weeks later I left for home on leave of absence by way of the United States, which I was very anxious to revisit, and this time for a more prolonged stay.

On reaching Washington I put up as guest of a particular friend of mine who was first secretary of our legation there, in a boarding house inhabited by most of the young secretaries and attachés of the foreign legations. It was the time when the telephone had just emerged from the condition of a toy to the status of an indispensable appurtenance of every well-regulated household. Profiting by the presence in the hall of that wonderful instrument it used to be our favorite amusement in the morning to ring up Central, and when a sweet female voice would reply "Well?" we would say in a mysterious tone of voice, "Carrie, is that you?" Whereupon "Carrie" would switch us off with a bang.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles by Baron Rosen. The next will appear in an early issue.

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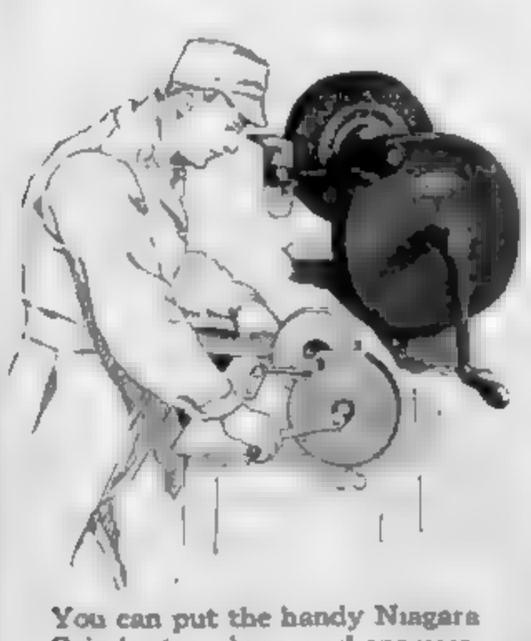

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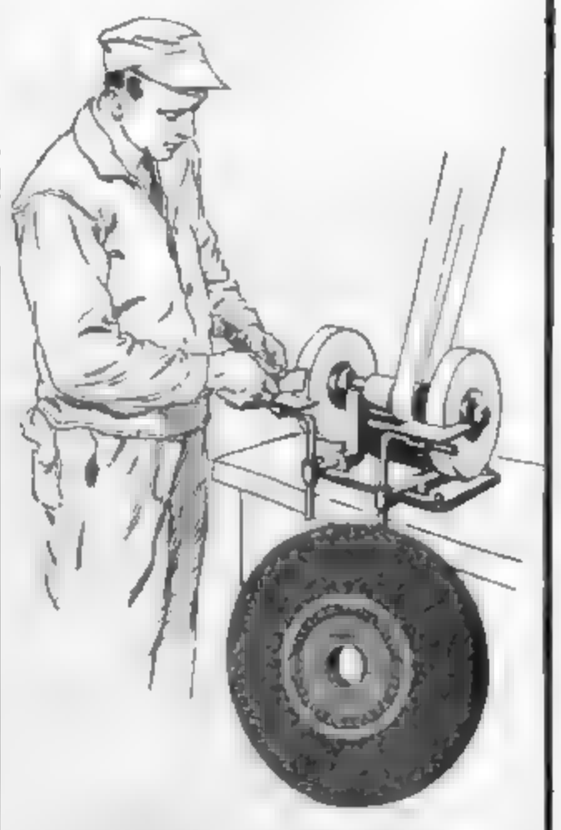

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HAND OF A GOD

(Concluded from Page 15)

"You will acknowledge love, but you will not know love until it is revealed by supreme danger. The way of your feet is in the ascending path. Hold fast to your own heart and you will come into the heights."

Could Carlin be more to him than now? . . . Yes, she was more to-day than yesterday. It would always be so. Love is always love, but it is always different.

Sometimes he would stay away from the bungalow for several hours. He was of a nature that could not be pleased with himself when he gave way tumultuously to the thing he wanted—which was continually to be in Carlin's presence. His every step in the market place, in the bazaar or stockade had its own twitch back toward Malcolm M'Cord's bungalow; his every thought encountering a pressure of weight to hurry home.

Carlin was full of deep joys of understanding. One did not have to finish sentences for her. She meant India—its hidden wisdom. She had the thing called education in great tiers and folds. Skag's education was of the kind that accumulates when a man does not know he is being educated.

Certainly Carlin was unattainable—this was an often recurring thought as he learned Hindi from her and something of the court language, the usages of her world, its castes and cults, the antics and heroic performances of its society.

Down in the city one mid-afternoon he finished certain errands and started for the bungalow. Had he let himself go his feet would have stormed along. He laughed at the joy of the thing—and he had only been away since tiffin. Yet there was tension, too, the old mystery. A man cannot feel all still and calm and powerful when there has suddenly descended upon him realization of all that can possibly happen to take away one so much more important than one's own life as to make contrast absurd. Skag was looking ahead into stark days when he should be called upon to take big journeys alone into the jungle for the Service. It was very clear there might be many weeks of separation; and now it was only a matter of hours. He was nearing the little gate on the King's Highway.

These are affairs men seldom speak about—seldom write; yet his experience was one that a multitude of men have felt vaguely at least. There was a laugh about it, a sense of self-deprecation, but above all, Skag knew for the sake of the future that he must get himself better in hand against this incredible pull to the place where she was. It seemed quite enough to reach the compound or the grass plot and hear her step.

She was not at the gate. He halted. Malcolm M'Cord was expected home this day. He might have come. Surely he might give two such rare good friends a chance to have a chat together—in Malcolm's own house too. Besides, there was no better chance than now for a bit of moral calisthenics. Skag turned back. No one was very near to note that he was a bit pale. Still he was laughing. Even Nels, his Great Dane, would have thought him weird, he reflected. Had Bhanah been along there could have been no possible explanation.

He was walking toward the city, but his eyes were called back again. Carlin had come to the gate. She held up her right arm full and straight—her signal always, with such an impulse of joy in it.

He waved and made a broken sort of gesture toward Hurda, as if he had forgotten something. Minute by minute he fought them out after that—sixty of them, ninety of them, good measure, sixty seconds each, before he started at last to the bungalow again. The sun was low. The bazaars were but a little distance back when he met Bhanah and Nels out for their evening exercise. . . . No, M'Cord-Sahib had not yet come. . . . Yes, all was quite well with Hantee Sahiba, who was reading or sewing in the playhouse.

Quite alone. Skag quickened, but repressed himself again. It was a business for contemplation, the way Bhanah had spoken of Carlin as Hantee Sahiba. . . . He heard the birds. The King's Highway was deserted; the noise of the city was all behind. If he had merely acknowledged love so far—as the Learned One had said—what must be the nature of the emotion that would reveal the full secret to him? Always when his thoughts fled away like this, his steps seized the advantage and he would find himself in full stride like a man doing road work for the ring.

She wasn't at the gate this time. Just now Skag felt the first coolness of evening, the shadow of the great trees. She did not come to the gate. His hand touched its latch and still he had not heard her voice. On the lawn path in that strange lovely wash of light he stood as the sun sank and afterglow mounted. This was always Carlin's hour to him—the magic moment of the afterglow. In such an hour in the outer paths of the tree jungle they had spoken life to life.

"Malcolm M'Cord—is that you, Malcolm?"

Her voice was from the playhouse. It was steady but startling. Something cold in it—very weary. Still he did not see her. The door was on the western side.

Skag answered.

"Oh ——" came from Carlin.

There was an instant intense silence; then he heard:

"Go into the house. I thought it was Malcolm. I'll join you. Don't come here ——"

He turned obediently. He had the male's absurd sense of not belonging. He might at least be silent and do as she said. A keener gust of reality then shot through him. His steps would not go on. She must have heard his change from the gravel to the grass, for she called:

"It's all right, go right in."

"But, Carlin ——"

"Don't come here, dear. It's a surprise—not for you to see now."

He halted, an indescribable chill upon him.

The low threshold was in sight, yet Carlin did not appear in the doorway. It was not more than sixty feet away across the lawn. The surprise may have been something that she had on. A gold something. This came because of a fallen bit of gold-brown tapestry on the threshold. It had folds. Out of the cone of it was a rising sheen like thin gold smoke. A fallen garment was the first thing that came to Skag's mind, keyed to the suggestion of some fabric which Carlin was to put on. The thing actually before his eyes had not dislodged for an instant the thought-picture in his mind.

Right then Skag made a mistake. He had not taken ten running steps before he knew it, and halted. That which had been like rising gold smoke was a hooded head—lifting just now, dilating. Already he knew, almost fully, what the running had done. The thought of Carlin in the playhouse had overbalanced his own genius. He walked forward now, for the time not hearing Carlin's words from within. . . . The door was open; the windows were screened. The girl was held within by the coiled one on the stone. She was imploring Skag to go back:

"—— to the house!" he heard at last. "Wait there—don't come! It is death to come to me!"

He could not see her.

"Where are you standing, Carlin?"

"Far back — by the sewing machine! . . . Oh, will you not—oh, will you not, for me?"

He spoke very coldly:

"While he watches me from the stone—you come forward slowly and shut the door!"

"That would anger him into flying at you ——"

Quite as slowly, his next words:

"I do not think he is angry with me ——"

Yet Skag was not in utter truth right there, even to his own knowledge. His voice did not carry sanction of truth. The thing unsteadied his concentration. The fact that he had started to run and thus ruffled the cobra was still upon him like shame. It reacted to divide his forces now, at least to make tardier his self-command. Back of everything the full paralysis of Carlin's danger entoiled his energies. There was a quick turn of his eye for a weapon, even as he heard a deep tone from Carlin—something immortal in the resonance:

"You might save me . . . but oh, don't you see—oh, I want yours more!"

A *lachri* of Bhanah's leaned against the playhouse at the side toward the road.

The cobra had lifted himself erect upon his tail almost to the level of Skag's eyes, hood spread. Carlin talked to him—low tones—no words which she or Skag should know again.

The *lachri* was of ironwood from the North, heavy as the man's wrist at the top. It pulled Skag's eye a second time. It meant the surrender of his faith in his own free-handed powers to reach for the *lachri;* it meant the fight to death. It meant he must disappear from the cobra's eye an instant behind the playhouse. . . . Carlin's tones were in the air. He could not live or breathe until the threshold was clear—no concentration but that. Like the last outburst before a breaking heart, he heard: "Oh, if you would only go—oh, go, my dear!"

He had chosen—or the weakness for him. There was an instant, as his hands closed upon the *lachri*, the corner of the playhouse wall shutting him off from the cobra, an instant that was doom-long, age-long, long enough to picture in his own thoughts the king turning upon the threshold—entering, rising before Carlin! . . . The threshold was empty as he stepped back, but the cobra had not entered. Perturbed that the man had vanished, he had slid down into the path to look.

Skag breathed. "And now if you will shut the door, Carlin ——"

Always his voice was like that—cold, steady. A great cry from Carlin answered.

Thick and viperine the thing looked as it hurtled forward. It was like the fling of a lariat. The last foot of it may have touched the ground as it came, but not more. Four feet away Skag looked into the hooded head poised to strike, the eyes flaming into an altogether different dimension for battle.

The head played before him. The breadth of the hood alone held it at all in the range of the human eye—so swift was the lateral vibration, a sparring movement. The whole head seemed delicately veiled in a gray magnetic haze. Its background was Carlin standing on the threshold.

"I won't fail—if you stay there!" he called.

It was like a wraith that answered—again the old mystery, as if the words came up from his own heart:

"I—shall—not—come—to—you—until—the—end!"

Skag was back in indefinite past—all the dear hushed moments he had ever known massed in her voice.

"Stay there—not nearer—and I can't fail!"

He was saying it like a song—his eyes not leaving the narrow veiled head before him. It was like brown sealed lily bud of hardened enamel, brown yet iridescent—set off by two jewels of flaming rose. There was no haste. The king's mouth was not tight with strain. It was the look of one certain of victory, certain from a life that knew no failures—the look of one that had learned the hunt so well as to make it play.

The brown bud vanished. Skag struck at the same time. His *lachri* touched the hood. With all his strength, though with a loose whipping wrist, he had struck. The *lachri* had touched the hood, but there was no violence to the impact. . . . Carlin's love tones were in his heart. Skag laughed.

The head went out of sight. Skag struck again. It was as if his *lachri* were caught in a swift hand and held for just the fraction of a second. No force to the man's blow. The cobra was no nearer; no show of haste. Skag's stick was a barrier of fury, yet twice the king struck between, twice and again. Skag felt a laming blow upon a muscle of his arm as from sharp knuckles.

And now they were fast at it. The man heard Carlin's cry, but not the words.

"Stay there!" he sang in answer. "Not nearer—just there and I can't lose! It isn't in the cards to lose, Carlin ——"

Yet his mind knew he could not win. The cobra's head and hood recoiled with each blow. It took Skag's highest speed, as an outfielder takes a drive bare-handed, his hands giving with the ball. The head moved past all swiftness, past even the speed the greatest swordsmen know. It was like something that laughed. Before the whirring *lachri* the cobra head played like a flung veil between and through and round.

So, for many seconds. The gray magnetic haze was a dirty brown now. The man was seeing through blood. He could not make a blow tell. He could not see Carlin. . . . She was not talking to him. . . . She was calling upon some strange name. . . . His arm was numbed again—like a blow from a leaden sling. There was a suffocating knot in his throat and the smell of blood in his head . . . that old smell of blood he had known when his father whipped long ago.

He tried to chop straight down to break in upon the king's rhythm. It answered quicker than his thought. . . . Yes, it was Malcolm M'Cord she was calling. . . . He saw her like a ghost now. She was utterly tall—her arms raised! . . . Then he heard a rifle crack—then a breath of moisture upon his face—the sealed bud smashed before him—the rest whipping the ground.

Skag went to Carlin, who had fallen, but he was pulled off abruptly.

"Oh, I say, lad, let me have a look at you. . . . The child's right enough. Let her rest ——"

The grim face was before him, two steady hands at work on him, pulling back his collar, taking one of Skag's hands after another—looking even between the fingers, feeling his thighs.

"I can't find that he cut you, lad?" he asked gently. Skag pushed him away. Carlin was moaning.

"I'm thinking your lad's sound, deerie," M'Cord called to her. "A minute more, to be sure . . ."

He kept a trailing hold of Skag's wrist, staring a last minute in his eyes.

No break anywhere in the younger man's flesh.

The afterglow was thickening. A servant came down the path to call them to dinner. The servant had never seen such a spectacle—Carlin-Sahiba and the two white men sitting together on the lawn already wet with dew—their knees together. . . .

"The like's not known before, Lad—not even of a man with a sword," Malcolm M'Cord was saying. "You must have stood up to him two minutes. No swordsman has done as much. . . . And it was only a *lachri* you had—and a swordsman's blade goes soft and flat against a cobra's scales! . . . You see, they take wings when the fighting rage flows into them. It's like wings, sir. . . . Yes, you'll have a lame arm where the hood grazed. It couldn't have been the drive of the head or he would have bitten through ——"

Even Skag, as he glanced into Carlin's face from time to time, forgot that Hand of a God had done it again—one more king cobra with a patched head and a life-and-death story to be added to the sunny cabinet in the bungalow. . . . Carlin rose to lead them to dinner at last, but Malcolm shook his head.

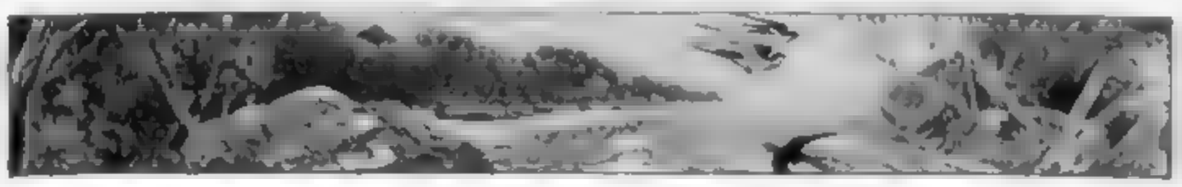
"On you go, you two. I'll sit out a bit in the lamplight just here by the playhouse door. *She'll* be looking for him soon. She won't be far. She won't be long coming—to look for him. She'd find him and then set out to look for you, lad."

The lights of the bungalow windows were like vague cloths upon the lawn. . . . Carlin and Skag hadn't thought of dinner. They were in the shadow of the deep veranda. Once Carlin whispered:

"I loved the way he said 'lad' to you."

It was hours afterward that the shot was heard. . . . Carlin was closer. He felt her shivering. He could not be sure of the words. He could not ask again, yet the spirit of them never left his heart:

"If I were she—and I had found you so upon the lawn, I—should—want—Hand—of—a—God—to—wait—for—me—like—that!"



Editor's Note—This is the sixth and last of a series of stories by Will Levington Comfort and Zamin Ki Dost.

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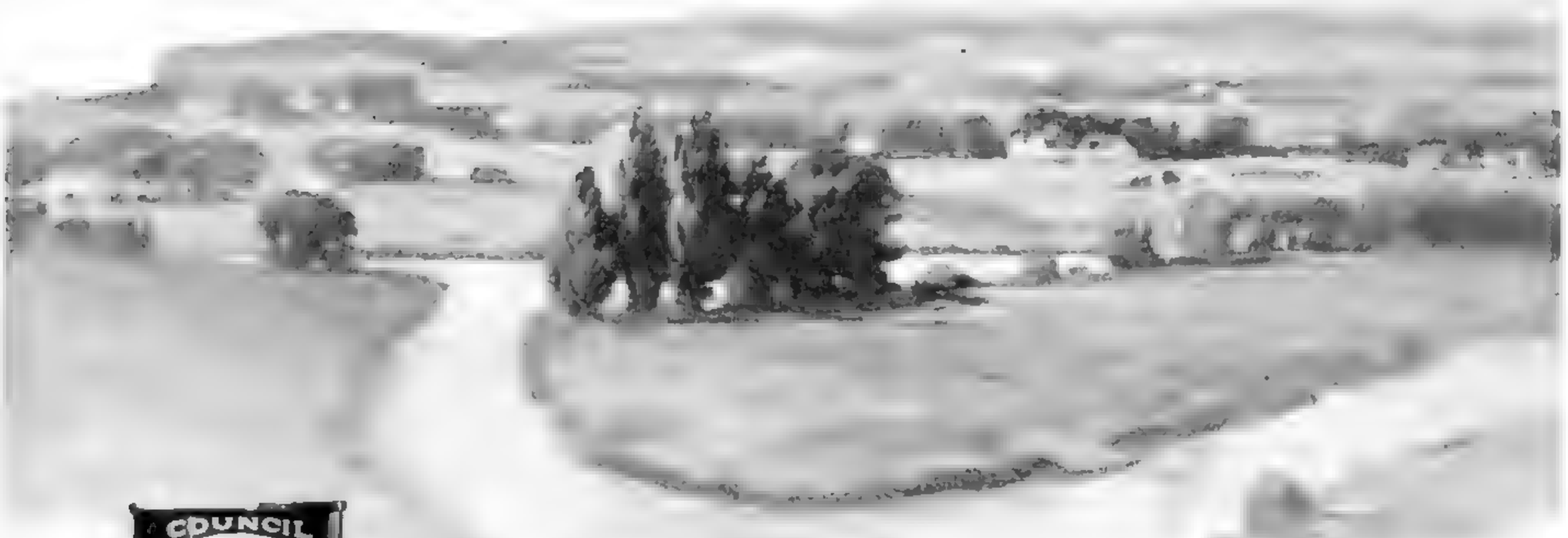

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THE CENSOR'S SIDE OF IT

(Continued from Page 12

held up by General Bordeaux at Einville protested that two other American correspondents had gone in with our field artillery and were getting a beat on the first big story of the war. The correspondents with us consequently insisted that the two fortunate ones be brought back on the ground that it wasn't fair. But on the other hand, the two had broken no rules, having merely marched up to the Front with the artillery headquarters to which they had been regularly assigned by the press officers. One of the two had, it is true, omitted some of the formalities for joining a field unit, but he had been with this unit for some time with the knowledge of and without objection by the press officers. Moreover, any correspondent could for the mere asking have done just what the two had done.

The correspondents at Einville met in a doorway and signed a unanimous rain-soaked demand that the two be extracted from the Front. This was agreed to and we all went home. The next day I went up and brought them back. The reason given to them was that, when American troops entered a French zone, French rules for correspondents governed and not American rules.

As a matter of fact this unpleasantness, which left hard feeling behind it, might have been avoided. The correspondents with us had agreed earlier in the day to make no protest provided the two—one of whom was present—sent mail stories only, not cables. This was agreed to by all concerned. Then the correspondents with us changed their minds and insisted on having the two brought back. But a decision having been given, it should have been adhered to. We should then have had time to make further arrangements for the correspondents with us and fixed it so that everybody had a chance to cover the story properly.

The end of 1917 and the beginning of 1918 passed quietly in the Press Division. It was during these weeks that I got to know the Neufchâteau correspondents personally and as a consequence to make friends with them. I realized that their job was less easy and less comfortable than lots of army jobs, and also how willing and anxious they really were to cooperate with the Army, even when such cooperation operated against their personal and professional interests. It was during that time that I came both to like and to respect the correspondents, and I never found any reason later to change the opinion I formed then.

Identification of Units

As regards censorship during this period, our principal restrictions were against the use of all names of officers and men and against identifications of units. I doubt if the German High Command was chiefly interested in the A. E. F. at this time. They were planning their March offensive and what they must have been interested in particularly was the morale of the French and British forces and the size and location of the Allies' general reserve. They probably knew in January that the A. E. F. could not be a factor of any importance as early as March or April. As regards the censorship restrictions indicated above, I think the decision made later might as well have been made in January, 1918—to pass names of individuals and units as soon as any division had been identified by the enemy.

The next important event in the history of the Press Division was the entry of the First Division on January 19, 1918, into a permanent sector northwest of Toul. There were plenty of difficulties in handling this story, but a large part of them were overcome. Captain de Viel Castel had by this time joined the Press Division as French liaison officer. This gallant soldier was from the very first of the greatest assistance to us. Moreover, we were warned in plenty of time to make our plans.

Captain de Viel Castel and I went up to General Debeney's headquarters at Toul, where we met Captain Delvert, the information officer of the First French Army, who was to make the arrangements for the Press Division to accompany the American troops. Captain Delvert, who described himself as being the eye and the ear of General Debeney, authorized us to go anywhere we liked. So we returned with the good news, but even then we had a feeling that the rest of the general might not agree with his eye and the ear.

The next day Captain Delvert telephoned that General Debeney would not allow American correspondents in his army sector at all. We telephoned to G. H. Q., and finally General de Castelnau ordered General Debeney to let us go. From this time on to the end of the war the French authorities cheerfully let us go—in practice if not in theory—wherever we pleased, not only among our own troops but also very hospitably among theirs.

The entry of the First Division into the Toul sector was properly covered. All but three of the accredited correspondents were present. Two went away a day too soon; one arrived a day too late. The correspondent who arrived too late was dissatisfied and, until persuaded some weeks later that no discrimination had been intended, caused a great deal of friction. January 19, 1918, nevertheless marked the end of all serious friction among the correspondents, among the officers and between the correspondents and the officers. There were plenty of fights in the Press Division after that date—of all possible kinds—but the difference was that the fights after that were about special incidents rather than over general issues. The foundation of the Press Division was now secure, as it existed on mutual friendship, good feeling and cooperation. The various conflicting interests had begun to tolerate and to forgive each other's mistakes; and things on the whole went well from this time on.

Four General Conditions

Two mistakes that we made in the course of the next few weeks served to crystallize certain censorship policies. The first mistake lay in passing for one of the Paris English-language newspapers a story that was criticized from every possible angle. A large part of the criticism, however, was due to the fact that in this story the correspondent showed bad taste by making fun of the general's aide, who had gone with him through the front-line trenches. The story was in this way brought into unfavorable prominence and picked to pieces. It was criticized for inaccuracy, exaggeration, and even for giving information to the enemy. All this criticism may to some degree have been just, but the lesson we learned was that stories appearing in the English Paris press would have to undergo a particular censorship differing considerably from the censorship of stories for America.

Stories sent to America seldom came back at all and never came back at once. Stories published in Paris were read the next day by the French, by our G. H. Q., by the unit written about, and within forty-eight hours by neutrals and the enemy. What made the difference was the time element. It was very plain that a Paris story might sow discord—and thereby injure morale—between units of our Army or between our Army and the French, where a story published in America would not. It was also plain that such stories might be of assistance to the enemy if the enemy got them in time. For instance, information of a local character such as indirect identification of a battery position or a dump held dangers if published in Paris which did not exist if published in Chicago. Such information is of no use to the enemy unless the enemy gets it at once. The same thing was true regarding matters affecting morale. Slight exaggeration of the military exploits of a certain unit caused no discord unless brought at once to the attention of the other French and American units involved. A few weeks, or even a few days later, and nobody cared.

The net result of this row was that correspondents who represented not only American papers but also the Paris editions of those papers had to do their work twice. The correspondents in question accepted this extra work willingly, but it was a great hardship for them just the same. Nevertheless, the stricter Paris censorship was unavoidable and continued to the end of the war.

The other mistake that we made at this time was to pass the exact numbers of American casualties in a German gas attack. The French reasonably protested at once that they had spent thousands of francs to learn the exact results of their own gas attacks and that this information was of definite value to the enemy. Both the technic of gas attacks and the nature of the gas employed were continual subjects of experiment all through the war. From this time on we were ordered to pass no exact information regarding casualties whatever.

The immense propaganda value of this gas-attack story was so apparent to us that we overlooked the possible value to the enemy of the information contained. This was the first gas attack made against us by the Germans and the picture brought back by the correspondents of strong young Americans choking gradually to death must for the first time have brought home to America what kind of enemies the Germans really were. One agency cabled back to its representative that the story was worth a million recruiting speeches. But it was plain that definite numbers would have to be deleted, nevertheless, and the only thing to do in future was to continue to try to preserve what was of propaganda value without at the same time giving the enemy any information which would do him any good.

Not long after this Gen. Dennis E. Nolan, from July, 1917, to the end of the war chief of the Intelligence Section, G. H. Q., of which the Censorship Division is a part, and Col. W. C. Sweeney, chief of the Censorship Division, codified the policy of the censorship, a policy which had gradually of itself been taking shape for some time previous. It was provided that all articles must meet these four conditions:

They must be accurate in statement and by implication.

They must not supply military information to the enemy.

They must not injure morale in our forces here or at home or among our allies.

They must not embarrass the United States or her allies in neutral countries.

The application of these general principles was left more and more to me as time went on, special rules being more and more avoided.

It was at this time that the use of names of officers and men in the censor's discretion was first permitted. Identification of units did not come until some weeks later. One specific rule only remained in force throughout the war, the rule forbidding correspondents to send the names of any casualties until they had first been published in Washington.

The German offensive broke in March and it was decided to send the First Division to Picardy. G. H. Q. took the initiative and arranged that all accredited correspondents should be attached to units of the First Division. About fifteen or sixteen were attached to regiments, while I—with the three agency representatives—went along with Division Headquarters. We all thought we were going into battle.

Plans Suddenly Changed

We hung round Chaumont-en-Vexin for a week or so and then marched slowly up to Froissy, a big village south of Amiens and west of Montdidier, where we hung round for another ten days. All this time great secrecy was insisted on, no cables being sent at all.

Meanwhile French plans had changed. There wasn't to be any battle. There was to be a local attack by the First Division instead, an attack which the French wished to exaggerate for propaganda purposes, directed against the morale of the German people.

The reason why the Allies frequently changed their plans in the spring of 1918 was simple. The Germans made them do it.

Meanwhile the First Division took over a brigade sector near Cantigny. One night an American soldier was killed patrolling and his body fell into the hands of the Germans. The next day we released the story, without of course identifying the unit. The Higher French Command, however, would not consent for military reasons even to the vaguest identification of the sector, though it was a fact that where the Germans had found the American soldier's body was west of Montdidier and not near Amiens or St.-Just. We had one motor cycle and one car at that time and it was, to say the least, difficult to advise all the different correspondents who were scattered over fifteen square miles, many of them in places where motor traffic was not allowed. Of course we telephoned also and all but one correspondent turned up and got copy off somehow. Two drivers, one car and the oldest motor cycle in the A. E. F. were our personnel and *matériel* that day. I had to do almost everything myself, including the censorship of several thousand words of copy. At that, if a clerk in the Fifth Field Artillery Headquarters had been on the job and advised Floyd Gibbons we should have had a clean record. But somebody up there forgot.

The Cantigny fight which took place a little later was much better handled. By that time we had a courier to Paris and an office and telegraph service from Beauvais, several cars, an officer and a clerk. This story was very well covered by the correspondents, who gave the First Division credit for a clever exploit without exaggerating that exploit to the extent which the Paris press would have liked. French newspapers even went so far as to publish the account of a German attack on one of our regiments which was pure invention. They described the bloody repulse of a whole regiment of Germans by the Americans when for days before and for days after not a single German had so much as crossed his own wire.

The Bombing at Beauvais

The two months that the correspondents spent with the First Division were full of excitement, interest and real campaigning. At Chepoix we lived within easy range of the enemy's artillery, and yet most of the time we were taking it very easy. We lived in a house with a lovely garden, where a French girl used to play songs and practice her music between bombardments and air raids.

At Beauvais the Germans bombed us pretty thoroughly. In fact, owing to being just back of the lines, we were generally bombed. But we can state that the Beauvais affairs were the very last word in air raids.

Those were bombs that took five houses at one clip.

The press arrangements in the Montdidier sector might certainly have been better handled, but the number of cars and personnel and *matériel* generally had to be kept down so as not to overcharge a single division. The mistake we made was in not establishing ourselves in Beauvais just as soon as we found out into what sector the troops were going. The French allowed us to do that a little later and would no doubt have done so at any time. At Beauvais we had the requisite facilities for handling the news, we were not too far from the division and we were no trouble to anybody.

However, it must be remembered that all this happened at a time when Germany was threatening to win the war and that the Press Division, like other branches of the Army, had to make and remake its plans not only from day to day but from hour to hour.

When the Germans broke through the French line along the Chemin des Dames and advanced to the Marne, the Allied General Reserve was pretty well scattered. A good many divisions, French as well as Americans, were backing up behind the Lys Front in the British area. There were American divisions in Lorraine, and one American division—the Second—was at Gisors, near Beauvais, preparing to enter the line in the Amiens salient. This division was suddenly ordered to Château-Thierry.

We knew the Second Division was at Gisors, but we did not know that it had been ordered to the Marne Front until more than twenty-four hours after it started. There were six correspondents at Beauvais at the time and they all wanted to go. Col. E. R. W. McCabe, then chief of the Censorship Division, G. H. Q., telephoned us permission to start at six P. M., and at eight P. M. we got into two cars—the correspondents, Captain de Viel Castel and I—and started for the Marne. We motored all night long and reached division headquarters at Montreuil aux Lions at six o'clock the next morning. We went to see General Harbord at Marine Brigade Headquarters and discovered that the Marines had been engaged already, though not very heavily. The rear guard of the retiring French forces was still retreating on most of our front, leaving the fresh American infantry to hold

(Continued on Page 113)

MILEAGE HOGS

VICTOR TIRES Never Know When They've Had Enough—Mileage

Users call them "Mileage Hogs." They give a splendid measure of tire value and largely eliminate tire worries.

FOR more than 21 years The Victor Rubber Company of Springfield, Ohio, has manufactured rubber tires—the entire output being consumed by a favored clientele. Increased production now permits a much wider distribution of Victor Tires to those who *count their tire cost by the mile.*

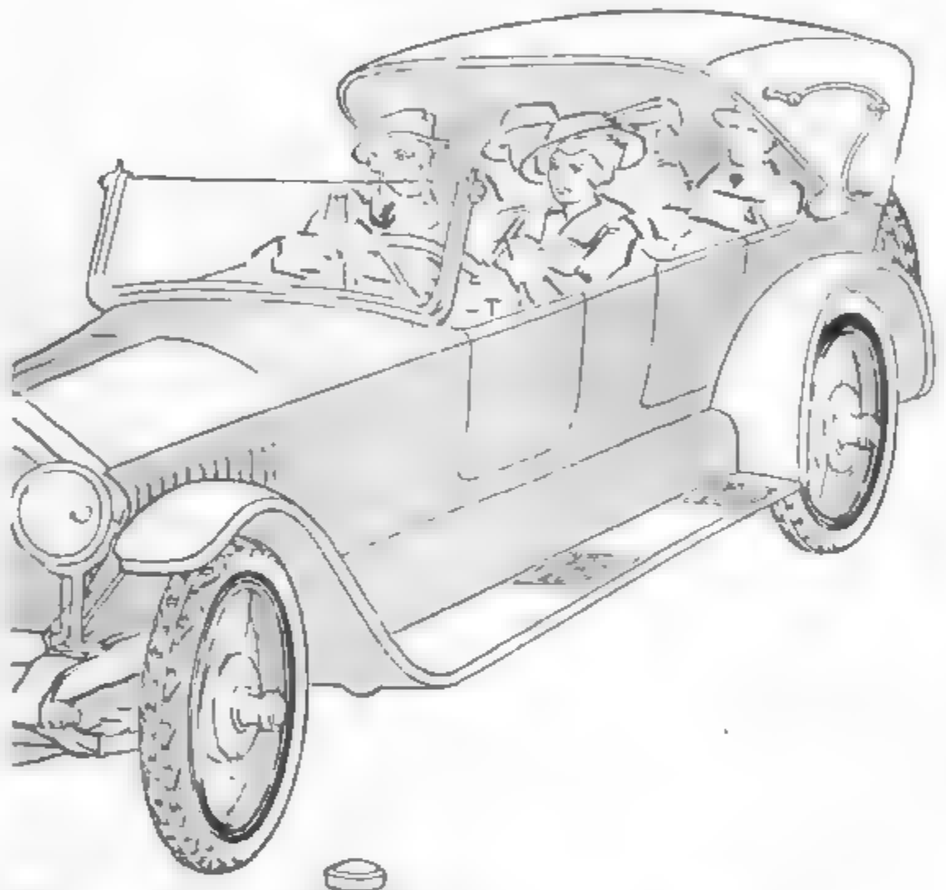
VICTOR high mileage is the logical result of nearly a quarter-century of scientific manufacturing with best materials. The *Victor Sulpene Process*, maintains the native vitality of pure Para and Ceylon rubber and retains the original tensile strength of the fabric.

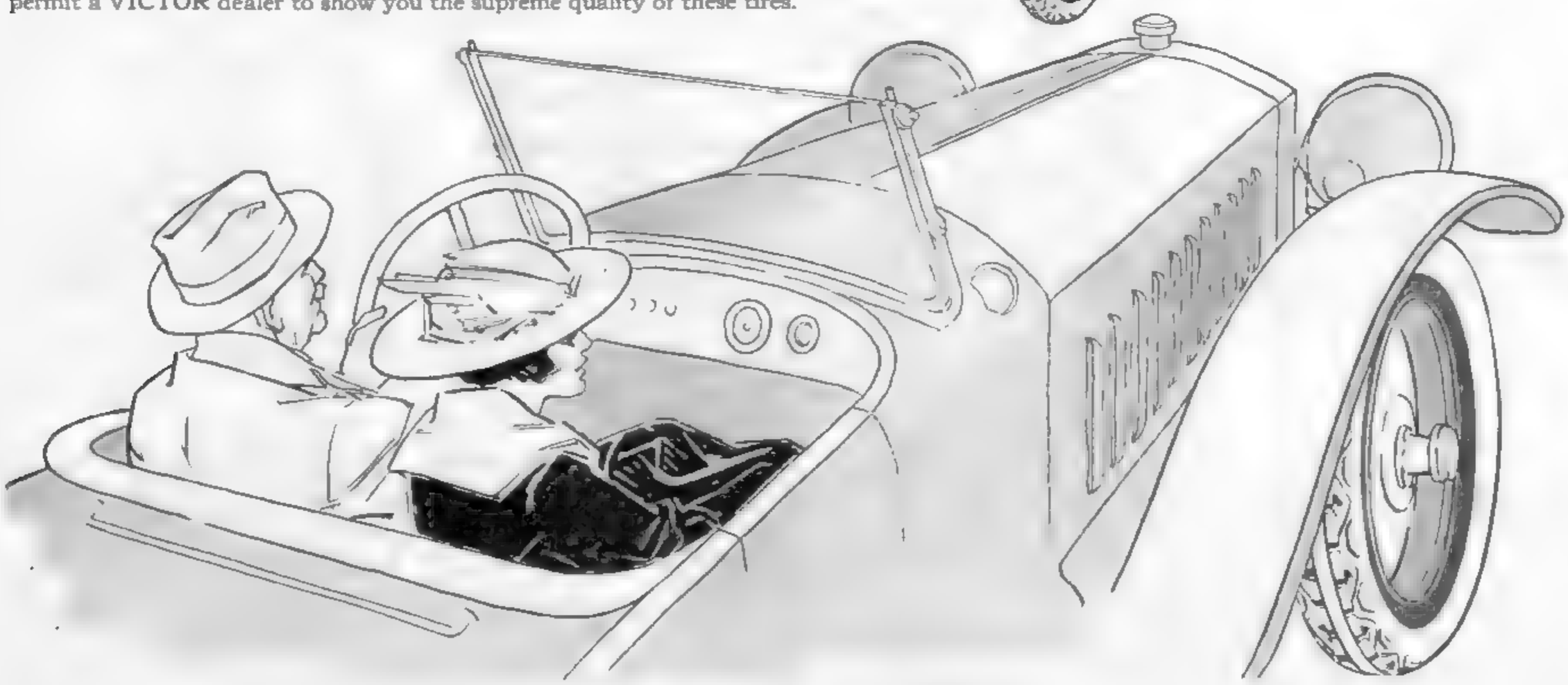
This slow process requires hours of time merely to cure each tire. Less time in curing would not give the toughness and wear-resisting quality that *every* VICTOR TIRE must have.

Your next tires for passenger or commercial cars will be VICTORS if you will permit a VICTOR dealer to show you the supreme quality of these tires.

Satisfaction

Upon the definite measure of value in actual miles of service VICTOR TIRES have won their trade-mark "Mileage Hogs." John J. Gorman of Detroit says: "On my Cadillac car the Victor Tires look as good as new and I have driven the front tires over 12,000 miles, not alone on city pavements but for two months continually the car was driven over the hardest sort of roads in Northern Michigan. They sure are mileage hogs."





5,000 Mile Guarantee—The Minimum, Not the Limit

THE VICTOR RUBBER COMPANY, SPRINGFIELD, OHIO

ESTABLISHED 1898

Factory Branches: CHICAGO, 1720 So. Michigan Ave. KANSAS CITY, 1707 Grand Ave. NEW YORK, 1991 Broadway

Victor Tires

FABRIC and CORD

MILEAGE HOGS

Dealers: Every Victor dealer forms a link in the bond of Mileage Service extending from the VICTOR factory to the user. We guarantee users complete satisfaction. We positively affirm that dealers will find the VICTOR line all that we claim—profit reasonable and customers pleased. A VICTOR dealer contract is a most valuable asset.

The Victor Rubber Company
Springfield, Ohio

$350 AND YOUR USED FORD

MAKES A

ONE-TON TRUCK

Guaranteed to carry a 50% Overload

The Smith Form-a-Truck or Dearborn attachment added to your *used* Ford makes a rugged one-ton truck.

Over 43,000 Smith Form-a-Truck and Dearborn attachments are now in use hauling capacity loads at 12 to 18 miles per hour, getting 12 to 15 (or better) miles per gallon of gasoline, covering as high as 20,000 to 30,000 miles to the set of tires, all combining to make "*the world's lowest hauling cost.*"

$550 AND ANY USED CAR

MAKES A

TWO-TON TRUCK

Guaranteed to carry a 50% Overload

Any used car such as a Dodge, Buick, Cadillac, Packard, etc., etc., may quickly and easily be converted into a two-ton truck by the addition of the Universal Smith Form-a-Truck attachment.

Practically every used car which, because of change in style, worn body, etc., is "traded in" on a new car or sold cheap for cash, has a perfectly good motor with sufficient power for a two-ton truck.

"Smith Form-a-Truck"

DEARBORN Attachments and Complete Trucks

all now manufactured and distributed by Dearborn Truck Company

THE Dearborn Truck Company of Chicago, well-known as the manufacturers of the Dearborn Trucks and Truck attachments, have acquired by outright cash purchase all the rights, patents, attachments, parts, equipment and other material of the Smith Motor Truck Corporation, former makers of the famous Smith Form-a-Truck.

Dependable Source of Form-a-Truck Supply

The Smith Form-a-Truck universally known for its mechanical perfection, and the Dearborn Truck Company with its reputation for financial stability, splendid service and honorable business methods, is a combination that absolutely assures the permanent manufacture and sale of Smith Form-a-Trucks and parts for service.

The problems of what to do with USED passenger cars and the increasing demand for efficient trucks of one and two-ton capacity are now answered finally and for all time by this Company.

The Form-a-Truck is a Reclamation Proposition

The Form-a-Truck is commencing for the first time to play the real part for which it was intended, viz., reclamation —conversion of *used* cars into serviceable trucks.

In the past, 95% of the Form-a-Trucks in use were applied to *new* Ford cars making the cheapest trucks in the world of equal power and capacity.

MUCH more profitably can these same attachments be assembled to *used* cars, thousands of which are being "traded in" or sold for cash every day at a small portion of their original cost, or real value as the power end of a sturdy truck.

Don't Sacrifice Your Used Passenger Car

If your business requires hauling, convert your used passenger car into a one or two-ton truck. Make it an asset. Do your hauling at less expense—enlarge your trade territory, reduce the time in making deliveries.

Those who have no need for trucks themselves can by reason of the large and growing demand for trucks, find a ready market for their old passenger car when converted into a truck by means of the Form-a-Truck attachment.

Dearborn Company Guarantees Continuous Production

The Dearborn Truck Company realizes its great opportunity—and it is ready;

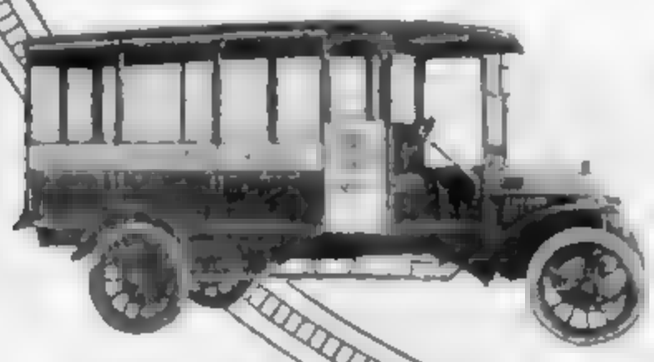
—ready with a manufacturing equipment capable of producing far more truck attachments than ever before;

—ready with a manufacturing organization of skilled mechanics;

—ready with an executive and engineering organization of men of proven ability and reputation for success and service.

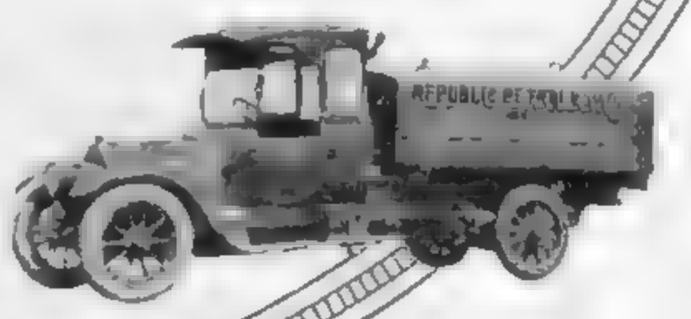
See Our Local Dealer Today

If you do not know him, write us stating the make of your car.



Dearborn Truck Company

CHICAGO



Make Any Car a Truck

"The World's Lowest Hauling Cost."

Parts and Service

Our distribution is world wide, assuring the best of service for users of DEARBORN and SMITH FORM-A-TRUCKS.

(Continued from Page 109)

previously planned first-line positions. The Germans had outrun the bulk of their artillery, but were still advancing. After finding out just what the real state of affairs was, we all returned to Paris to file the stories as soon as released.

The French communiqué released the story at three P. M. and we worked from then till midnight. G. H. Q. telephoned us to go ahead and handle the situation, and also that all the rest of the correspondents who were at Neufchâteau would arrive in Paris presently with several cars and officers. We telephoned to Beauvais to close the office there and established the Press Division in Paris. By arrangement with the French we sent the correspondents to the Front from Paris, but agreed to send a conducting officer in every car. This was the busiest time in the whole history of the Press Division. For several days we all worked both day and night. There were now about twenty-five correspondents on the job and we had our hands full.

The Château-Thierry story was well covered and the American public must have realized how important the fighting of our troops was at this time to the Allied cause. The French continued to be even more anxious than we were for full publicity about the value of American aid on the Marne.

Some mistakes were made, however. One mistake was due to the necessary lack of centralization of the censorship, since some correspondents were trying to cover Château-Thierry from Neufchâteau and others from Beauvais—a mistake that resulted in some stories getting several hours' start on others. This, however, could not very well be helped. Our plans, like the rest of the plans of the Army, were being changed every day. After all the correspondents had got to Paris in the first days of June there was no further lack of centralization till the end of the war.

The Luck of the Leathernecks

The other mistake was overplaying publicity for the Marines. This really was a serious mistake. This is how it happened: When the Second Division came to Gisors I asked by letter whether the expression "Marines" could be employed after the Marines had been identified by the enemy. When we reached Paris from Montreuil aux Lions I found the answer from G. H. Q. lying on my desk, giving me such permission. But the names of no other units could be so employed. The result was that the soldiers of the sea got more credit than was accorded to other equally gallant units. No troops ever fought more gallantly than the Marines, but there were plenty of other troops who fought with equal gallantry. The Marines' publicity undoubtedly worked injustice to the Regular Army infantry, who were justly annoyed. G. H. Q. ordered identification of the Marines to be discontinued, and this was done until it was possible to identify other units as well.

After a week in Paris we were ordered to leave there for Meaux. We received our orders the following day to leave at nine on Sunday night. Filing was very heavy—the Belleau Wood fighting was going on—and the correspondents hated to leave the splendid transmission center of Paris. Nevertheless, we naturally obeyed orders. With the help of Lieutenant Pozzi, Captain de Viel Castel's assistant, we hired an office, quarters for all correspondents and for all officers, enlisted men and cars and installed a telephone in a few hours. By Tuesday we were well fixed. I censored copy on Monday in both Paris and Meaux and by Tuesday morning we had everything, including courier service, going from Meaux. These were very busy days for the Press Division, as there was plenty of news to cable just then. After that Tuesday, when we got installed in Meaux, the last real difficulty of the Press Division was over. From that time on, our history was like the history of the Army. The Germans had to stop pushing us round.

During all this difficult time the correspondents did excellent work and coöperated with a loyalty to the Army and a personal consideration for me that I shall never be likely to forget. No more patriotic service was performed by any officers of the A. E. F. than by the correspondents who covered Château-Thierry and the Marne. It isn't easy to ride all day every day over bad roads, and then work half the night besides. That is what the correspondents were doing on the Marne, and the good work they performed is therefore doubly to their credit.

It was dangerous also. We had one casualty, for poor Floyd Gibbons lost his eye from German machine-gun fire while with the Marines. Lieutenant—afterward captain—Hartzell helped him back to a hospital in Paris. Hartzell was with him when he started for the front lines with Major Berry of the Marines, though Hartzell's orders were to act as conducting officer only outside of the American divisional areas. Hartzell was with him when he fell and probably saved his life.

Shortly after this, Major Bozeman Bulger came to the Press Division as chief press officer and of course my superior officer. His good temper, good sense and executive ability cannot be exaggerated even by one who, like myself, enjoyed for months his honest friendship and society.

The last days of June and the first half of July were spent in waiting for the next German attack, which everyone expected somewhere in the Marne region. There was therefore no doubt in our minds that the attack was on when on the morning of July fifteenth 380's began dropping in Meaux.

It was very hard for the correspondents to cover properly the American participation in the fighting on July fifteenth, as detailed information was almost impossible to obtain. The part played by the Forty-second Division in Champagne was at once obvious enough, but it took some time to unravel the stories of those vicious, isolated fights in which the Third Division threw back the German right flank on the Marne. The French staff officers believed—and on the days following July fifteenth said openly—that the elements of the Third and Twenty-eighth Divisions had saved the day south of the Marne by sheer individual fighting ability. It must be remembered that the gallant French infantry was pretty tired by July, 1918, and also that they had had almost no rifle practice since the days when trench fighting set in and were thereby handicapped as soon as open warfare recommenced. The American soldiers were fresh. They fought until surrounded and then fought all the harder, and their rifle fire had the effect of machine guns, so the French staff officers said. The Americans gave the Germans a thorough beating on July fifteenth, but it was not at once possible to find out exactly what had happened, for the higher French and American commanders did not have detailed reports themselves. Some of the stories, like those of surrounded units who captured their captors, showed the character of the struggle. But an account of the fight in correct perspective was not possible till much later.

The Soft Pedal on American Valor

The German attack of July fifteenth having definitely failed, the Franco-American counter attack south of Soissons was ordered by Foch for July eighteenth. The correspondents arrived on the battlefield early in the morning of July eighteenth. By noon the success of the thrust was assured. It was a force of three divisions that shattered Germany that day; three crack double divisions—the First and Second American Divisions and the Moroccans.

Not long after this the publicity policy of the French press underwent a change. Up to July eighteenth, that is to say up to the time when finally they felt quite sure they had the Germans licked, the French press exaggerated American participation far more than we ourselves ever did. After that date they wanted to exaggerate the exploits of their own army for obvious reasons just as much as they possibly could. July eighteenth marks the time when we entered the who-won-the-war era. The American correspondents simply went ahead and wrote the truth to the best of their abilities, as they had been doing. The same correspondent who had protested against the French press invention of a German repulse by the First Division near Montdidier in May was not likely to alter his point of view in an opposite direction because French newspapers would have liked him to.

Following July eighteenth came the German retreat out of the Château-Thierry salient. Soon after the evacuation of Château-Thierry itself the French Sixth Army, with whom were most of our own divisions, moved its headquarters there. The correspondents wished to move press headquarters there also. Distances to the Front were becoming longer and longer and the roads more crowded and rougher from day to day.

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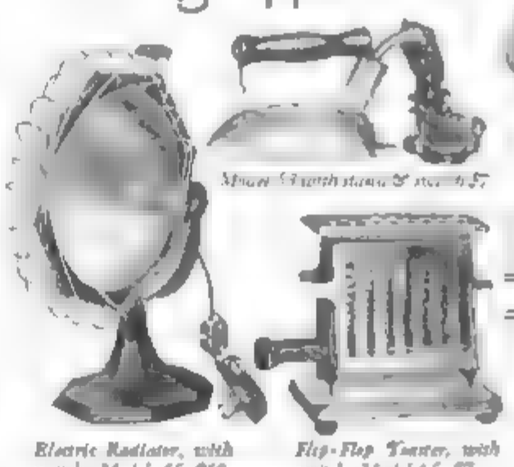

Electric Radiator, with switch, Model 45, $10.

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TABLE STOVE, MODEL 207, $15.

Electric Range

Boils, Broils, Fries, Bakes, Poaches

"I cook the most delightful meals right on the table with my Rutenber Electric Table Stove. It's a real stove—cooks quickly and at *such* low cost. And how we enjoy the delicious food as it comes forth piping hot to our plates."

The table stove shown above has three pans—two 1 7-8" deep and one ½" deep—and four custard or egg cups, all of aluminum. The cooking surface measures 7" x 7". Three way snap switch regulates heat.

The Rutenber Line includes ranges of all sizes, hot plates, table stoves, irons, toasters, radiators, etc.

If your dealer cannot supply, send list prices for prepaid shipment.

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Quality Products

Clean · Instant · Convenient · Economical

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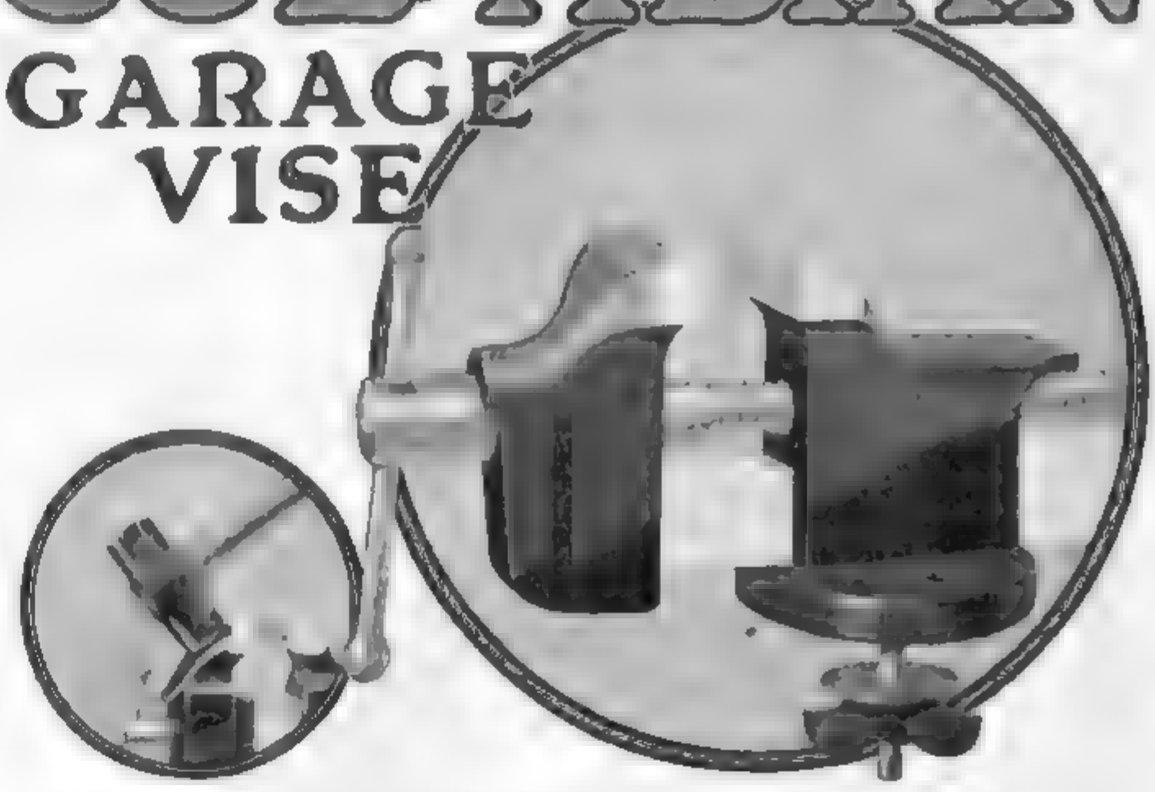

THERE are scores of little jobs around a car that will be easier and simpler if you have a Columbian Garage Vise with its handy little anvil and swivel base. It is the only vise especially designed for the use of motorists, and the only malleable iron and steel vise of its size or type. It's big enough for any work you care to do yourself and the fact that the United States army bought 40,000 of these vises proves that it is a sturdy, practical, well-made vise.

Anywhere in the United States

$5.00

Go to your supply dealer or hardware man and ask to see the Columbian Garage Vise. If he hasn't it in stock send us his name and $5.00 and we will ship you a vise postpaid.

The Columbian Garage Vise is one of the famous Columbian Sledge-Tested Vises.

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CLEVELAND

In Sweltering, Stuffy Hot Weather

When every pore of your body is oozing perspiration, and there isn't a bit of air stirring—ah! that's the time that the cooling breeze from a Polar Cub fan is like a breath from Heaven.

Why wait for a spell of such awful heat? Why sit in your room or office and suffer? Why spend a sleepless night tossing about till you're almost crazy?

Get a Polar Cub today and be prepared for the hot weather. His price is only $5.85 (Canada, $8.50), and he uses but a penny of power in six long, cool hours. Height, 8 inches; blade diameter, 6 inches; beautiful nickel-plated motor, adjustable to any angle.

Polar Cub has two speeds and a stop and comes fully equipped with cord and plug, ready to attach to any electric light socket. If your dealer hasn't this fan, write us and we'll give you the name of one who has.

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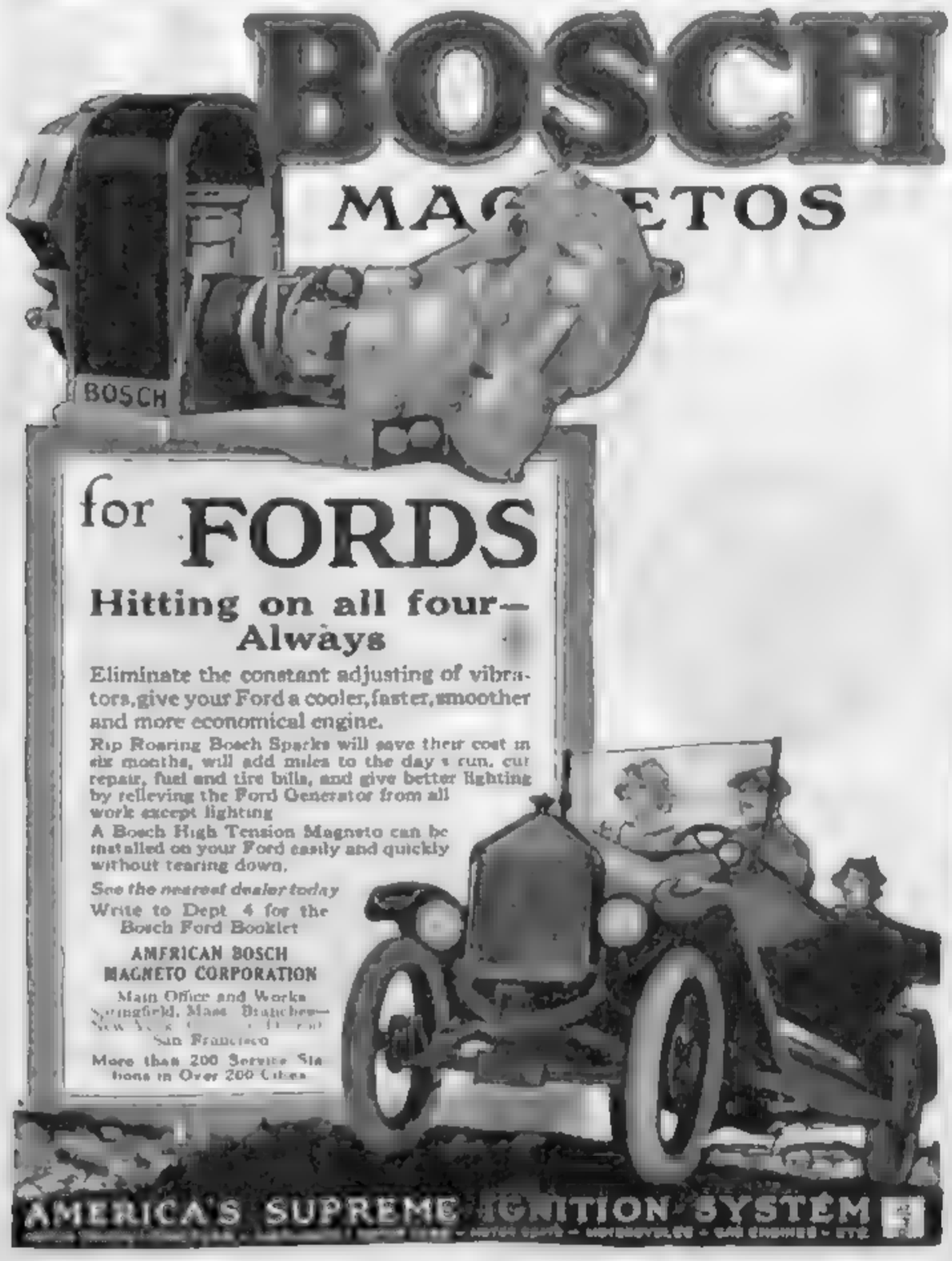
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MAGNETOS
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Hitting on all four—
Always
Eliminate the constant adjusting of vibrators, give your Ford a cooler, faster, smoother and more economical engine.
Rip Roaring Bosch Sparks will save their cost in six months, will add miles to the day's run, cut repair, fuel and tire bills, and give better lighting by relieving the Ford Generator from all work except lighting
A Bosch High Tension Magneto can be installed on your Ford easily and quickly without tearing down.
See the nearest dealer today
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AMERICAN BOSCH MAGNETO CORPORATION
Main Office and Works Springfield, Mass. Branches—
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AMERICA'S SUPREME IGNITION SYSTEM

We decided against this, which was a mistake. We could not have moved without reorganizing the press unit and having attached to us a mess officer, cooks, motor trucks and several more motor cycles. As it was then, our unit was not really mobile; not ready to take the field. Whether or not G. H. Q. could have fitted us out at this time I do not know; but we should have made a very strong request. I do not think this mistake prevented the Marne-Vesle campaign from being well reported, but I do think it caused the correspondents unnecessary hardship. To cover a story at Fère-en-Tardenois or Fismes meant working from eight A. M. to midnight every day. A man's best work cannot be done under those circumstances.

Late in August G. H. Q. told us that the recently organized First American Army was going to attack the St.-Mihiel salient in September. It was obvious that not only must we refrain from writing any stories—no matter how innocent—about American troops in the Toul area, but also that we should have to remain at Meaux and continue to hammer away at stories about what was left of the fighting on the Vesle. The news that twenty-five correspondents had suddenly moved from Meaux to Neufchâteau or Nancy would certainly have been of the greatest possible interest to the German General Staff, even if the correspondents had written about nothing but the weather.

On orders from G. H. Q. I went to Nancy two or three days before the St.-Mihiel attack in order to make the necessary arrangements. I hired a large clubroom, a garage and quarters and installed two American telegraph operators in the Nancy telegraph office. For the first time in its history we were able to give the Press Division really complete facilities. Moreover, G. H. Q., taking advantage of the work of Lieut. Conger Reynolds, had arranged to place press liaison officers—all of whom had had previous newspaper experience—with each corps as well as with the First Army. The duty of these officers was to gather and transmit news to us for the use of the press, thus making the work of the correspondents much easier. In fact when the Press Division arrived from Meaux on the evening before the attack everything was ready to handle the story.

The St.-Mihiel operation was known all over France for weeks beforehand and talked about in every barber shop from Belfort to Bayonne. Naturally the Germans, too, knew that it was coming off. I myself saw a German document early in September at the headquarters of the Eighth French Army at Flavigny dealing with the evacuation of the salient. But apparently the Germans knew so much about it that they overplayed their hand. They thought they knew the exact day of the attack, and when it was made two days ahead of the time on which they had figured they were caught napping. The St.-Mihiel attack was a very large local operation perfectly executed and perfectly successful.

Metz Not the Objective

On the evening previous to the attack G. H. Q. warned the correspondents not to use the word Metz in their dispatches. In this G. H. Q. was very wise. At home no end of people believed that Metz was our objective. But naturally we could not tell the Germans that Metz was not our objective. At the same time we did not want America to think that the success was only half accomplished by the reduction of the salient, when as a matter of fact it was completely accomplished.

The St-Mihiel story was otherwise an easy one to cover, but several days later some aviators who were spotting for a heavy naval battery near Pont-à-Mousson reported officially that they had observed two shells drop in Metz and set fire to a factory. As the reduction of the salient was by this time complete and as the usual trench warfare had already set in, I passed the story, particularly since accounts of activities in Metz had appeared in South German newspapers and had been reprinted in the Paris press.

But it seemed that Metz was still believed at home to be the American objective, for most of the correspondents received cables asking for as much news as possible about this incident. By that time I knew that the aviators had reported, as aviators too frequently do, on a wrong observation; so dispatches were sent that indicated—if they did not say outright—that Metz was not in our field of operations and had not been shelled. This closed the incident. But I think that many people at home continued to believe an attack on Metz was in prospect until the great Argonne-Meuse offensive began on September twenty-sixth.

Captain de Viel Castel and I went to Bar-le-Duc ahead of the Press Division and made arrangements there equivalent to those we had made in Nancy previous to the St.-Mihiel attack, except that in this case Major James, then chief of the Censorship Division of G. H. Q., did most of the work very effectively himself; and except that Bar-le-Duc is to Nancy as Fall River is to New York. We installed the Press Division plant as well as we could in Bar-le-Duc, but the fact remains that that town is a dump and that even the French officers themselves who were stationed there declared that France was fighting to make Bar-le-Duc a fit place to live in.

The Argonne-Meuse offensive began on September twenty-sixth. By that date all the various German salients had been reduced and all attacks had necessarily to be frontal attacks. The final American objective—so far as Foch had limited any objective—was the east and west railroad system which, running through Sedan, links Metz with Charleville-Mézières. This railroad system was vital to the whole central German front. In fact the American attack, compared with the British and French attacks which were taking place or in preparation from Champagne to the English Channel, was the most dangerous attack the Germans were called on to face. On the other hand, the terrain over which the Americans were obliged to advance was more difficult than at any other place on the whole Western Front. Not only was it full of old intrenchments, hills, woods and broken ravines, but the Germans very naturally put in their best troops to defend it. Ludendorff knew very well that he could not hold the line everywhere, but he meant—if he could—to hold it between the Argonne Forest and the Meuse.

A Barrage of Facts

The Germans fought very well. Beaten on September twenty-sixth, they made a second stand in the region of the Kriemhilde trench system. This was their best defensive position, both intrinsically and because the American line of communications was now forced to pass through one of two narrow channels—through Varennes or Montfaucon. Meanwhile the Second American Division, acting as the spearhead of a French attack in Champagne, had broken the German line there and freed Rheims, but this did not change the situation between the Argonne and the Meuse. A month's bitter fighting followed, with only local gains to show for it; a month during which our advance was measured in hundreds of yards while the advances of our Allies were measured in miles.

The danger was that at home and among our Allies people might come to think that after all the A. E. F. was a failure. A few unfriendly critics of all nationalities, and especially those so-called American citizens who through long residence abroad have become America's detractors, were already saying so. It was then that the correspondents with the A. E. F. rose to the occasion and simply by telling the unvarnished truth day after day performed a work of which America and the American press cannot be too proud.

We had about twenty-five correspondents with us then who pounded away at facts, facts, facts. There was no insincerity, no exaggeration in their dispatches. Over and over again they described the difficulties of the terrain; the conquest of local positions, hills, trenches, bits of woods and what those conquests cost; the strategic value of the territory to the Germans and the price that Ludendorff set on that territory; the tenacity of the German defense of machine guns and picked troops; the weakening of the German line elsewhere by the obstinacy of our pressure.

In the Argonne-Meuse victory not the least credit is due to the American correspondents. The results they accomplished were the results of no propaganda campaign. They did what they did by hard conscientious work, ability and experience, but above all by telling the literal truth.

And then at the end, "American divisions, attacking on a narrow front, broke through our artillery positions"—so runs the German communiqué, the first German

(Concluded on Page 117)

Eat BREAD

YOUR work may keep you on the street, or it may call you to dizzy heights.

YOUR work may be muscular or it may be mental.

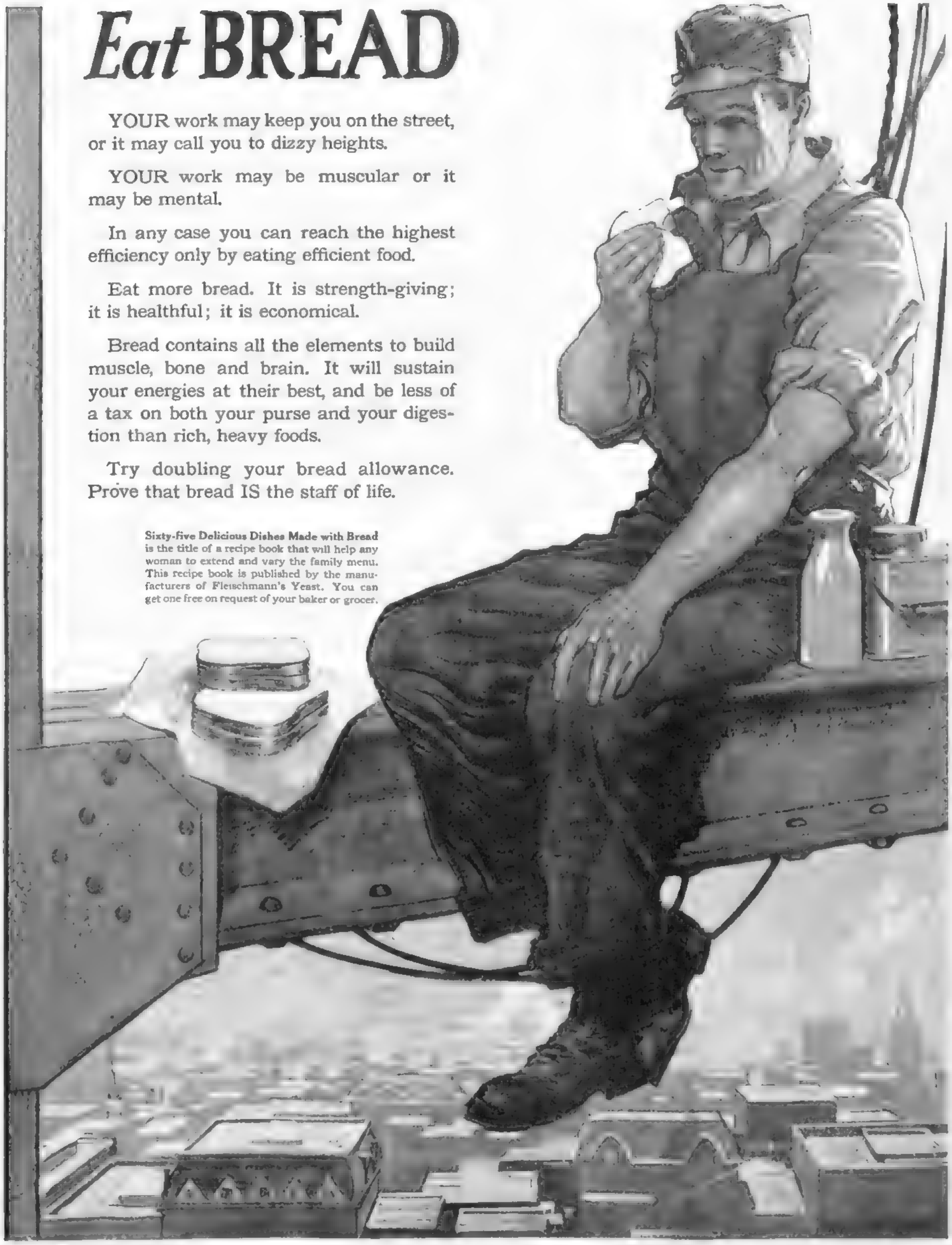
In any case you can reach the highest efficiency only by eating efficient food.

Eat more bread. It is strength-giving; it is healthful; it is economical.

Bread contains all the elements to build muscle, bone and brain. It will sustain your energies at their best, and be less of a tax on both your purse and your digestion than rich, heavy foods.

Try doubling your bread allowance. Prove that bread IS the staff of life.

Sixty-five Delicious Dishes Made with Bread is the title of a recipe book that will help any woman to extend and vary the family menu. This recipe book is published by the manufacturers of Fleischmann's Yeast. You can get one free on request of your baker or grocer.



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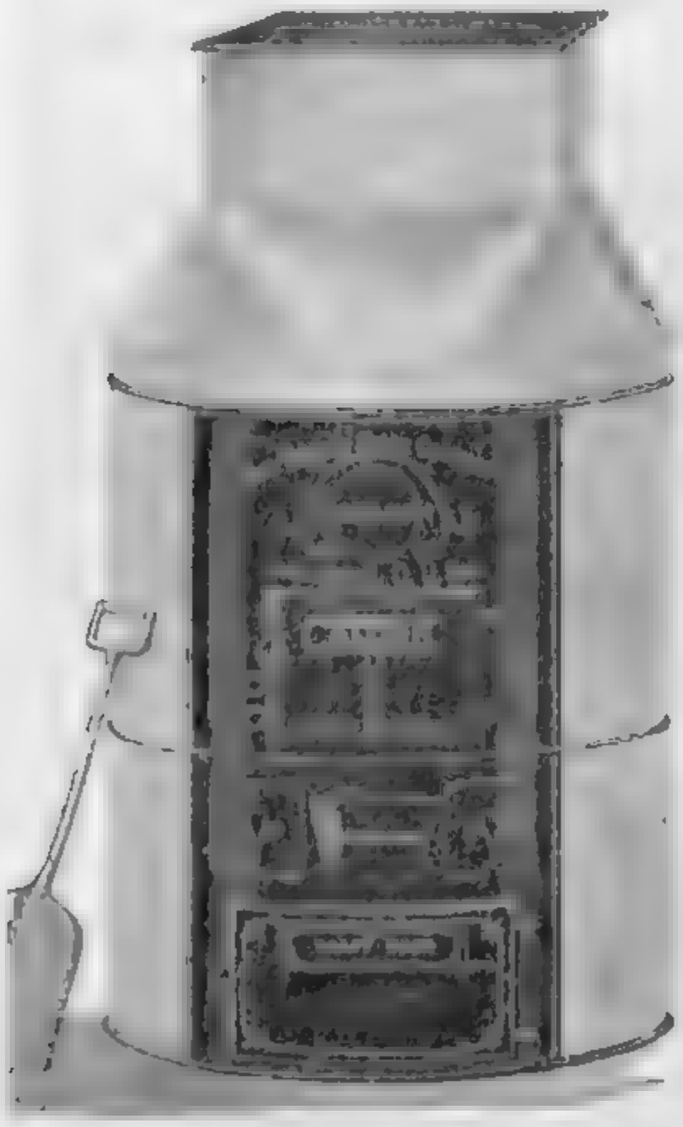
The CALORIC
The Original Patented Pipeless Furnace

FOR exactly one hundred years—since 1819—THE MONITOR STOVE COMPANY has played an important part in practically every betterment in heating methods. And the close of its first century of service finds MONITOR leadership firmly entrenched—as the result of the invention and perfection of the simplest and most satisfactory system of heating known to science—the CALORIC!

Time is the unerring judge of worthiness. And acknowledged leadership in any line—after an institution has rounded out a full century cycle on the Clock of Years—implies, we believe, unusual vision, unimpeachable honesty of purpose, and unquestioned worth of product

WHEN the CALORIC was first announced, ten years ago, devotees to old-type systems scoffed at the idea of successfully heating any building by a furnace without pipes. They did not realize that the CALORIC was not merely a heating unit, but *a complete, successful heating system*—sound in principle and practical in operation. Sheer merit, however, forced nation-wide recognition.

PIPELESS CALORIC FURNACE
The Original Patented Pipeless Furnace



More Than 76,000 In Use

Today the CALORIC idea is accepted by heating authorities as 100% right. Architects and building officials all over the country have become staunch CALORIC supporters. Thousands of dealers of high standing have secured CALORIC representation and have coupled their personal promise of satisfaction with this institution's Ironclad Guarantee. Most important of all, these low-cost, highly-economical CALORIC Pipeless Furnaces are supplying, in sub-zero weather, an abundance of balmy, healthful heat to every room in the house *in thousands upon thousands* of farm and city homes and in stores, churches and factories.

One Register Only—And Perfect Heating Guaranteed

By the CALORIC system, no heat is wasted! All of it rises directly through the *center* of the CALORIC Combination Register and circulates uniformly through every room in the building, upstairs and down. As the warm air rises, the cool air is drawn down through the two section register to the bottom of the furnace, then up over the heated castings and out through the *center* of the register, to find its way into adjoining rooms—completing the cycle of CALORIC heat-circulation.

There is a CALORIC dealer near you. See him today—or write direct to us. We will supply you with the facts in full—and submit a copy of the CALORIC Ironclad Guarantee of heating satisfaction, which makes the installation of a CALORIC—in old or new homes—*absolutely safe and riskless.*

THE MONITOR STOVE COMPANY

In Business One Hundred Years

"The Monitor Family"

Pioneers of Pipeless Heating

CINCINNATI *CALORIC Warehouses in Principal Cities. CALORIC Dealers Everywhere* OHIO

(Concluded from Page 114)

communiqué ever to admit that the German line had been broken.

The veteran First and Second Divisions were there in the forefront of the assault and battered down the last German resistance. Then followed the race to the Meuse, the armistice, and the end of the war.

But if the war had ended before the American Army broke the German line there would have been many to declare flatly that America's military effort was a failure. Even in the face of the most crushing defeat ever inflicted on German arms, there is still here and there to be found a disappointed critic prying about among the bones of Grand Pré and Montfaucon. Had events turned out otherwise, had Ludendorff surrendered on October fifteenth, those same critics intended to raise a howl that would have echoed in Melbourne and Tokio, and in that case we should have had twenty-five correspondents to answer them—twenty-five correspondents who had written the truth, knew the truth and could have proved the truth. Fortunately they did not have to; events themselves proved what they had already written. But nevertheless the work they did on the Argonne-Meuse front was priceless; and America will thereby understand hereafter what difficulties her soldiers overcame, what hardships they endured, what losses they accepted in order to reach the Meuse through the Argonne wilderness and defeat Germany, as perhaps our country never quite understood in the days when the fathers of those soldiers penetrated the Virginia wilderness on their way to Petersburg.

After the armistice was declared on November 11, 1918, censorship virtually ceased. The Press Division moved with the Army of Occupation to Verdun, Luxemburg, Trèves and Coblenz. One feature of the armistice period was the relatively greater notoriety of the topic, "Who won the war?" The American doughboys went about asking, "Who won the war?" and then shouting in reply, "The M. P.'s!" As a matter of fact, the doughboys really treated the question in its proper perspective, and so did the correspondents. You could say that everybody won the war, or that Siam won the war, or that the M. P.'s won the war—for all the soldiers cared. It is the soldier's attitude, after all, that really matters. The point was that the war was won.

One very regrettable incident occurred during this period. Five correspondents—among them men who had done splendid work during the hostilities—went through the lines to Berlin without permission. They acted on the assumption that the war was over, but their action, nevertheless, caused considerable embarrassment to the A. E. F. They were brought from Germany and offered the alternative of having their stories withheld from publication or of resigning their credentials. Four of the five eventually chose the latter course.

The game was certainly not worth the candle. Nothing so much injures a man in the long run as a breach of confidence, even if he thereby gains a temporary advantage. My own feeling about it is simply that I am very sorry that the four should have done something to injure all the American correspondents in the eyes of the American and Allied armies. And frankly—I am speaking only for myself—I am also very sorry, because I think that what was merely an insufficiently considered act may result in a permanent injury to the men who did it—to men who during months and months of previous service had performed only the best and most faithful work for the Army and for America.

The conclusion of this article I wish to devote to Lieut. Col. Frederick Palmer. It was Palmer who organized the Press Division, and the Press Division was really Palmer's to the end, no matter how many other officers and correspondents came and went. For no man who puts such devotion, self-sacrifice and patriotism into an organization as Palmer put into the Press Division need fear that his effect upon it will ever be lost. Policies in the Press Division were naturally often changed, but standards never were. From first to last the standards were Frederick Palmer's.

THE BOOM-A-LOOM BOOM

(Continued from Page 11)

project was established on a working basis in which he could discover no imperfections. He and Cinnamon lagged along the road from the station to camp until retreat had sounded. Then they made a rapid march for the cookhouse. The Wildcat burdened himself with a sagging mess kit and finished dinner in third place for quantity consumed.

"I could of et mo', but Ise had a hard day—workin' in Bo'deaux." He walked to his barracks and lay down on his bunk.

"Boy," he said to one of his companions, "when that triflin' Cinnamon gits through at the cap'n's mess table tell him to fetch his groan box here an' play me Memphis Blues. I likes it."

"Wil'cat, ain't you heard the news?"

"How come?"

"Gran' ruckus to-night. Ol' Honey Tone gives us a talk an' starts in educatin' us, an' then ——"

The Wildcat sat up and groaned. "I plumb forgot. Here I is, bow-legged wid work, an' boun' to help ol' Special Representer. Wish I was a furlough boom-a-loom nigger 'stead o' 'sponsible foh dis Lodge o' Pleasure business."

The obligation which rank imposes and the reaction of ruckus juice wrastlin' with three pounds of assorted rations rested heavily upon the Wildcat's conscience all the way from his stomach to where his head was going roun' an' roun'. At seven o'clock, when the Special Representer found him, the Wildcat was feeling forty miles from noble.

"You rig up two blankets for curtains to-night, and a stage out of planks at one end of the mess hall, and some lights, and have it ready at eight o'clock. That's when the show starts."

Honey Tone was a creature whose motto was action and lots of it—as long as somebody else did the work.

"Whut show?" the Wildcat asked.

"First I'll give a ten-minute lecture; then we'll have some music; an' then the educational features will take place."

At eight o'clock the improvised stage and its settings were completed. In appropriate places along the mess tables were dominoes and slates and checkerboards. As soon as the doors were opened the long room filled with its audience. The doors were closed and presently the house warmed up to where it had the classic Calcutta apartment gasping for breath. Various individuals in the audience began to shine darkly. Some of them, perspiring freely, began to itch. When the scratching had developed a general cadence the curtain on the stage parted and the Wildcat became visible through the pungent vapor that billowed above the Lodge of Pleasure. Part of the Wildcat's tongue was carried in his mouth, but most of it was draped carelessly round his chin.

"'Ten'shun!" he began. "Us is 'sembled to listen to Misto Honey Tone Boone, Special Representer of the Cul'led Heroes Home-Tie Band."

"Dogged if it ain't ol' Wil'cat!"

"'Ten'shun! Let ol' Wil'cat preach if he wants to."

"Us boys needs rest," the Wildcat continued, "an' Honey Tone figgers he has some to spare. I bows to de speaker ob de ebenin'—Special Representer Boone." The Wildcat withdrew behind the curtains.

The linoleum leggings squeaked three or four times and Honey Tone faced his latest problem in uplifts. He bowed grandly to starboard, to port and dead ahead into a sea of pop-eyed faces. The improvised stage curtains closed behind him—and immediately a gentle, interrupted clicking of ivory cubes on pine planks became audible behind the curtains.

"Ignorance is the curse of the human race," Honey Tone began. "'Specially in colored boys like you-all. In my humble way I proposes to eradicate yo' ignorance by learnin' you the rudiments of knowledge. First of all, my hearers, I wants statistics on you-all. How many of you ain't never learned to read—stand up if you never learned to read."

Nearly the entire audience stood up.

When they were again seated several places near each door were vacant. The clicking behind the curtains became more persistent.

"To-night, after a short discourse from a book by Mr. Charles Darwin, the reading

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TIRE ACCESSORIES

A Can-Full of Protection

AJAX H. Q. Leak-Stop Patching Rubber is perfect equipment for mending tube punctures and blow-outs. It's a can-full of protection for the motorist—for it makes a quick, permanent repair. No vulcanizing needed. It's a handy can-full about the house, too, for patching garden hose, rubber boots, hot water bottles, and the like.

One of the complete line of Ajax Rubber Company's H. Q. (High Quality) Tire Accessories. Sold by leading dealers.

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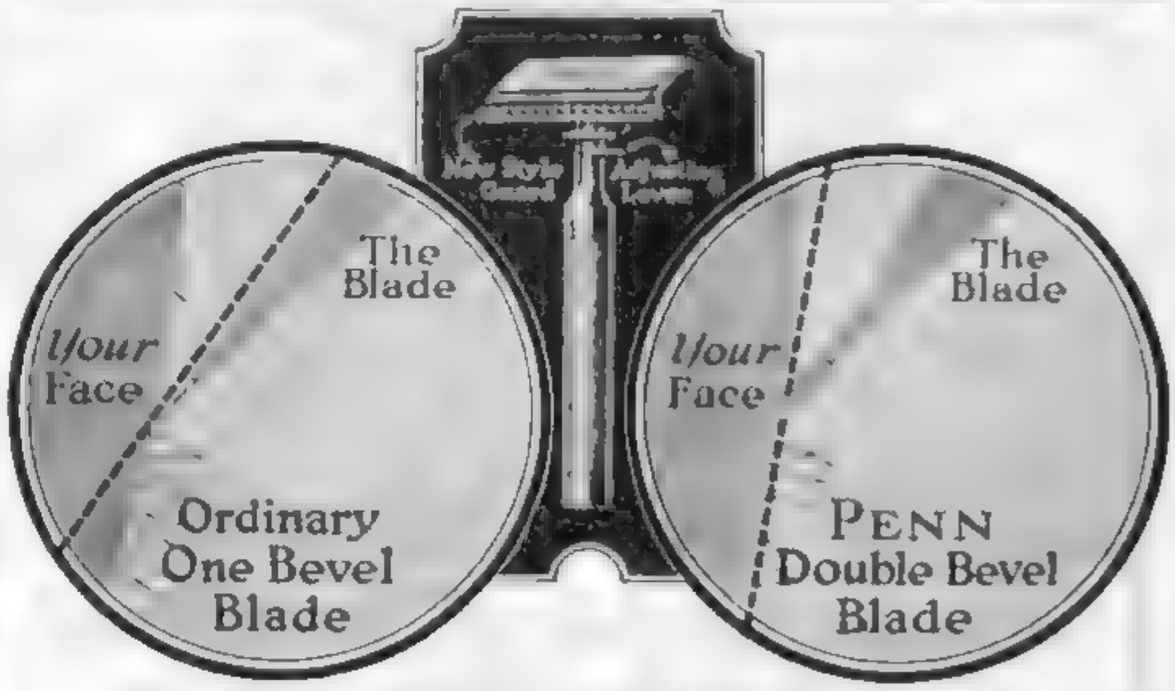
Factories: Trenton, N. J. Branches in Leading Cities
Makers of AJAX TIRES



This Double Bevel Blade Makes Your Face Feel Fine!

NO pulling—no scraping—just shaving satisfaction. The Double-Bevel protects your face. Penn Double-Bevel Blades fit all models of Penn Razors.

The Penn Adjustable Razor carries the Blade to your face at the correct shaving angle—you shave with your natural shaving stroke. The Adjusting lever enables you to adjust the Blade to suit your face.

You will like the Penn improved guard which smooths the skin ahead of the Blade and allows you the use of the entire shaving edge of the Blade.

The Penn Adjustable Razor, ten Double-Bevel Blades in leather case $5. Penn Shaving Sets, including Adjustable Razor, ten Double-Bevel Blades, Honing Strop and Stropping Handle, complete in leather case, $7.50 and $10

Penn Safety Razors are guaranteed to give shaving satisfaction. If desired, your dealer will loan you one for trial. If he doesn't handle Penn Razors write us, mentioning your dealer's name.

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Penn Razor ADJUSTABLE
With the Double Bevel Blades

It Clamps Everywhere

and throws a strong, clear, pleasant light in those places which the fixture lighting does not reach satisfactorily. Thus it saves eye-strain. *Attaches firmly anywhere*—to table-edge—post of bed—sewing machine—dresser—shaving mirror or shelf. Gripping clamp is felt-faced—prevents scratching. Light can be turned in any direction, instantly. Compact, weighs little, easily carried about. Can't get out of order. Guaranteed five years. Complete with attachment plug and 8 ft. silk cord. Prices in United States: solid brass, $5; bronze or nickel plate, $5.35. At the best stores. Or write us.

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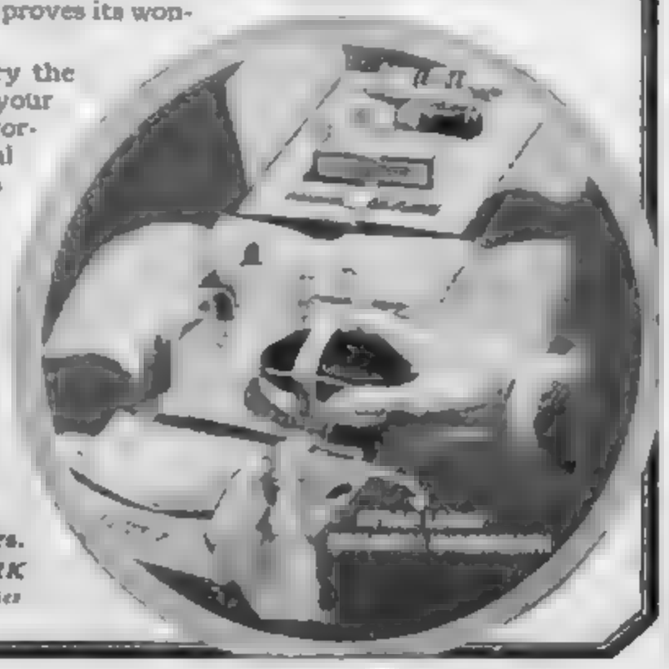
Add to the Joy of Your Trip!
Take *Your Own* Toilet Articles —in a FITALL

IN Pullman washrooms, in summer resort hotel or "roughing it" in camp, the FITALL Adjustable Toilet Kit proves its wonderful convenience.



For the FITALL lets you carry the things you use at home—even to your complete shaving outfit and your favorite toilet preparations in their original packages. The adjustable straps provide just the spaces you need, and then fittings go out and in without re-adjustment. The patented FITALL no-metal locking device, simple and sure, firmly holds everything.

FITALLS are for women as well as men. Select yours empty or fitted, in flexible leather or attractive waterproofed fabric for $1.50 up—a little more west of the Rockies.

The FITALL label is in each FITALL kit. If your dealer can't show you the genuine, write for name of one who can, and free illustrated booklet.

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Fitall Patented U. S. and Foreign Countries

class will be inaugurated," the Special Representer continued.

"Read 'em an' weep; I lets it lay." A hoarse whisper punctuated a lull in the gentle clicking behind the stage curtains. Honey Tone heard it and rubbed the index finger of his right hand with his thumb.

"For forty years Mr. Charles Darwin pestered hisself tryin' to figger out the famous scientific problem which he pussonally propounded to some of the brightest lights of learning on earth—to wit: Whether the chicken or the egg come first. Then he 'vestigated all sorts of animals an' their descendants f'm the Ark—includin' us—an' foun' out we was all baboons' nephews. In his most notorious book, The Origin of Speechless, which I have chosen for my text to-night, he proves the Bible was right. You-all is seen these blue-coat niggers from Africa an' you has asked yourself: 'How come they dumb as far as our language is concerned?' To-night I tells you how come by readin' you the first chapter of the book, where it clears up the point why the animals lef' the Ark two and two ——"

"Lily Joe! Two an' two is fo'! Shoots it all!"

The stage curtains bulged slightly toward the Special Representer.

Honey Tone produced a book from his pocket and stepped back a pace. He began to read. The string suspending the stage curtain broke. About a lantern at the back of the narrow stage knelt the Wildcat and twenty of his associates!

"Wuz hard luck a dewdrop," the Wildcat later explained to Cinnamon, "I mus' be a lake."

Before work call blew next morning the Wildcat hunted up his companion of the previous day's journey.

"Cinnamon, how much did them clo's come to what 'at man showed us yest'day?"

"Yo' is in fo' six hundred francs fo' two sets. Me—I jes drug along an' said mebbe."

"How much money is dat?"

"Odds on French jack runs short of six to one—say a hundred dollahs."

"I'd had it made las' night, 'ceptin' Honey Tone hadn't stopped up us boys' pleasure when ol' curtain string busted an' displayed us."

The Wildcat dragged to his work at the lower end of the yard. He was silent until he reached the first fringing houses of a village which lay midway of the project. He stopped suddenly and called to a member of his crew which followed him.

"Levi Slaughter, come here!"

The designated victim approached his sergeant.

"You speaks some French—come 'long wid me."

The pair diverted their course and presently stood before the proprietor of one of the houses.

"Ask him how much grass cuttin' he kin do alone." The question was accomplished with appropriate gestures. To the reply, via his interpreter, the Wildcat issued an ultimatum:

"Tell ol' gobbler us is aimin' to run tracks plumb through his hay an' his vegetables an' his grapevines some day nex' week an' kin he git 'em cleared away by We'n'sday."

Levi Slaughter complied with the Wildcat's command. After the calisthenics of the Oriental dance which the Frenchman immediately staged had quieted to a series of convulsions no more strenuous than the Australian crawl stroke, the Wildcat played his ace.

"Tame him some! I rents field han's tell 'im, fo' a franc a day; eight hours' work, an' seein' it's him he kin have a hundred Monday to help him harvest befo' us comes th'ough wid de tracks. I aims not to downtrod him none, tell him, an' if his fren's needs any niggers mebbe I kin git 'em some."

With wages for farm hands ten francs a day and none to be had except indifferent boche prisoners, the Wildcat's offer looked like the keys to the Bank of France. The farmer surged at the bait and the verbal contract was accomplished.

"Slaughter is yo' name, an' yo' lives up to it pusson'ly if yo' lets out what yo' 'ficially 'terpreted jes' now."

The Wildcat sealed the lips of his companion with a vivid outline of what a military execution felt like.

"They gin'lly shoots low an' yo' dies ten days afteh ol' firin' squad vaccinates yo'."

The interpreter looked round him.

"Wil'cat, dis is 'twixt us. Mah mouf I uses mos'ly on rations. Wuz keepin' it shut a dime. Ise a millionaire."

On Sunday night the first straggling members of the boom-a-loom clan passed through San Loubes headed for St.-Sulpice. At dawn on Monday morning the road between Izon and St.-Sulpice was lined with the Wildcat's recruits. At breakfast a prowling member of the Wildcat's company remarked the presence of the strangers.

"Woods is swarmin' full of French niggers—mus' a seed a million 'twixt here an' de low groun' by de river."

The Wildcat hunted up the supply sergeant.

"Us boys needs mo' work clo's. Han'lin' rail an' ties wears out them ovehalls faster'n you issues 'em. Turn me ovah 'bout a hundred suits.

The hundred suits of denims were issued and delivered to the lower part of the yard where presently they were to drape the blue-clad figures of the Congo crew. Before he went to work the Wildcat confronted the mess sergeant in the cookhouse.

"Grasty, me an' yo' is fren's, mos'ly, ain't we?"

Sergeant Grasty indorsed the statement.

"I says us is, Wil'cat—look at de lemon extract I lets yo' drink. How come yo' inquirin'; ain't you advanced me ten francs what I never paid back? Us sho' is fren's. How come?"

"Nothin', only I hates to see yo' git slaughtered by a ban' o' wo'thless field han's 'count o' not feedin' 'em heavy 'nuf rations. Lunch what yo' sends out where we's workin' ain't half 'nuf—so they claims. They's plannin' to uprise 'gin yo' an' deprive ten or fifteen poun's o' meat off yo' carcass 'less you feeds 'em mo'. 'At's all I knows. You knows it now."

At noon there was more than enough extra lunch for the grunting hundred boom-a-loom brunets. The supper problem was more difficult. The Wildcat sought out the Special Representer immediately after work was over for the day.

"Honey Tone, these field han's is steeped in sin. S'pose yo' preaches a snort of 'ligion each evenin' befo' suppeh to 'em. They sho' needs it. They's willin' boys, but they's soggy wif ruckus juice. They craves worldly pleasure, like gravy an' side meat whut gratifies de belly but pollutes de soul. Head 'em roun' to glory an' away fr'm grub. Yo' is de shepherd wif de crook to guide 'em right."

The limelight urge welled strong at the Wildcat's pleading. Honey Tone rounded up a hosanna vocabulary before the Wildcat had engineered the assembly of his company, and presently the tar-paper walls of the mess hall vibrated with the resonant syllables of reproach that the Special Representer hurled at his humid victims. The Wildcat, consuming a pork chop in the kitchen end of the mess hall, listened in.

"Hot damn!" he exclaimed. "Grasty, was big words cooties Honey Tone sho' would itch! Lissen at him go!"

"Wuz words music he's de whole brass band," Sergeant Grasty agreed.

The Wildcat attached himself to another ration of lemon extract and then started from the kitchen. He turned to the mess sergeant on his way out.

"Whilst I thinks of it, if they's any grub lef' over f'm supper, save it. They's some boys down de road what jes' arrived in an' they might be hongry. I'll come in after supper an' git it."

After supper three-quarters of the food which had been prepared for supper remained in the kitchen.

"Honey Tone sho' preached 'em sick," the Wildcat remarked. He rounded up a detail of trusted associates and carried the food to the jungles near the river which flowed beside the project. About their fires were grouped the boom-a-loom band.

When the Congo children had eaten and were rolled content beside the fires, the Wildcat mentally reviewed the mechanics of the day's intrigues. Step by step he traced the details of his project, and as each element of the program presented its factor of feasibility his dream of easy money expanded.

"Five hun'ned's jes' as easy as one. Five hun'ned is 'at many francs. Five an' five is twelve, an' twelve and twelve is two dozen—an' two mo' days to a week comes to mo' money 'n I kin count. But startin' at a hun'ned niggers what I has now is a hun'ned francs a day. An' six days is what de tailor says bofe suits costs. To-morr' I collects up."

(Continued on Page 121)

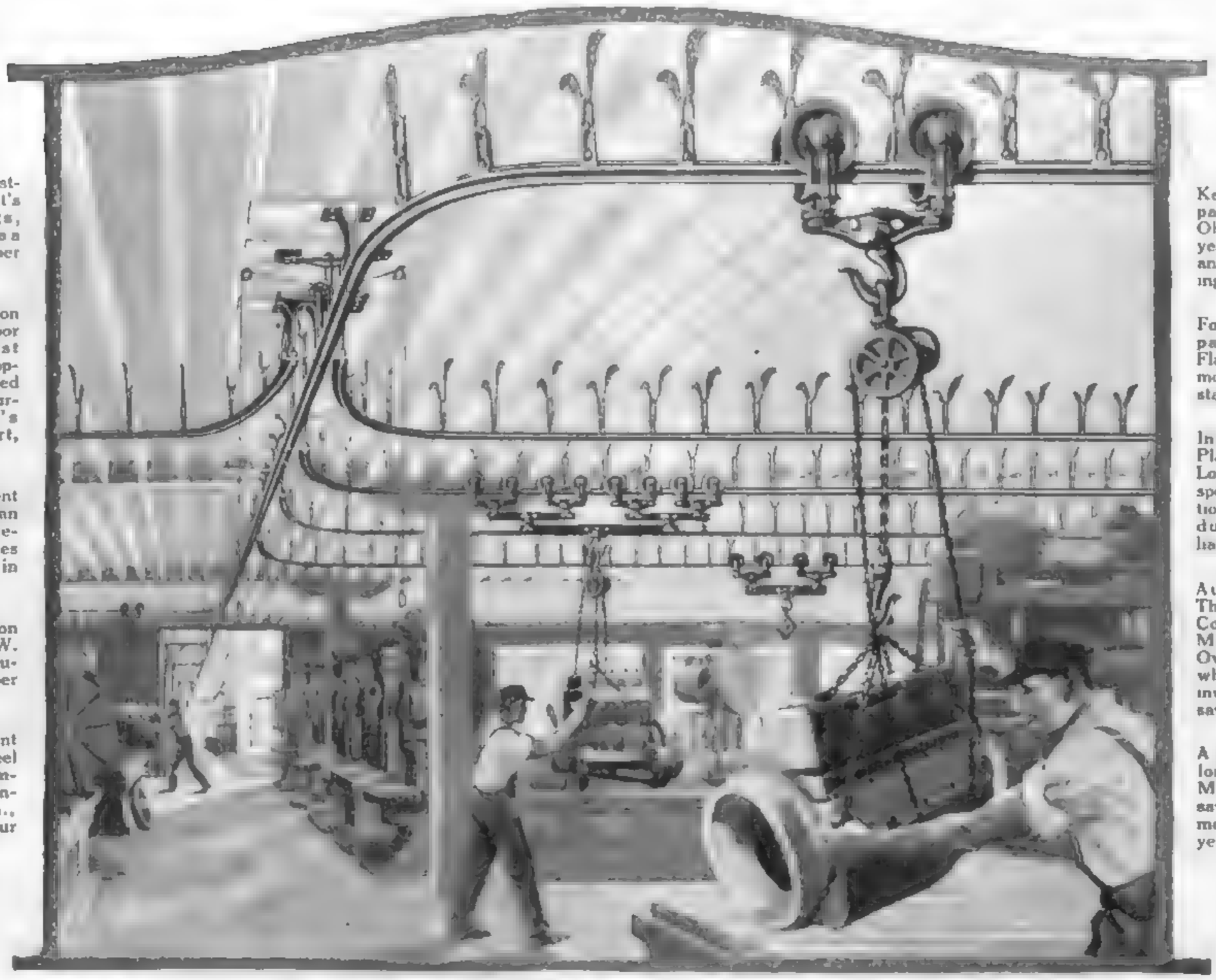
An equipment costing $150 at Stout's Garage, Beggs, Oklahoma, makes a saving of $50 per week.

A $1000 installation saved $1500 in labor during the first seven months' operation at the Red Jacket Manufacturing Company's plant, Davenport, Iowa.

A $700 equipment at the Appalachian Power Plant, Bluefield, W. Va., saves $100 per month in labor.

An $880 installation saves the E. & W. Mfg. Co., Milwaukee, Wis., $6240 per year.

A $500 investment at Minneapolis Steel & Machinery Company's plant, Minneapolis, Minn., saves wages of four men every day.



Kelly Reamer Company, Cleveland, Ohio, saves $300 yearly in labor on an equipment costing $425.

Ford Sales Company, Wauchula, Fla., saves $15 per month on a $55 installation.

In the Rubber Glove Plant, Akron, Ohio, Louden equipment speeded up operations 50% and reduced breakage liability 70%.

Aultman-Taylor Threshing Machy. Co., Minneapolis, Minn., use a Louden Overhead System which pays 77% on investment in labor saved.

A $150 installation for Ramshorn Mills, Millbury, Mass., saves wages of two men every day in year.

LOUDEN

OVERHEAD CARRYING SYSTEM

Adaptable for Any Kind of Lifting or Conveying—From Forty Pounds to Two Tons

Mr. Executive, the Louden Overhead Carrying System is setting a new pace in handling operations in factories, foundries, machine shops, fruit houses, warehouses, tire plants, or *wherever material or products are lifted and conveyed.*

The Louden System is essentially different from any other carrying method—simpler, less costly, easier to install, requires less operating space, has wider range of service—saves labor, time, floors, prevents injury and breakage.

THESE FACTS WILL INTEREST YOU

At the Pittsburgh Malleable Iron Company's plant an investment of $1800 in Louden Equipment saves $25 per day in wages and reduces accident liabilities 90%. Production is also greatly increased.

A $2000 installation at the Cleveland Tractor Plant saved, during first six months, $480 in conveying motors, $600 in handling tractor frames; and showed a corresponding economy in other work.

Low Cost and Easy Installation

particularly distinguish the Louden Equipment above all other conveying systems. No engineering required, no alterations in building, no interference with shafting or belting. Track can be bent cold, on the job, to meet every service requirement; switches and turntables take loads from anywhere to everywhere, deposit them exactly where wanted, whether it's forty or four thousand pounds.

Permit our Representative to Show You

in what manner the Louden System will speed up and lower the cost of production in your plant. There may be a place in your plant—a department or possibly just one room—where an investment of a few hundred dollars would save you thousands every year. We have done this for others. Talk it over with our Efficiency man—no cost or obligation on your part.

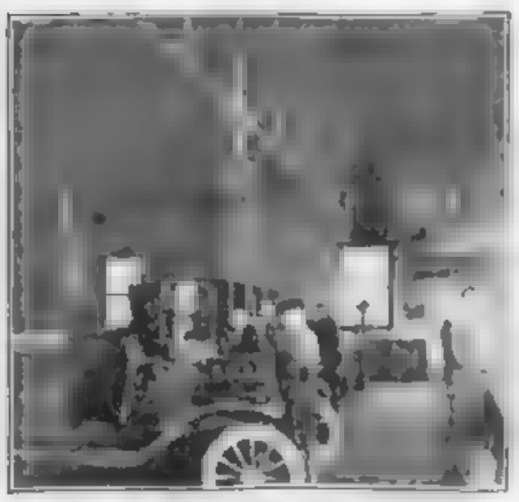
Our catalog showing many Louden installations and giving valuable mechanical details will be sent free on request. Address Main Office.

THE LOUDEN MACHINERY COMPANY

7501 Court Street (Established 1867) **Fairfield, Iowa**

Branches: **St. Paul, Minn. Albany, N. Y. Chicago, Ill. Boston, Mass. New York City**

Canadian Factory: **Guelph, Ontario**



Louden Equipment at Motor Sales Garage, lifting engine out of car and carrying it to work bench.

At Egry Register Co.'s plant, Dayton, Ohio, carrying large rolls of paper

Old Friends

Creased and wrinkled skins made friends with Williams' Shaving Soap more than three generations ago.

And many a man who discovered Williams' as a youngster before Civil War days still clings to it. Not just because it is an old standby, either. For as the lines in the face get deeper and the razor's job harder, the more he appreciates the real merits of the thick, softening, velvety Williams' lather. And no matter how slowly and carefully he shaves, it's "the kind that won't dry on the face."

There are many shaving creams on the market; some good, some indifferent. Try them. Compare them carefully. Then you will better understand why the ultimate choice of so many men is

Williams' Shaving Cream

THE J.B. WILLIAMS CO GLASTONBURY, CONN.

Send 20c. in stamps for trial sizes of the four forms of shaving soap—Cream, Stick, Powder and Liquid. Or send 6c. in stamps for any one.

THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO.
Dept. A, Glastonbury, Conn.

After the shave or the bath you will enjoy the comforting touch of Williams' Talc Powder. Send 4c. for a trial size of the perfume you prefer—Violet, Carnation, English Lilac or Rose.

(Continued from Page 118)

And the next day the Wildcat collected up. For every member of his crew he obtained a franc from the French farmers for whom they worked. Thursday night found him with four hundred francs. On Thursday night his friend Cinnamon suggested that the blue uniforms of the boom-a-loom boys could be rented to any member of the Fust Service Battalion who might desire a day in Bordeaux unmolested by the ever-present military police of the A. E. F.

On Friday this new strand of gain was woven into the widening web of profitable affairs.

"Cinnamon, us goes to town to-morr', sho'. I got to get me my clo's an' a watch an' some mo' fixin's. Yo' git a pass fr'm cap'n and us'll have one gran' ruckus."

Late Friday night the Wildcat rounded up the Special Representer.

"Honey Tone, get me a pass f'r all day to-morr' fr'm cap'n an' I brings you back a bottle of coonyak."

The Special Representer bound himself to deliver an all-day pass for two bottles of ruckus juice.

"But how come yo' has so much free cash, an' pay day a mile away?"

The Wildcat laid his affluence to Fortune's favors in the game where a boy collecta on seven, 'leven an' his point.

"Wil'cat, teach me dat game. At school we never played sin games. I never learned it."

The Wildcat laid down a silver franc and from their resting place in a pocket of his uniform he produced a pair of dice.

"Fade me—git yo' money in sight. On seven, 'leven an' my point I wins. If I dooces, trays or twelves I loses—an' I loses on seven after I come out."

The Wildcat rolled a careless fling and lost. The Special Representer risked a healthy five-spot and dragged down after his fourth pass. Once in his student course the Special Representer reached his right hand into his pocket. He rubbed his fingers lightly over a lump of rosin which he carried therein.

"Wil'cat, I shoots a hundred francs," he said.

Presently beside the lump of rosin in the Special Representer's pocket there lay a crumpled roll amounting to five hundred francs.

"Wil'cat, who ever'd thought I'd win all yo' money? Sho' is a interestin' game." The Special Representer sought to dull the barbs of his success.

"Sho' is interestin' luck. Yo' missed winnin' a million dollahs just by me not havin' it."

The Wildcat sought the comparative solitude of his bunk, where presently the false solace of to-morrow's dawn lightened the heavy present shadows of his despair. He reflected that a week would bring in another sum equal to that he had lost, and that a few hundred francs was a negligible amount to a boy whose income was practically unlimited.

"Say a thousan' boom-a-looms workin' a month, an' each one bringin' in a franc a day an' us staying here on this job six months more ——"

Cinnamon came in the door. "Boys," he announced, "I jes' finished packin' cap'n's trunks. Us leaves in de mawnin' to work at Bassens Docks. We is in dis Race to Berlin unloadin' boats."

"Lady Luck," the Wildcat groaned, "good-by! Good-by!"

The impact of financial defeat was softened for the Wildcat by the work incidental to the stress of his transition from railroad building to that of unloading the first ships of the cargo fleet which had begun to reach the ports of France. And then

The String Suspending the Stage Curtain Broke. About a Lantern at the Back of the Narrow Stage Knelt the Wildcat and Twenty of His Associates

At the seashore
In the mountains
On your motor trips
And at home

You can always get the Sampler!

Our thousands of agents (usually the best drug stores) all over the United States receive *direct from us* frequent fast shipments of the Sampler and other packages of Whitman's—famous since 1842. Each package *guaranteed* by the agent and by us.

STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON, Inc
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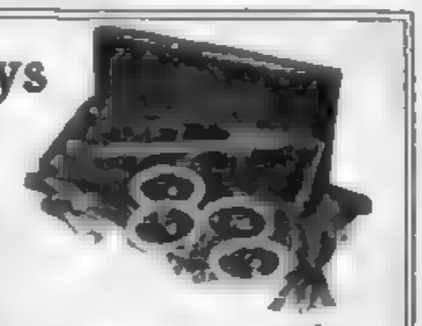
Let Your Boy Make His Toys

Here's a toy that's a humdinger—outfits with which any boy who can handle a screw driver and a wrench can make coasters, gliders, wagons, racers and many other fine toys.

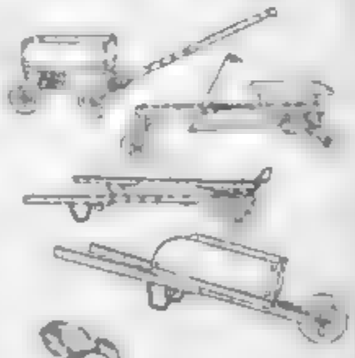
The outfits contain four strong round edge steel wheels of the very latest type, finely painted steel plates and axles, tough bars and boards of hard wood, and angle irons, bolts, nuts, etc., to put them together. The $6.00 outfit ($9.00 in Canada) makes the coaster, glider, etc. The $10 outfit ($15.00 in Canada) has gears and pinions and many added parts and makes a fine power racer and many other toys. A big $15.00 outfit also (Canada $22.50).



GILBERT'S

New Wheel Toy

One of these outfits will give your boy great pleasure all the year round and develop his mechanical instinct too. Let him make his toys. He'll enjoy them twice as much if he does.



$100 in Cash For a Name

To the boy or girl, under 18, who gives us what we consider the best name for this toy, received at our office up to 5 P. M. July 31st, we'll pay $100 in cash. In case two or more contestants send in the name selected, each one will receive $100. Use the coupon below.

BOYS' MAGAZINE FREE—To each boy or girl who sends us a coupon we will send FREE, a special issue of our fine boys' magazine, "Boy Toys" and a free copy of our finely illustrated catalog.

THE A. C. GILBERT COMPANY
119 Blatchley Ave.,
New Haven, Conn.

In Canada: The A. C. Gilbert Mfg. Co., Limited, Toronto, Ontario

$100 CONTEST COUPON
The A. C. Gilbert Co., 119 Blatchley Ave., New Haven, Conn.
I suggest ... as a name for ... new toy.
My name is ...
Address ...
City ... State ...
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Go Get a Pair of Ivory Garters

DECIDE now that your legs can be comfortable. Go to any man's store and say "I want a pair of Ivory Garters".

Then you'll get cool comfort that is comfort for sure, for Ivory Garters set just as light as a silk sock. Their correct scientific principle makes them take hold naturally all around without pressing, binding or sagging, so they hold your socks up easy, safe and true to form.

No lefts or rights about Ivory Garters to mix you up when dressing in a hurry. No metal in them, nor pads. Ivory Garters are just solid comfort clear through and keep your spirits running on high.

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No matter how heavy or light your hand—whether you are an artist, writer, accountant, draftsman, teacher, student or clerk—you will find *your* pencil among the 17 perfect leads of Dixon's Eldorado. The long wearing, delightfully smooth and rapid gliding leads will ease and quicken your work and make for genuine pencil economy.

Made in 17 LEADS *one for every need or preference*

6B (softest) to 9H (hardest), HB (medium) for general use. Get a trial dozen from your dealer, or send for our grade chart, enclosing 10c if a full-length sample is desired. Please mention your dealer's name and whether very soft, soft, medium, hard or very hard is desired.

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Canadian Distributors, A. R. MacDougall & Co., Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

There is a Dixon-quality Pencil, Crayon, and Eraser for every purpose

vain dreams of questionable gain were drowned in honest sweat.

"Where I loses heaviest, Cinnamon, was on them boom-a-loom boys what I could hire out at a franc a day," the Wildcat explained. "Down here they ain't no chance to rent out field han's."

But the groups of French furlough soldiers persistently hung round the barracks of the Fust Service Battalion. Pay day came with its temporary gain and the Wildcat circulated among his fellow scientists for a space of ten minutes, rolling the while a pair of voodoo dice. The Special Representer, undergoing his sophomore course, relieved the Wildcat of his last franc.

"Easy come, easy go. Whut I don't see is how yo' always wins, Honey Tone."

"Beginner's luck, Wil'cat." Honey Tone made five successive passes.

"Ise seed 'em killed f'r less."

"Rub me back of de ears! They's wild blood in my veins." Honey Tone, the tyro, began to talk to the dice. "Shoots a hundred! Wedge-shaped babies, wedge 'em loose. Five an' three is eight! Ise eighter fr'm Decatur! Fo' an fo' is eight! Shoots two hundred—mawnin', seven! I fills poo'-houses wid my luck!"

The Wildcat, a busted bystander, turned away from the scene of slaughter with a grunt.

"Dis yere Special Representer sho' is de sudden-learnin'est, fast-findin'-outest, pass-castin' nigger I eveh seed."

He sought his friend Cinnamon and reviewed a scene or two of the Special Representer's private play.

"'Pears like 'at nigger got deprived of his ignorance mighty sudden," Cinnamon volunteered.

"Mebbe he's been—'representin'." The Wildcat hesitated in creating his indictment.

"Mebbe."

That night at taps an informal financial census indicated that the Special Representer was in possession of half the pay roll that the Fust Service Battalion had received. Cinnamon, listening to the various reports, whispered a final summary to the Wildcat:

"Honey Tone win ten thousan' francs—mebbe mo'."

At Bassens Docks, across the river from Bordeaux, the cargo ships from overseas discharged their various stuffs of war under the urge of the Wildcat and his fellows. Watching the dock crews at their work, day and night, there lingered groups of spectators—Americans, English, French, Chinese, Annamites and Africans. Of this last group part were the boom-a-loom warriors of the Congo, who had followed the Wildcat to St.-Sulpice in response to his lure of government grub and tobacco. And presently—for young lang syne, nicotine, calories, curiosity or lack of something else to do—the tribal brothers of Palla Dikoa and Libenga Zongo mingled with the Wildcat's crews along the route of the discharging cargo from the depths of the ships to the loading tracks on the landward side of the warehouses on the docks.

"Food and tobacco for a little work," reasoned the boom-a-loom group.

"Extra han's so us boys kin lay roun' in ol' boat's cellar an' sleep some—sho' does help," the Wildcat figured.

And the cold figures that reached the desk of the general commanding Base Section No. 2, A. E. F., showed that the Fust Service Battalion was unloading more tons of cargo per man than any other organization so employed in the contest termed the Race to Berlin. For the moment the Race to Berlin was the African race, and the Wildcat's crew was setting the pace. Then very suddenly Lady Luck smiled at the Wildcat.

"Get me some furlough nigger's clo's f'r a day, Wil'cat, an' yo' gits five francs fr'm me." A blue-pass member of the Wildcat's crew, Bordeaux-bound for a day's projectin' roun', aimed to camouflage himself so as not to excite the malignant eyes of any club-swinging M. P. who might stand between a thirty-day thirst and the relievin' ruckus juice.

"Wah at is de five francs?" the Wildcat questioned

The five francs changed hands and the Bordeaux-bound boy of the Fust Service Battalion changed uniforms with Bonga Taro. Following the success of the tourist's day in Bordeaux there resulted a steady exchange in disguises. The Wildcat, profiting heavily in his traffic in costumes, counted an increasing sheaf of five-franc notes and presently he touched the mark that made the payment for his two tailored uniforms a triflin' matter of a trip to the shop across the river.

On Saturday afternoon, with less than a thousand tons of freight remaining in the hold of the steamship Princess Clan, the Wildcat asked for and received a pass for Sunday in Bordeaux. He rounded up his colleague in crime, Cinnamon, and dispatched that privileged individual to the tailor shop for the waiting uniforms. By six o'clock the boy returned, and half an hour later the Wildcat stepped out of his barrack arrayed in the trim perfection that comes with pride and proud raiment.

Then his captain sent for him. The Wildcat walked toward company headquarters, feeling somehow that his luck had flopped again. Apprehensive of some new deal from misfortune's stacked deck he confronted his captain. With the captain was a serious-looking officer—"tin-chicken colonel"—the Wildcat observed. At attention, he saluted.

"Sir, Sergeant Vitus Marsden rep'ots to de cap'n."

The captain regarded him gravely. The tin-chicken colonel addressed the Wildcat:

"For excellence in execution of duty and for the general efficiency which you and your associates have displayed, the inspectors have confined their compliments to your crew and yourself and have awarded you one thousand francs from the prize fund and ten days' exemption from duty, beginning September first. That's all."

The Wildcat saluted and left. His head whirled with the severity of his sentence.

"Execution! Inspectors! Thousand francs! Ten days!"

He had known other courts-martial and the incidental tribulation that had inevitably followed departure from the straight and narrow path. Presently the stress of his guilt resolved itself into action. He sought the Special Representer.

"Honey Tone, come out an' cheer up us boys downstairs in de ship's cellar. Us needs it."

Honey Tone accompanied the Wildcat to the ship. The pair descended into the depths of the forward cargo hold, in which a gang of a hundred men were at work. The Wildcat turned to Honey Tone.

"Cheer up dis outfit whilst I rounds up de detail what relieves 'em. Ise goin' away f'r a few minutes an' when I gets back us'll take a ra'r mebbe at de cube game."

He disappeared up the ladder into the darkness that framed the hatch coaming. Once on deck he made his way ashore to the barracks of his company. Silently—for it was after taps—he sought the bunk of the Backslid Baptis'. He awakened that individual quietly.

"Come outside," he whispered. The pair stood for a moment outside the door of the barracks.

"Backslid," the Wildcat said, "gimme them miss-out dice f'r half an hour. I jes' meet a rich boy on a boat an' I aims f'r a cleanin'. Yo' gits half whut I makes."

The Backslid one fished a pair of dice from his left sock and passed them over. The Wildcat started toward the ship. Under the arc lights that lined the warehouse tracks on the pier he paused to issue an order to a black boy whose only business up to that moment seemed to have been that of leaning against a warehouse.

"Lizard, to-night all us boys on ol' boat lays off to res' up. Roun' up all de boom-a-loom niggers an' bring 'em to me. I'll be waitin' in de cellar of de boat—at de front end. Afteh yo' an' de boom-a-looms comes yo' sticks close to me. Mebbe us'll go to Bo'deaux after midnight."

Lizard faded into the darkness. The Wildcat sought the waiting Special Representer in the hold of the ship.

"Midnight shift comes on soon, Honey Tone. Le's yo' an' me have a ra'r at de cubes whilst we's waitin'. Shoots ten francs."

The Wildcat's luck seemed suddenly to have changed, for by the time the boom-a-loom gang arrived he had accumulated a substantial part of the Special Representer's roll. Presently, as the last few tons of cargo were being shifted to position under the slings that swung from the crane above, the Wildcat made a final pass.

"Nach'ral! Whuf! An' that cleans yo'! Honey Tone, luck sho' is crazy some nights. Wait here till me an' Lizard gets back an' us'll 'sorb a few drams o' ruckus juice. Lizard knows where at to get it late at night. You needs revivin'."

(Concluded on Page 125)

Railway Progress and Rubber Hose

What a difference in comfort between a journey today and one in the old stage coach times.

We ride safely at tremendous speeds, coming to an easy stop when occasion demands. Cars are steam heated, meals gas cooked, and seats and floors vacuum cleaned.

Rubber Hose has made these possible.

The compressed air that stops the train passes through Rubber Air Brake Hose; Rubber Steam Heat Hose carries warmth from car to car; Rubber Gas Hose is used in charging the kitchen tanks; the dust and dirt is removed through Rubber Vacuum Hose.

Also Rubber Hose is used for filling engine boilers, loading and unloading oil tank cars, pumping, dredging and operating pneumatic tools. It is used for fire protection, hydraulic work, sand blasting, spraying—the uses are almost infinite.

Composition and construction are widely varied to meet the many conditions. Linings are compounded to resist heat, gas, oils or acids. Covers are proof against weather or severe usage. Reinforcing is added to withstand high pressure or powerful suction.

And the United States line includes them all. Rainbow Steam Hose, "4810" Air Hose and Anaconda Tank Hose are but a few.

United States Hose is used by railroads, other industries and individuals in enormous quantities. Because it has proved to be good hose in emergencies as well as in ordinary service, many concerns have made it standard equipment.

Take your hose problems to our specialists. The service you will receive is backed by the experience of the world's largest rubber manufacturer.

United States Rubber Company

UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES — US — RUBBER SYSTEM

United States Rubber Hose is Good Hose

Office Remington Typewriter Co., New York, floored with 6,000 square yards Armstrong's Plain Brown Linoleum.

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Armstrong's Linoleum

A Handsome, Durable, Comfortable Floor for Offices, Schools, Churches, Hospitals, Clubs, Hotels, Lodges, and Residences

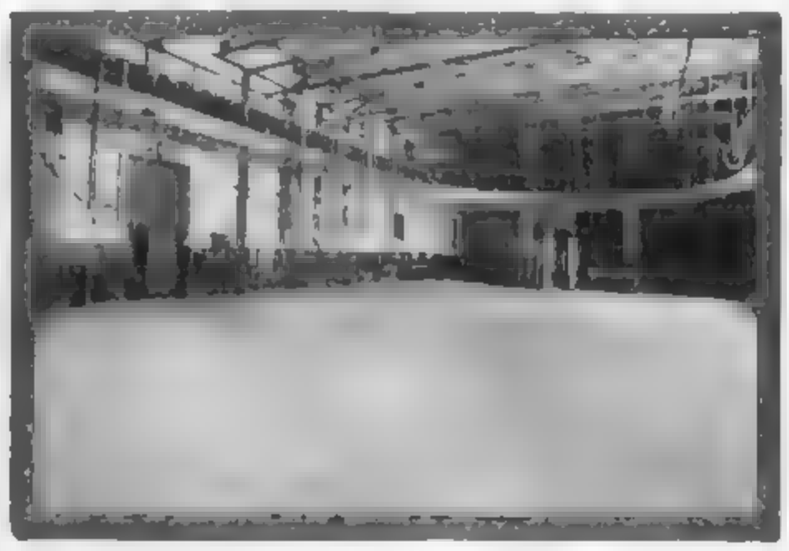
IF you've ever been in the attractive offices of the Remington Typewriter Co., New York, you must have noted the soft, comfortable feeling of the Armstrong's Linoleum Floors. And you must have liked their handsome, dignified appearance.

Take any of the Armstrong's Linoleum Floors shown here. They are durable, therefore economical. They are easy to keep clean and sanitary. An occasional waxing will maintain their attractively polished surfaces. From every practical standpoint, they make a powerful appeal to the shrewd judgment of business men who plan, build, sell, rent, decorate or occupy buildings where the *underfoot* traffic is heavy.

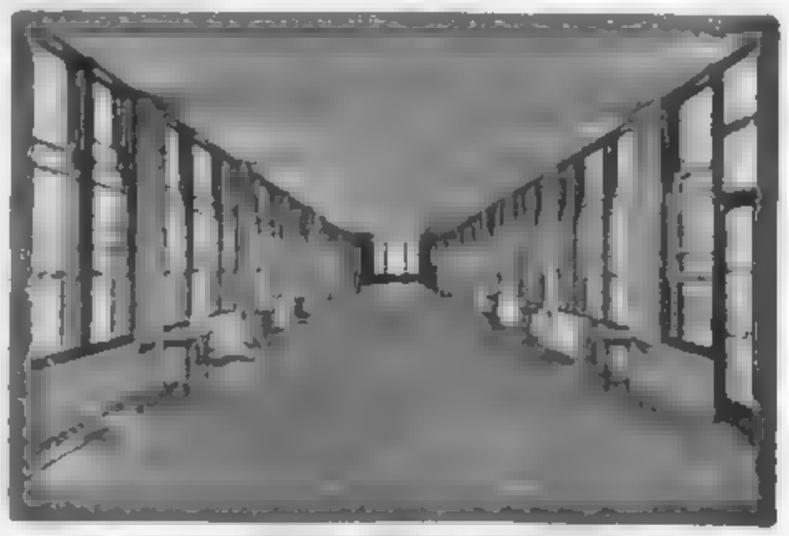
There are Armstrong colors and designs for every scheme of interior decoration, whether for commercial or public buildings or for the home. The Armstrong line includes plain colors, Jaspés in two-color moiré effects, Parquetry Inlaids which look like hardwood, and Carpet Inlaids with most pleasing patterns. In these linoleums, the colors and patterns run clear through to the burlap back.

Real linoleum is made of powdered cork, wood flour and oxidized linseed oil, pressed on burlap. Armstrong's Linoleum is of such material and construction that, when laid right and rubbed with a good floor wax, it makes a *permanent* floor, the extra wear value of which more than makes good the cost. The ideal way to lay Inlaid, Jaspé, or Plain Linoleum is to cement it down firmly over a layer of heavy felt paper.

Somewhere near you there is a high-grade merchant who sells Armstrong's Linoleum. On request, he will gladly furnish you with samples and estimates completely covering your floor needs.



Gymnasium, Nicholas Senn High School, Chicago, floored with 2,600 square yards Armstrong's Brown Cork Carpet



Connecting corridor, Municipal Hospital, Buffalo, N. Y., floored with 9,000 sq. yards Armstrong's Brown Battleship Linoleum.

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For architect, builder, decorator, and purchasing agent
"Armstrong's Linoleum Floors," a handsome book containing detailed information about linoleum floors, weights, gauges, specifications for installation, etc.

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"Building a Business," a 64-page book describing the Armstrong Selling Helps, window displays, newspaper cut service, sales builders, [illegible] cards, etc.
"Pocket Size Pattern Book," showing all of the 265 Armstrong's designs in full color—one-eighth actual size.

For the retail floor-covering salesman
"Helpful Hints for Linoleum Salesmen," a 52-page book of sales suggestions, fully illustrated with half-tones and color plates.

For the linoleum layer
"Detailed Directions for Laying and Caring for Linoleum," a 20-page book describing in detail the most approved methods of installing and caring for linoleum floors.

ARMSTRONG CORK COMPANY
Linoleum Department LANCASTER, PA.

Armstrong's Linoleum

For Every Room (A) in the House

(Concluded from Page 122)

The Special Representer, having seen the last of his francs melt away under the heat of Backslid's dice, sat inert - overcome with the suddenness of his financial finish.

The Wildcat and Lizard climbed out of the forward hold as the last slingload of cargo went aloft into the darkness. At the first hatch on number three deck, ten feet below the water line, the pair paused for a few moments. Under the Wildcat's direction they heaved at the hatch covers, and presently Honey Tone and the hundred boom-a-loom warriors were confined securely under the steel and oak of the hatch covers and battens.

"They gits out th'ough a bulkhead do', Lizard. When yo' finishes, finish complete," the Wildcat advised.

That there was no means of exit through a bulkhead door he did not feel constrained to explain to the passive and incurious Lizard. On deck the Wildcat sought the watch officer of the Princess Clan.

"Cap'n," he said, "all de freight's h'isted outen de front end en' ev'thing's policed up neat an' clean."

With the Lizard at his heels he went ashore.

"Princess Clan," he muttered as he went over the side, "Princess Clan, on yo' way, an' good luck, Lady."

He and the Lizard walked softly in the direction of their barracks. The Wildcat yawned once or twice widely. The Lizard yawned twice as wide.

"Boy," the Wildcat said, "us is plumb tired. Bo'deaux to-morr', mebbe—but not to-night."

The Lizard went to bed. The Wildcat softly awakened the Backslid Baptis' for the second time that night.

"Here's de baby gallopers," he said, as he returned the miss-out dice to the Backslid one. "An here's yo' half de money."

True to his word the Wildcat handed over a great wad of bank notes.

"Dey sho' is rollin' high f'r me an' Lady Luck. Backslid, I bids yo' good night."

And about that time, as the Wildcat started toward Bordeaux, away from the inspectors and the ten days and the execution that the tin-chicken stranger had mentioned, the Princess Clan let go her lines and cleared on the tide downriver for Pauillac, the Lannick Ocean and a home port in the U. S. A.

In her forward hold Honey Tone and the hundred boom-a-looms were seeing things in the dark and milling strong.

The Wildcat's fear grew as he walked toward the freedom of Bordeaux. He perspired with relief as the sentry at the stone bridge read his pass and waved him a clearance, but this relief endured only for the moment. Before he had been in the town half an hour his cumulative unreasoning fear had inspired a wild desire to move along.

"Ah got money! Money, me an' yo' travels till both of us gits wore out."

The rumble of a passing truck leaving the Allées de Tourny attracted him. He swung aboard and when the driver released a verbal barrage he encountered with a fifty-franc note.

"Ah's got to repo't befo' mawnin'," he explained.

"Where at?" the driver questioned.

"Wha' yo' headed fo'?"

"Pauillac."

"Dat's de town."

Into the darkness along the Pauillac road the Wildcat traveled on his rumbling way, while farther to the east the Princess Clan threaded the channel of the Gironde. At Pauillac the Wildcat established himself with the guard at the naval station. The masthead lights of a ship lying at the dock showed above the blanket of fog which lay upon the land.

"Where at is dat ship headed fo'?" the Wildcat questioned.

"Soon as she gets her fresh-water tanks filled she clears for New Orleans," the guard replied.

New Orleans! The Mississip'! Sunshine and the scenes of the fair untroubled days before the pestering war had broken in upon the tranquil course of a boy's life! The Wildcat read his immediate future.

"Boy, le's go!"

He counted out a deck of bank notes and held them ready as he climbed over the side of the ship. The watch hailed him, but presently he was lying snug back of a winch on the forward deck under a 'paulin which was to stay in place until the hoisting gear should function again in the distant homeland port.

At dawn the ship cleared and steamed against the incoming tide toward the open sea. The Wildcat, free and confident, poked his head from under cover and looked round. Suddenly he extended his neck full length like a hard-shell turtle. On the bridge of the ship there stood an officer he knew—an officer of the Princess Clan. He crawled out of his nest and spoke to a sailor.

"Boy," he asked, "whut's dis boat's name?"

The sailor looked at him queerly for an instant.

"You ought to know; you been workin' on her a week at Bassens. She's still the Princess Clan."

A mile downstream the Wildcat eased down a trailing line, dragged in the rush of water for a minute and let go. He swam for the shore half a mile away and hauled himself up the willows that lined the bank. For an hour he lay in the morning sun drying out and figgerin' how come Lady Luck to fool a boy so much.

"When ol' Honey Tone an' them boom-a-looms is let out—did they find me I'd sho' be landed on de blood hook."

Pretty soon he started toward a farmhouse a mile away.

"Git me some eggs an' bread an' a ra'r of ol' vin blank."

And at the house he landed square in the clutch of a roving M. P. whose special duty was the rounding up of ramblers.

"That pass says Bordeaux. Beat it that way and beat it quick. There's a truck leaving in ten minutes from the naval station and I'll see you on board of that—or in the guardhouse. I'd ought to kill you now, but the war needs you."

Before noon, in the brightness of an active Sunday, the Wildcat was back in Bordeaux. The truck stopped in front of the Café Bordeaux to permit a couple of thirsty officers to descend, and the Wildcat figured that he might better unload at this point than at the more thickly populated area round the Y. As he climbed down from the truck a voice nailed him in his coffin:

"Wildcat, come here!"

From in front of the Café Bordeaux the Wildcat's captain summoned the wanderer.

"Cap'n, yessuh!" His speech was automatic.

"Bring that package and follow me," the captain ordered. "We're going back to camp."

The captured Wildcat dragged along at his captain's heels to the camp across the river.

"Cap'n, when does they lock me up?"

"I'm going to preach at your grave—after they shoot you."

The captain spoke seriously but not with sincerity. Nevertheless, the verdict fitted the Wildcat's mottled conscience so exactly that its effect was violent. By the time the pair reached camp the Wildcat was mentally shipping his own remains C. O. D. to his next of kin.

"Bring that package into the office," the captain directed. The Wildcat followed into the orderly room of the company. The captain seated at his desk reached over for a letter that lay upon it. Pinned to the letter was a narrower slip of pink paper.

"Paper had words wrote on it, Cinnamon," the Wildcat later explained. "Ol' cap'n says: 'Wil'cat, you boys bust all records unloadin' freight off de Princess Clan in dis Race to Berlin, an' yo'-all gits a thousan' franc an' ten days' vacation fr'm de commandin' gin'ral.'"

"Whut yo' say, Wil'cat?"

"I sez, 'Cap'n, yessuh'."

"Boy—hot damn! Lady Luck sho' is smilin' dis mawnin'."

The Wildcat's face was suddenly quiet.

"Whut yo' thinkin'?" Cinnamon asked.

"Me?" The Wildcat hesitated. "I was ponderin' 'bout ol' Honey Tone an' how much upliftin' he kin do wif dem boom-a-loom niggers 'twixt heah an' N'O'leans.

"Lady Luck—at yo' feet!"

LION

Link Collars

THE LION LINK

The Lion Link is a practical device which holds the tie in proper position and prevents the collar from spreading. Lion Link Collars are made with special eyelets in which to fasten the Lion Link. It is simple and easy to adjust.

Lion Collars

OLDEST BRAND IN AMERICA

UNITED SHIRT & COLLAR CO. TROY, N. Y.

Waltham Grinding Wheels

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IN your grinding department there may be much waste of time and of material.

The correct application of the "wheel" to the grinding job may not be having the same expert care that prevails in other departments of your plant.

Behind Waltham grinding wheels is an eagerness to serve, to advise, to give personal attention, that has produced much economy in grinding operations for many manufacturers.

We can help you, and will give your commands immediate attention.

Write us.

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Waltham, Mass., U. S. A.

"Helping Dad Change a Tire is Great Fun Since We Got Our REES JACK"

ASIDE from your own convenience in its use, the Rees Jack affords you great satisfaction in knowing that if mother and the children have tire trouble on the road they can safely and easily jack up the car.

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It will strike you as remarkable to see the wheel of a heavy car rise quickly off the ground with a few easy turns of the handle. This ease of operation is due to the powerful Rees double worm gear embodied here for the first time in a jack.

Rees Jack No. 1, passenger car model, with folding handle, fits easily in any tool box; lifting capacity two tons. Price $9.00.

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Manufacturers also of *Rees Double Worm Gear Jacks* for trucks, railway, and industrial uses

Study the cut-away view of jack which shows the powerful leverage of the worm gear multiplied in the double worm gear of the Rees Jack. Friction is reduced to a minimum.

HOODWINKED

(Continued from Page 9)

rang and the clerk answered and somebody asked for Mrs. Williams. The woman entered the booth, came out almost immediately, and went away. All that the drug-store man and his clerk remember about her is that she was a young woman, plainly dressed but well-groomed. The druggist is positive she had dark hair; the clerk is inclined to think her hair was a deep reddish-brown. Neither of them saw her face; neither of them remarked anything unusual about her. To them she was merely a woman who came in to keep a telephone engagement, and having kept it went away again. So, having run into a blind alley at that end of the case, I started in at the other end of it to find the one lady to whom naturally the chief conspirator would turn for help in the situation that confronted him when he ran away from Washington. And I found her—both of her in fact."

"Both of her! Then there are two women involved?"

"No, only one; but which one of two suspects she is I can't for the life of me decide. I know who she is, and yet I don't know. I'll come to that part of it in a minute or two. I haven't told you the name of the head devil of the whole intrigue yet, have I? You've met him, I imagine. At any rate you surely have heard of him.

"You know him, or else you surely know of him, as the Hon. Sidney Bertram Goldsborough, of London, England, and Shanghai, China."

"Goodness gracious me!" In her astonishment Miss Smith had recourse to an essentially feminine exclamation. "Why, that does bring it close to home! Why, he is among the persons invited to my cousin's house to-morrow night. I remember seeing his name on the invitation list. That's why you asked me about her party a while ago. My cousin met him somewhere and liked him. I've never seen him, but I've heard about him. A big mining engineer, isn't he?"

"A big international crook, posing as a mining engineer and ostensibly in this country to finance some important Korean concessions—that's what he is. His real name is Geltmann. Here's his pedigree in a nutshell: Born in Russia of mixed German and Swiss parentage. Educated in England, where he acquired his accent and the monocle habit. Perfected himself in scoundrelism in the competent finishing schools of the Far East. Speaks half a dozen languages, including Chinese and Japanese. Carries gilt-edged credentials made in the Orient. That, briefly, is your Hon. Mr. Sidney Bertram Goldsborough, when you undress him. He was officially suspected of being something else than what he claimed to be, even before Westerfeltner divulged his name. In fact, he fell under suspicion shortly after he turned up in Paris in January of this year, he having obtained a passport for France on the strength of his credentials and on the representation that he wanted to go abroad to interest European financiers in that high-sounding Korean development scheme of his—which, by the way, is purely imaginary. He hung about Paris for three months. How he found out about the document which the army officer was bringing home, and how he found out that the officer—in order to save time—would travel on a French liner instead of on a transport, are details that are yet to be cleared up by our people on the other side. There has been no time yet of course to take up the chase over there in Paris. But obviously there must have been a leak somewhere. Either someone abroad was in collusion with him or perhaps indiscreetness rather than guilty connivance was responsible for his learning what he did learn. As to that, I can't say.

"But the point remains that Geltmann sailed on the same ship that brought the army officer. Evidently he hoped to get possession of the paper the officer carried on the way over. Failing there, he tried other means. He followed the officer down to Washington, seduced Westerfeltner by the promise of a fat bribe, and then, just when his scheme was about to succeed, became frightened and returned to New York, trusting to a woman confederate to deliver the paper to him here. And now he's here, awaiting her arrival, and from all the evidence available he expects to get it from her to-morrow night at your cousin's party."

"Then the woman is to be there too?" Miss Smith's eyes were stretched wide.

"She certainly is."

"And who is she—or, rather, who do you think she is?"

"Miss Smith, prepare for a shock. Either that woman is Mme. Josephine Ybanca, the wife of the famous South American diplomat, or else she is Miss Evelyn Ballister, sister of United States Senator Hector Ballister. And I am pretty sure that you must know both of them."

"I do! I do! I know Miss Ballister fairly well, and I have met Madame Ybanca twice—once here in New York, once at Washington. And let me say now, that at first blush I do not find it in my heart to suspect either of them of deliberate wrongdoing. I don't think they are that sort."

"I don't wonder you say that," answered Mullinix. "Also I think I know you well enough to feel sure that the fact that both of them are to be guests of your cousin, Mrs. Hadley-Smith, to-morrow night has no influence upon you in forming your judgments of these two young women."

"I know Miss Ballister has been invited and has accepted. But I think you must be wrong when you say Madame Ybanca is also expected."

"When was the last time you saw your cousin?"

"The day before yesterday, I think it was, but only for a few minutes."

"Well, yesterday she sent a telegram to Madame Ybanca saying she understood Madame Ybanca would be coming up from Washington this week and asking her to waive formality and come to the party."

"You say my cousin sent such a wire?"

"I read the telegram. Likewise I read Madame Ybanca's reply, filed at half after six o'clock yesterday evening, accepting the invitation."

"But surely"—and now there was mounting incredulity and indignation in Miss Smith's tone—"but surely no one dares to assert that my cousin is conniving at anything improper?"

"Certainly not! If I thought she was doing anything wrong I would hardly be asking you to help trap her, would I? Didn't I tell you that we might even have to enlist your cousin's coöperation? But I imagine, when you make inquiry, as of course you will do at once, you'll find that since you saw your cousin she has seen Goldsborough, or Geltmann—to give him his real name—and that he asked her to send the wire to Madame Ybanca."

"That being assumed as correct, the weight of the proof would seem to press upon the madame rather than upon Miss Ballister, wouldn't it?"

"Frankly I don't know. At times to-day, coming up here on the train, I have thought she must be the guilty one, and at times I have felt sure that she was not. But this much I do know: One of those two ladies is absolutely innocent of any wrongdoing, and the other one—pardon my language—is as guilty as hell. But perhaps it is only fair to both that you should suspend judgment altogether until I have finished telling you the whole business, as far as I know it.

"Let us go back a bit. Half an hour after I had heard Westerfeltner's confession and fifteen minutes after I had seen the druggist and his clerk, the entire machinery of our branch of the service had been set in motion to find out what women in Washington were friends of Geltmann. For Geltmann spent most of last fall in Washington. Now while in Washington he was noticeably attentive to just two women—Miss Ballister and Madame Ybanca. Now mark a lengthening of the parallel: Both of them are small women; both of them are slender; both are young, and both of course have refined voices. Neither speaks with any especial accent, for the madame, though married to a Latin, is an American woman. She has black hair, while Miss Ballister's hair is a golden red-brown. So far, you see, the vague description furnished by the three men who spoke to the mythical Mrs. Williams might apply to either."

"Then which of the two is supposed to have been most attracted to Geltmann, as you call him?"

Mullinix smiled a trifle.

"I was rather expecting that question would come along about here," he said. "I only wish I could tell you; it might simplify matters. But so far as the available

(Continued on Page 129)

"What *is* packing anyhow?"

Our salesmen frequently comment on how often their friends, outside the business, ask the question—"What is Packing?"

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* * *

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So, fundamentally, packing guards against leakage.

But when it works against moving surfaces, packing is subject to wear—or it goes "dead," and loses its elasticity. This means replacement, shut down machinery and expense. So the buyer of packing must ask not only "Will it prevent leakage," but also "How long will it last"—which of course depends on the material and workmanship put into it.

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(Continued from Page 126)

evidence points, there is nothing to indicate that either of them really cared for him or he for either of them. The attentions which he paid them both, impartially, were those which a man might pay to any woman, whether she was married or unmarried, without creating gossip. There is no suggestion here of a dirty scandal. The woman who is serving Geltmann's ends is doing it, not for love of him and not even because she is fascinated by him, but for money. She has agreed to sell out her country, the land she was born in, for hire. I'm sure of that much."

"Then which of them is presumed to be in pressing need of funds?"

"Again you score. I was expecting that question too. As a matter of fact both of them need money. Madame Ybanca belongs to a bridge-playing set—a group of men and women who play for high stakes. She has been a heavy loser and her husband, unlike many politically prominent South Americans, is not a fabulously wealthy man. I doubt whether he would be called wealthy at all, either by the standards of his own people or of ours. As for Miss Ballister, I have reports which prove she has no source of income except a modest allowance from her brother, the senator, who is in moderate circumstances only; yet it is common talk about Washington that she is extravagant beyond her means. She owes considerable sums to tradesmen for frocks and furs, millinery, jewelry and the like. It is fair to assume that she is harassed by her debts. On the other hand, Madame Ybanca undoubtedly wants funds with which to meet her losses at bridge. So the presumption in this direction runs as strongly against one as against the other."

"Well then, barring these slight clews which to my way of thinking really aren't clews at all—and when you have eliminated the circumstance of Goldsborough's having paid perfectly proper attentions to both of them simultaneously, what is there to justify the belief that one or the other must be guilty?"

Miss Smith's voice still carried a suggestion of skepticism.

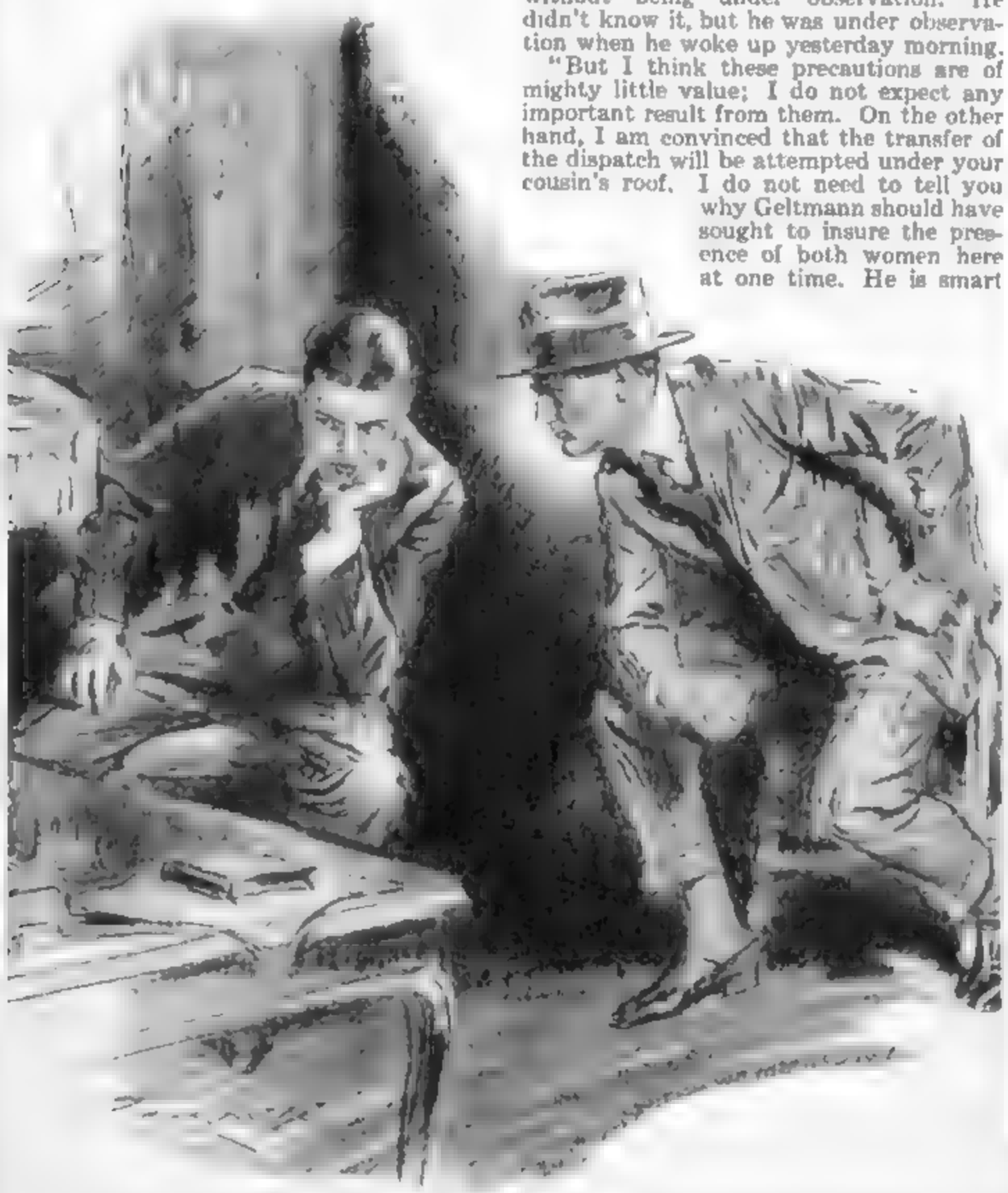
"I'm coming to that. Of course their positions being what they are, neither I nor any other Secret Service operative would dare question either one or both of them. On a mere hazard you cannot go to the beautiful young wife of the distinguished representative of a friendly nation, and a woman besides of irreproachable character, and accuse her of being in the pay of an international crook. You cannot do this any more than you could attempt a similar liberty with regard to an equally beautiful woman of equally good repute who happens to be a prominent figure in the most exclusive circles of this country and the favorite sister of a leader on the Administration side in the United States Senate. Of course since the developments began to focus suspicion upon them, they have been watched Yesterday at church Miss Ballister's wrist bag was picked. Along with things of no apparent significance, it contained a note received by her the day before from Goldsborough—Geltmann rather—reminding her that they were to meet to-morrow night at your cousin's party. Later in the afternoon Madame Ybanca received a telegram and sent an answer, as I have told you; a telegram inviting her to the very same party. Putting two and two together, I think I see Geltmann's hand showing. Having put two and two together, I came to New York to get in touch with you and to enlist your help."

"But why me?"

"Why not you? I remembered that Mrs. Hadley-Smith was related to you. I felt pretty sure that you would be going to her party. And I am morally sure that at the party Geltmann means to meet his confederate—Miss Ballister or Madame Ybanca, as the case may be—and to receive from her the bit of paper that means so much to him and to those he is serving in the capacity of a paid agent. It will be easy enough to do the thing there; whereas a meeting in any other place, public or private, might be dangerous for both of them.

"Miss Ballister will be coming over from Washington to-morrow. She has a chair-car reservation on the Pennsylvania train leaving there at ten o'clock in the morning. I don't know what train Madame Ybanca will take, but the news will be coming to me by wire before she is aboard the train. Each one of them is now being shadowed; each one of them will be shadowed for every moment while she is on her way and during her stay here; and of course Geltmann cannot stir a step outside his suite at the Hotel Atminster, on Fortieth Street, without being under observation. He didn't know it, but he was under observation when he woke up yesterday morning.

"But I think these precautions are of mighty little value; I do not expect any important result from them. On the other hand, I am convinced that the transfer of the dispatch will be attempted under your cousin's roof. I do not need to tell you why Geltmann should have sought to insure the presence of both women here at one time. He is smart



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enough; he knows that in this case there is an added element of safety for him in numbers—that it is better to have both present. Then unwittingly the innocent one will serve as a cover for the guilty one. I think he figures that should discovery of the theft come soon—he not knowing it already has come—then in such case there will be a divided trail for us to follow, one end pointing toward Miss Ballister and the other toward the madame. Or, at least, so I diagnose his mental processes.

"If I have diagnosed them correctly, the big part of the job, Miss Smith, is now up to you. We figure from what she told Westerfeltner that the paper will be concealed on the person of the woman we are after—in her hair perhaps, or in her bosom; possibly in that favorite cache of a woman—her stocking. At any rate she will have it hidden about her; that much we may count on for a certainty. And so it must be your task to prevent that paper from changing hands; better still, to get it into your own possession before it possibly can come under Geltmann's eyes even for a moment. But there must be no scene, no violence used, no scandal; above all things there must be no publicity. Publicity is to be dreaded almost as much as the actual transfer.

"For my part I can promise you this: I shall be in the house of your cousin tomorrow night, if you want me to be there. That detail we can arrange through her; but naturally I must stay out of sight. You must do your work practically unaided. I guarantee though to insure you plenty of time in which to do it. Geltmann will not reach the party until later than he expects. The gentleman will be delayed by one or a number of annoying but seemingly unavoidable accidents. Beyond these points I have to confess myself helpless. After those two women pass inside Mrs. Hadley-Smith's front door the real job is in your hands. You must find who has the paper and you must get it away from its present custodian without making threats, without using force—in short, without doing anything to rouse the suspicions beforehand of the person we are after, or to make the innocent woman aware that she is under scrutiny.

"Above all, nothing must occur to make any of the other guests realize that anything unusual is afoot. For that would mean talk on the outside, and talk on the outside means sensational stories in the newspapers. You can make no mistake, and yet for the life of me I cannot see how you are going to guard against making them. Everything depends on you, and that everything means a very great deal to our country. Yes, everything depends on you, because I am at the end of my rope."

He finished and sat back in his chair, eying her face. Her expression gave him no clew to any conclusions she might have reached.

"I'll do my best," she said simply, "but I must have full authority to do it in my own way."

"Agreed. I'm not asking anything else from you."

In a study she rose and went to the mantelpiece and took one book from the heap of books there. She opened it and glanced abstractedly through the leaves as they flittered under her fingers.

With her eyes on the page headings she said to him: "I quarrel with one of your premises."

"Which one?"

"The one that the woman we want will have the paper hidden in her hair or in her corsage or possibly in her stocking."

"Well, I couldn't think of any other likely place in which she might hide it. She wouldn't have it in a pocket, would she? Women don't have pockets in their party frocks, do they?"

Disregarding his questions she asked one herself:

"You say it is a small strip of paper, and that probably it is rolled up into a wad about the size of a hazelnut?"

"It was rolled up so when Westerfeltner parted from it—that's all I can tell you. Why do you ask that?"

"Oh, it doesn't particularly matter. I merely was thinking of various possibilities and contingencies."

Apparently she now had found the place in the book which, more or less mechanically, she had been seeking. She turned down the upper corner of a certain page for a marker and closed the book.

"Well, in any event," she said, "I must get to work. I think I shall begin by calling up my cousin to tell her, among other things, that her party may have some rather unique features that she had not included in her program. And where can I reach you by telephone or by messenger—say, in an hour from now?"

A number of small things, seemingly in no wise related to the main issue, occurred that evening and on the following morning. In the evening, for example, Mrs. Hadley-Smith revised the schedule of amusements she had planned for her All Fools' party, incorporating some entirely new notions into the original scheme. In the morning Miss Mildred Smith visited the handkerchief counter of a leading department store, where she made selections and purchases from the stocks, going thence to a shop dealing in harness and leather goods. Here she gave a special commission for immediate execution.

Toward dusk of the evening of April first a smallish unobtrusive-looking citizen procured admittance to Mrs. Hadley-Smith's home, on East Sixty-third Street just off Fifth Avenue. With the air of a man having business on the premises he walked through the front door along with a group of helpers from the caterer's. Once inside, he sent a name by the butler to Mrs. Hadley-Smith, who apparently awaited such word, for promptly she came downstairs and personally escorted the man to a small study at the back of the first floor; wherein, having been left alone, he first locked the door leading to the hall and drew the curtains of the windows giving upon a rear courtyard, and proceeded to make himself quite at home.

He ate a cold supper which he found spread upon a table and after that he used the telephone rather extensively. This done, he lit a cigar and stretched himself upon a sofa, smoking away with the air of a man who has finished his share of a given undertaking and may take his ease until the time arrives for renewed action upon his part. Along toward nine-thirty o'clock, when he had smoked his third cigar, there came a soft knock thrice repeated upon the door, whereupon he rose and unlocked the door, but without opening it to see who might be outside he went back to his couch, lay down and lit a fourth cigar. For the next little while we may leave him there to his comfortable solitude and his smoke haze.

Meanwhile the Hon. Sidney Bertram Goldsborough, so called and so registered at the Hotel Atminster, grew decidedly peevish over the unaccountable failure of his order to arrive from a theatrical costumer's, where he had selected it some three days earlier. He was morally sure it had been sent hours earlier by special messenger from the costume shop. In answer to his vexed inquiries the parcels department of the hotel was equally sure that no box or package consigned to Mr. Goldsborough had been received. Finally, after ten o'clock, the missing costume was brought to the gentleman's door with a message of profound regret from the assistant manager, who expressed sorrow that through the stupidity of some member or members of his force a valued guest had been inconvenienced. Hastily slipping into the costume and putting a light overcoat on over it Mr. Goldsborough started in a taxicab up Fifth Avenue. But at Forty-eighth Street a government mail van, issuing suddenly out of the sideway, smashed squarely into the side of the taxicab bearing him, with the result that the taxi lost a wheel and Mr. Goldsborough lost another half hour.

This second delay was due to the fact that his presence upon the spot was required by a plain-clothes man who took over the investigation of the collision from the patrolman on the post. To Mr. Goldsborough, inwardly fuming but outwardly calm and indifferent, it seemed that the plain-clothes person took an unreasonably long time for his inquiries touching on the accident. At length, with apologies for detaining him, the headquarters man—now suddenly become accommodating where before he had been officially exact and painstaking in his inquisition into causes and circumstances—personally hailed another taxicab for Mr. Goldsborough and sent him upon his way.

But Mr. Goldsborough's chapter of petty troubles was not yet ended; for the driver of the second taxi stupidly drove to the wrong address, landing his fare at a house on West Sixty-third Street, clear across Central Park and nearly halfway across town from Mrs. Hadley-Smith's home. So, what with first one thing and then another,

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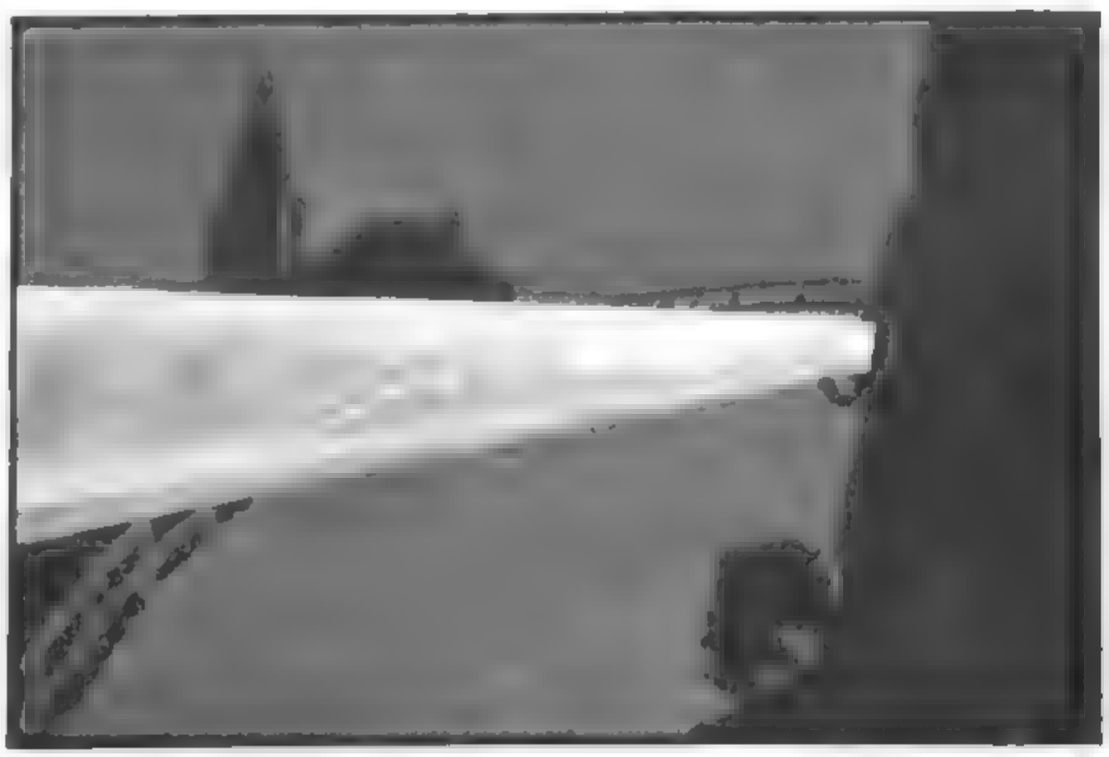

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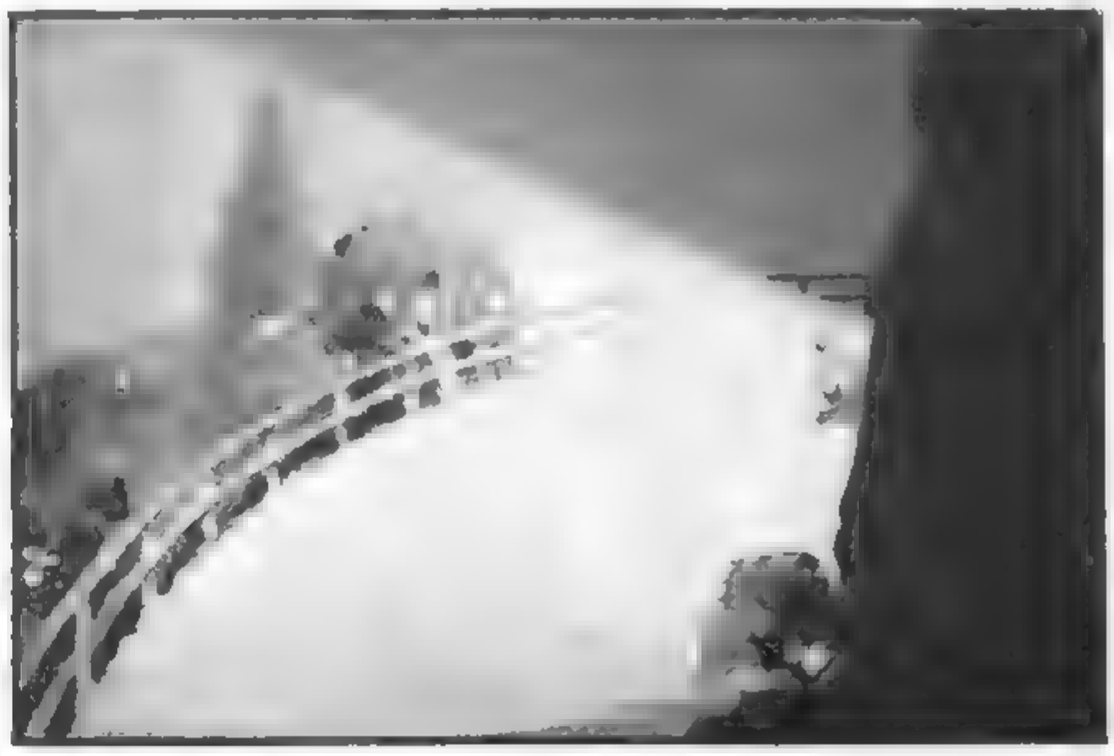

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SAFE!

Danger Lurks on Unlighted Curves!

You wouldn't attempt to drive your car on a dark night *without* lights. Then, why take the risk *for a single moment?* Every driver who uses ordinary "shaft" lights knows that they fail him, always, at one of the most critical points—*a curve*. That moment or two, when the "shafts" are directed straight ahead, instead of to right or left, *may be fatal*. Thousands of accidents have been caused by that momentary failure of adequate illumination.

Your own safety, that of your family, of others who ride with you, of fellow motorists, of pedestrians—demands that you make your night driving SAFE. It is your *duty* to be able to see *every foot* of the road before you, *all the time*.

Warner-Lenz Shows *All* the Road

Equip NOW with Warner-Lenz, the light that illuminates *all* of the road, at curves, on the straightaway, up or down hill. Warner-Lenz is 176 small lenses which shed a diffused, soft, all-revealing radiance. You see clearly on both sides over a wide angle and far ahead.

Warner-Lenz thus protects you against sudden surprises. It reduces the nervous strain of night driving and makes it as enjoyable as daylight motoring. It makes "dimming" unnecessary anywhere and it is *legal* in every part of the world.

Warner-Lenz is Standard Equipment On

Packard	*Marmon*	*McFarlan*
Stutz	*Lenox*	*Daniels 8*
Peerless	*Dorris*	*Cunningham*
Moon	*White*	*Anderson*
Murray	*Westcott*	*Standard 8*
Crawford	*Case*	*Nash*
Fiat	*Davis*	*Doble Steam*
Ohio Electric		*Rock Falls*

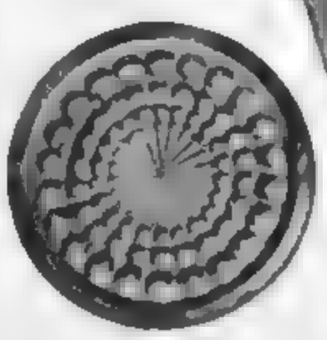
Motor Trucks

Lombard Tractor *Vim*
Stewart (when equipped with electric lighting)

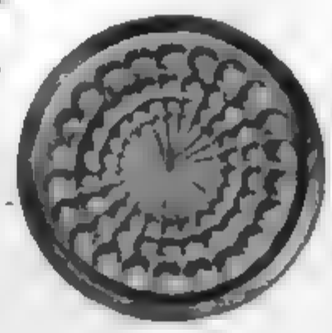
On Over 1,000,000 Cars

Warner-Lenz is standard equipment today on a long list of cars of the best class. More than a million motorists use it.

Go to your dealer *at once*. A moment's work and the change is made. A trifling expense and you are insured against UNLIGHTED CURVES and the hundred and one other dangers and inconveniences of inadequate lighting. Make the decision NOW. Have *Warner-Lenz* put in your headlights TODAY. Don't endure needless risk a moment longer!



WARNER-LENZ



LEGAL EVERYWHERE

This is A. P. Warner of the Warner Auto Meter Fame and Inventor of the Magnetic Speedometer

$3.50 to $5.00 Per Set, According to Size

West of Rockies, 25c Per Pair Extra Canadian Prices, $4.50 to $6.50

WARNER-PATTERSON CO., 914 So. Michigan Avenue, Chicago

To Any Dealer

As per our arrangement, please insert a pair of Warner-Lens for the motorist who signs below. Let him use them for a week. At the end of a week he agrees to return them or pay you for the lenses. If he fails to do so, send us this coupon and we will pay you what the lenses cost.

Warner-Patterson Co., 914 So. Michigan Ave., Chicago

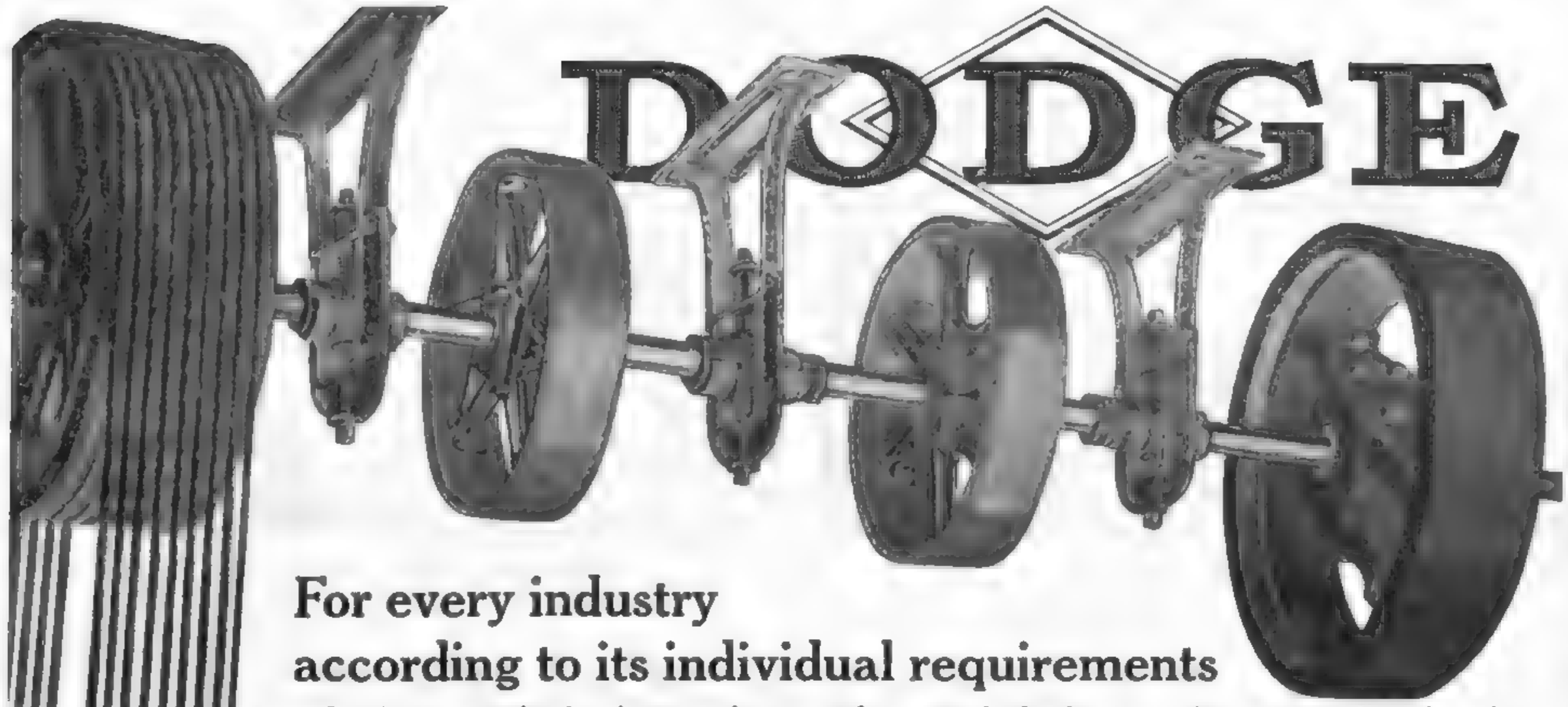
*Owner of Car*_____

Address

Business

*Car's License No.*_____ *Size of Lens*

S. E. P. July 19



DODGE

For every industry according to its individual requirements

Continuous production insures a better product, more satisfied workers and bigger profits; very often an inferior piece of equipment will shut down the shop, stop men's wages and lose thousands of dollars for the stockholders.

The very first step toward production insurance is to select a method of power transmission that is not only mechanically free from trouble but fundamentally free from the possibility of trouble.

In selecting Dodge equipment as his shop standard, the executive or superintendent in charge merely endorses the judgment of other production managers in the plants of The Standard Oil Co. (Staten Island); Texas Company, Port Arthur; Pittsburgh Seamless Tube Co., Beaver Falls, Pa.; Rome Brass & Copper Co., Rome, N. Y.; Timken Roller Bearing Co., Canton, Ohio; Carnegie Steel Co., Pittsburgh, who have found in Dodge products a means to lower power costs, continuous production and simpler cost accounting.

DODGE, ONEIDA and KEYSTONE

are all Dodge-built with an absolute relation of part to part and to the service they will render where assembled into line or countershaft.

Dodge pulleys (wood, iron, steel and iron center wood rim) are fully guaranteed for any service when installed at the direction of a Dodge engineer or Dodge distributor.

Dodge Ball & Socket hangers will carry power at a minimum friction loss—easy to erect, constantly in alignment, they constitute a roadbed for power that requires no attention and no adjustment.

Dodge self-oiling bearings eliminate the "oil-patrolman," who now costs you at least $2.50 per day. Clean and fill Dodge bearings once or twice a year.

The Dodge Split Friction Clutch enables you to drive your equipment in units, saving the power that would otherwise go to idle machines. In case of accident, when life and limb are dependent upon instant action, the Dodge friction clutch is the best assurance that your men will work tomorrow—you can instantly disconnect any unit from the main driving line. Dodge Clutches may be installed in any shop without alteration to your present equipment.

If you are building a new shop, make Dodge your shop-standard from the start; if you experience a breakdown of present "old style" equipment call a Dodge branch or dealer on the telephone quick—every hour your shop is idle it costs you around $35.00 per hundred men in addition to overhead.

Dodge, Oneida and Keystone products are carried in stock in your city; our dealer will make immediate delivery by motor truck, furnishing a unit for the replacement that precludes possibility of future breakdowns at that particular point.

If you have not received your copy of the new 600-page D-19 Dodge, Oneida and Keystone catalog, send for it today.

Dodge Sales & Engineering Company

Distributor of the products of the Dodge Mfg. Co. and Dodge Steel Pulley Corporation

Main Offices and Works: Mishawaka, Ind., and Oneida, N. Y.

Dodge Branch Warehouses:

Chicago New York
Boston Pittsburgh Detroit
St. Louis Minneapolis
Cleveland Cincinnati
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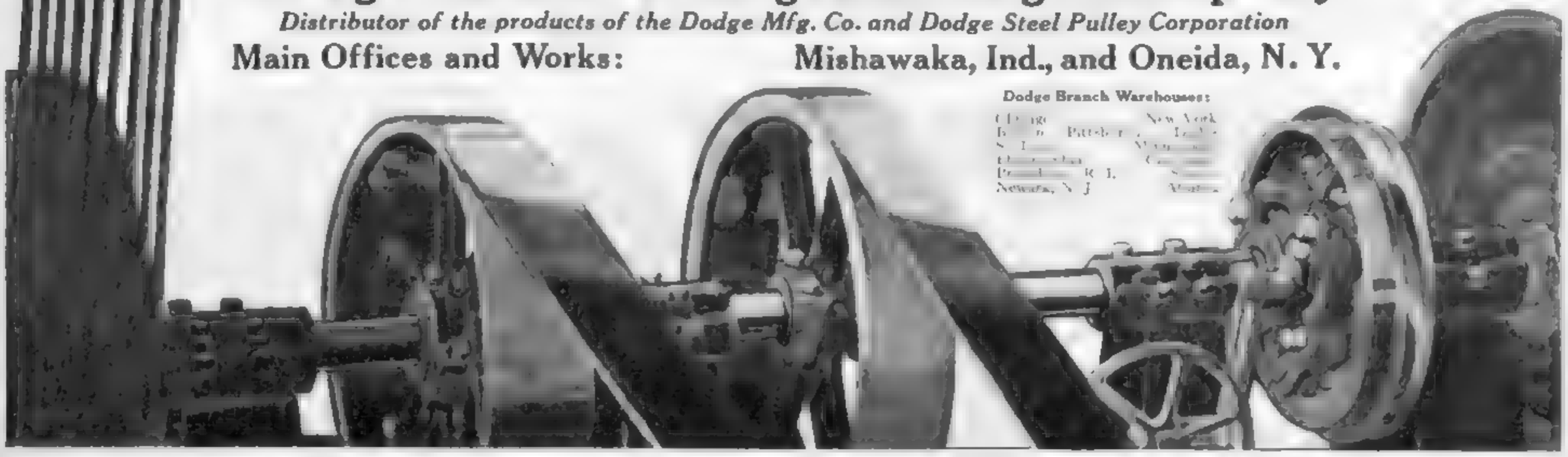


(Continued from Page 130)

eleven o'clock had come and gone before the indignant passenger finally was set down at his proper destination.

We go back to nine-thirty, which was the hour set and appointed for inaugurating the All Fools' Day party. Nine-thirty being the hour, very few of the prospective celebrants arrived before ten. But by ten, or a little later, most of them were assembled in the big twin drawing-rooms on the first floor of the Hadley-Smith establishment. These two rooms, with the study behind them and the wide reception hall that ran alongside them, took up the most of the first-floor ground space of the town house. As the first arrivals noted, they had been stripped of furniture for dancing. One room was quite empty, save for decorations; the other contained only a table piled with favors. Even the chairs had been removed, leaving clear spaces along the walls.

It was not such a very large party as parties go, for Mrs. Hadley-Smith had a reputation for doing her entertaining on a small but an exceedingly smart scale. All told, there were not more than fifty on hand—and accounted for—by ten o'clock. A good many had come in costume—as zanies, pantaloons, witches, Pierrots, Columbines, clowns and simples. For those who wore evening dress the hostess had provided a store of dunce caps and dominos of gay colors. Nearly everybody present already knew nearly everybody else. There were only five or six guests from out of town, and of these Mme. Josephine Ybanca, wife of the great South American diplomat, and Miss Evelyn Ballister, sister of the distinguished Western statesman, were by odds the handsomest. Of women there were more than men; there usually are more women than men in evidence at such affairs.

At about ten o'clock, Mrs. Hadley-Smith stood out on the floor under the arch connecting but not exactly separating the joined rooms.

"Listen, please, everybody!" she called, and the motley company, obeying the summons, clustered about her. "The musicians won't be here until midnight. After they have come and after we've had supper there will be dancing. But until midnight we are going to play games—old games, such as I'm told they played in England two hundred years ago on May Day and on All Fools' Day and on Halloween. There'll be no servants about and no one to bother us and we'll have these rooms to ourselves to do just as we please in."

A babble of politely enthusiastic exclamations rose. The good-looking widow could always be depended upon to provide something unusual when she entertained.

"I've asked my cousin, Mildred, to take charge of this part of our party," went on the hostess. "She has been studying up on the subject, I believe." She looked about her. "Oh, Mildred, where are you?"

"Here," answered Miss Smith, emerging from a corner, pretty Madame Ybanca coming with her. "Madame Ybanca has on such marvelous, fascinating old jewelry to-night; I was just admiring it. Are you ready to start?"

"Quite ready, if you are."

Crossing to the one table in sight Miss Smith took the party-colored cover from a big square cardboard box. Seemingly the box was filled to the top with black silk handkerchiefs; thick heavy black handkerchiefs they were.

"As a beginning," she announced, "we are going to play a new kind of Blind Man's Buff. That is to say, it may be new to us, though some of our remote ancestors no doubt played it a century or so back. In the game we played as children one person was blindfolded and was spun about three times and then had to lay hands upon one of the others, all of whom were duty bound to stand where they were, without moving or speaking—but you remember, I'm sure, all of you? In this version the rules are different, as you'll see.

"First we'll draw lots to see who's going to be It, as we used to say when we were kiddies. Wait a minute though—it will take too long to choose from among so many. I think I'll save time by finding a victim in this little crowd here." And she indicated ten or twelve who chanced to be clustered at her right.

"You, Mr. Polk, and you, Miss Vane, and you and you and you—and, oh yes, I'll take in Madame Ybanca too; she makes an even dozen. I shan't include myself, because I rather think I had better act as referee and general factotum until you learn the game."

The chosen group faced her while the others pressed up in anticipation. From a pocket in her red-and-white clown's blouse Miss Smith produced a sheaf of folded bits of tissue paper.

"One of these papers bears a number," she went on, as she made a selection of twelve slips from the handful. "All the others are blank. I know which one is marked, but no one else does. Now then, take a slip, each of you. The person who draws the numbered slip is It."

In mock solemnity each of the selected twelve in turn drew from between Miss Smith's fingers a colored scrap.

"Mine's a blank," called out Miss Vane, opening her bit of paper.

"Mine too."

"And mine."

"And mine is."

"Who has it, then?"

"I seem to have drawn the fatal number," said Madame Ybanca, holding up her slip for all to see the markings on it.

"So you have," agreed Miss Smith. "Now then, everybody pick out a black handkerchief from this box—they're all exactly alike. Not you, though, madame. I'll have to prepare you for your rôle myself." So saying, she took one of the handkerchiefs and folded it into a long flat strip.

"Now, madame, please put your arms back of you—so! You see, I'm going to tie your hands behind your back."

"Oh, does everybody have to be tied?" demanded Miss Vane.

"No, but everybody excepting the madame must be blindfolded," stated Miss Smith. "I'll explain in just one minute when I'm done with the madame here." With fast-moving fingers she firmly drew the handkerchief about the young matron's crossed wrists. Madame Ybanca uttered a sharp little "Ouch!"

"Oh, I'm so sorry," said Miss Smith. "Am I binding you too tightly?"

"No, not that; but I think you are making one of my bracelets press into my flesh. It's such a thick cumbersome thing anyway."

"Shall I slip it farther up your arm?" asked Miss Smith.

"No, take it off entirely, won't you, and keep it for me? It fastens with a little clasp."

So Miss Smith undid the bracelet, which was a band of curiously chased heavy gold, studded with big bosses containing blue stones, and dropped it into her handy blouse pocket.

Then swiftly she finished her task of knotting the handkerchief ends and Madame Ybanca, very securely bound, stood forth in the midst of a laughing ring, making a pretty and appealing picture with her face slightly flushed by embarrassment.

"One thing more for your adornment and you'll be ready," promised Miss Smith.

Burrowing beneath the remaining handkerchiefs in the box she produced a collar-like device of soft russet leather, all hung with fat silver sleigh bells which, being loosely sewed to the fabric by means of twisted wire threads, jingled constantly and busily. The slightest movement set the wires to quivering like antennæ and the bells to making music. Miss Smith lifted the leather circlet down over Madame Ybanca's head so that it rested upon her shoulders, looping across just below the base of the throat.

"Take a step forward," she bade the madame, and as the latter obeyed, all the bells tinkled together with a constant merry clamor.

"Behold!" said Miss Smith. "The lady of the bells is caparisoned for her part. Now then, let each person blindfold his or her eyes with the handkerchief you have; but take care that you are well blinded.

"Oh, Miss Ballister, let me adjust your handkerchief, won't you? I'm afraid you might disarrange that lovely hair ornament of yours unless you have help. There! How's that? Can you see anything at all? How many fingers do I hold up?"

"Oh, I'm utterly in the dark," said Miss Ballister. "I can't see a thing."

"Are you all hooded?" called Miss Smith.

A chorus of assents went up.

"Good! Then listen a moment: It will be Madame Ybanca's task to catch hold of some one of you with her hands fastened as they are behind her. It is your task to keep out of her way; the bells are to warn you of her approach. Whoever is caught takes her place and becomes It. Ready—go!"

1869–1919

50TH ANNIVERSARY—FIFTY YEARS OF PROGRESS

HEINZ

OVEN BAKED BEANS

AS a luncheon dish, they are as appetizing as they are nutritive. More than this, they are ready to serve. Good hot or cold.

Heinz Baked Beans are baked in ovens by dry heat until all the beans are mealy, sweet and wholesome. It is the painstaking way, but it is the way to attain *quality*.

Everything that Heinz makes is good to eat. That is the unvarying testimony. And everything that Heinz makes is good to eat because, first, last and all the time the aim of the entire business is *quality*.

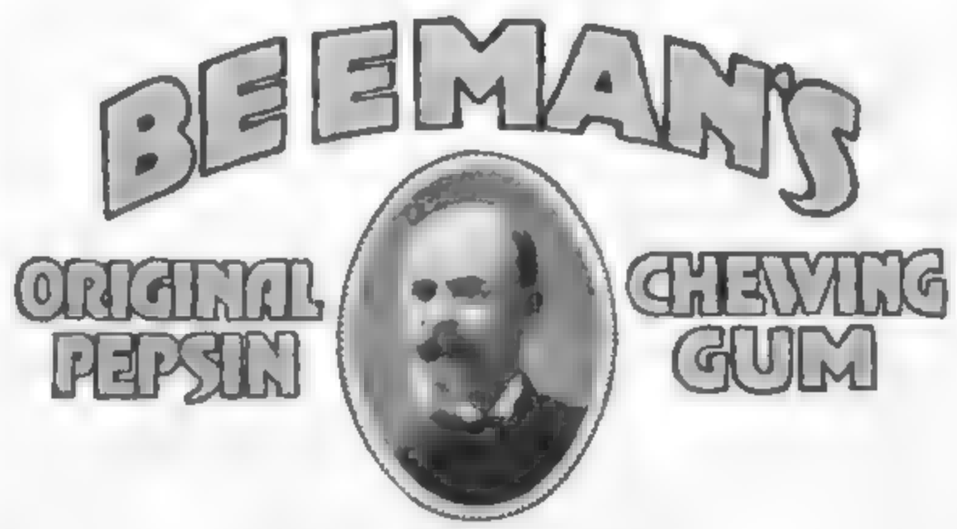
Some of the

57

Vinegar Spaghetti
Cream Soups Olive Oil

four kinds

All Heinz goods sold in Canada are packed in Canada



Business efficiency and good digestion

MANY a man in a position of authority is a failure because of his petulant, fault-finding manner to those under him. To his assistants his faults are attributable to a bad disposition. In reality his trouble may be wholly due to a bad digestion.

A man whose digestion is impaired, even slightly, is prone to be irritable, cross and annoyed by trifles. Under these conditions, he is unable to do his best work or obtain coöperation and the best work from those around him.

The whole efficiency of many an organization is often lowered by the digestive troubles of the "man at the top"—troubles due in many an instance to a fidelity to the business that has led him to eat his meals hastily, without proper mastication, or the slightest mental relaxation.

If such a man will pay strict attention to his diet, eat rationally and chew a stick of my original pepsin gum for ten minutes after each meal his digestive troubles will disappear and there will be a noticeable increase in efficiency which will extend to the whole staff.

D. E. Beeman

CHICLE

AMERICAN CHICLE COMPANY

New York Cleveland Chicago Kansas City San Francisco

Standing a moment as though planning a campaign Madame Ybanca made a quick dash toward where the others were grouped the thickest. But her bells betrayed her. From before her they scattered and broke apart, stumbling, groping with outstretched hands to find the wall, jostling into one another, caroming off again, whooping with laughter. Fast as Madame Ybanca advanced, the rest all managed to evade her. She halted, laughing in admission of the handicap upon her, when before she had been so confident of a capture; then, changing her tactics, she undertook to stalk down some member of the blindfolded flock by stealthy, gentle forward steps. But softly though she might advance, the telltale bells gave ample notice of her whereabouts, and the troop fled. Moreover, even when she succeeded—as she soon did—in herding someone into a corner, the prospective victim, a man, managed to slip past her out of danger, being favored by the fact that to grasp him with one of her fettered hands she must turn entirely about. So he was able to wriggle out of peril and her clutching fingers closed only on empty air.

"It's not so easy as it seemed," she confessed.

"Keep trying," counseled the referee, keeping pace with her. Miss Smith's eyes were darting everywhere at once, watching the hooded figures keenly, as though to detect any who might seek to cheat by lifting his or her mufflings. "You're sure to catch somebody presently. They can't dodge you every time, you know."

So Madame Ybanca tried again. Ahead of her the fugitives stampeded, milling about in uncertain circles, gliding past her along the walls, fleeing from one room to the other and back again—singly, by pairs and threes. They touched her often, but by reason of her hampered state she never could touch, with her hands, any of them in their flight.

As Mrs. Hadley-Smith, fleeing alone, came through the doorway with both her arms outstretched to fend off possible collisions, a sharp low whisper spoken right alongside of her made her halt. The whisperer was her cousin. Unobserved by the madame and unheard by anyone else, Miss Smith spoke a word or two in her cousin's ear. The next instant almost Mrs. Hadley-Smith, apparently becoming confused as to the direction from which the sound of bells approached, hesitated in indecision and was fairly trapped by the pursuer.

"Who's caught? Who's caught?" cried several together.

"You're not supposed to know—that makes the fun all the better," cried Miss Smith. "You may halt a bit to get your breath, but nobody is to touch his or her blindfold."

"I'm sure you took pity on me and let me tag you," said Madame Ybanca in an undertone to her victim as Miss Smith, deftly freeing the younger woman's hands, proceeded to bind the hostess' wrists at her back.

"Not at all," replied Mrs. Hadley-Smith, also under her breath. "I was stupid or awkward or perhaps both at once—that's all."

A moment later when the collar of bells had been shifted to the new wearer's shoulders, the madame, covering up her own eyes, moved away to join the ranks of the blindfolded.

Before taking up the chase Mrs. Hadley-Smith cast a quick look toward her cousin and the cousin replied with a nod and a significant glance toward a certain quarter of the same room in which they stood. Raising her eyebrows to show she understood the widow moved toward the place that had been indicated. From her path the gayly clad figures retreated, eddying and tacking in uncertain flight away from the jingle of the bells.

Had any third person there had the use of his or her eyes that person would have witnessed now a strange bit of byplay and—given a fair share of perception—would have realized that something more important than a petty triumph in the playing of a game was afoot. Having vision this third person would have seen how Mrs. Hadley-Smith, disregarding easier chances to make a capture, strove with all her power to touch one particular chosen quarry; would have seen how twice, by a quick twist of a graceful young body, the hunted one eluded those two tied hands outthrust to seize her; how at the third time of trying the huntress scored a victory and laid detaining hold upon a fold of the fugitive's costume; and how at this Miss Smith, so eagerly watching the chase, gave a gesture of assent and satisfaction over a thing accomplished, as she hurried toward the pair of them to render her self-appointed service upon the winner and the loser.

But having for the moment no eyes with which to see, no third person there witnessed these little interludes of stratagem and design, though it was by no means hard for them to sense that again a coup had been scored. What they did not know was that the newest victim was Evelyn Ballister.

"Oh, somebody else has been nabbed! Goody! Goody! I'm glad I got away," shouted Miss Vane, who was by nature exuberant and of a high spirit. "I wonder who it is now?" She threw back her head, endeavoring to peep out along her tilted nose. "I hope it's a man this time. It's more exciting—being pursued by a man."

"Don't forget—no one is to look," warned Miss Smith as keeper of the rules. "It would spoil the sport if you knew who'll be pursuing you next."

Already she had stripped the blindfold from about Miss Ballister's head and with a quick jerk at the master knot had freed her cousin from bondage. With flirting motions she twisted the folded kerchief into a rope. Practice in the work seemed to have given to her added deftness and speed, for in no more time than it takes to tell of it she had drawn Miss Ballister's smooth arms round behind their owner's back and was busied at the next step of her offices. Almost it seemed the girl surrendered reluctantly, as though she were loath to go through with the rôle that had fallen to her by penalty of being tagged. But if Miss Smith felt unwillingness in the sudden rebellious tensing of the limbs she touched, the only response on her part was an added quickness in her fingers as she placed one veined wrist upon the other and with double wraps made them snugly fast.

"It hurts—it pinches! You've bound me too tightly," murmured the prisoner, as involuntarily she strained against the pull of the trussings.

"Oh, I'm so sorry," whispered Miss Smith. "I'll ease you in just a second." But despite her promise she made no immediate move to do so. Instead she concerned herself with lifting the collaret of bells off over Mrs. Hadley-Smith's head and bestowing it upon the rounded shoulders of the girl. As she brought the jingling harness down in its place her hands lingered for one fleeting space where a heavy, quaint, old-fashioned gold locket—an heirloom that might have come down from a grandmother's days—was dangling from a gold chain that encircled the girl's neck. Apparently she caught a finger in the chain and before she could free it she had given a sharp tug at the chain, thereby lifting the locket from where it rested against the white flesh of its wearer's throat.

"I—I'm afraid I can't play," Miss Ballister almost gasped out the words; then drawing in her breath with a sharp catch: "This room—it's so warm. I feel a bit faint, really I do. Please untie me. I shan't be able to go on." Her voice, though pitched still in a low key, was sharpened with a nervous entreaty.

"I will of course if you really do feel badly," said Miss Smith. Then an inspiration seemed to come to her. Her eyes sparkled.

"Oh," she said, "I've a beautiful idea! We'll play an April Fools' joke on them. We'll make them all think you still are here and while they're dodging about trying to keep away from you we'll slip away together and be at the other end of the house." By a gesture of one hand and with a finger of the other across her lips to impress the need of secrecy, she brought Mrs. Hadley-Smith into the little conspiracy.

"Don't blindfold yourself, Claire," she whispered. "You must help Miss Ballister and me to play a joke on the others. You are to keep the bells rattling after we are gone. See? This way."

With that she shifted the leathern loop from about Miss Ballister's neck and replaced it over Mrs. Hadley-Smith's head—bent forward to receive it. Smiling in appreciation of the proposed hoax the latter took a step or two.

"Watch!" whispered Miss Smith in Miss Ballister's ear. "See how well the trick works. There—what did I tell you?"

For instantly all the players, deceived by the artifice, were falling back, huddling away from the fancied danger zone as

(Concluded on Page 137)

THERE can be no doubt that wire wheels are increasing the tremendous favor they have already won with American motorists.

The significant thing is that they attract owners of all types and makes of cars.

The vogue of Hayes Wire Wheels began, of course, with the higher priced cars, of European and American make.

Now it is extending to a far greater generality. Literally thousands of owners have replaced other types with Hayes Wire Wheels.

In many cities the movement has become so pronounced that the universal adoption of wire wheels is predicted.

The reasons are very plain and very easy to understand. Hayes Wire Wheels, of course, are infinitely smarter.

They add in beauty so obviously—in distinction so greatly—that an overwhelming preference for them was to be expected.

This preference naturally is not based on smartness alone. Their greater riding ease and their superior convenience, have added thousands to our lists of wire wheel users.

The dealer from whom you bought your car can supply Hayes Wire Wheels—or there is probably a Hayes sales and service station in your vicinity.

Dealers—If there is not a Sales and Service Station for Hayes Wire Wheels in your city, ask us to tell you about the extraordinary opportunities in Hayes distribution.

Wire Wheel Division

HAYES WHEEL COMPANY, JACKSON, MICHIGAN

World's Largest Builders of Wheels—Wire, Wood, Steel

Garford

MOTOR TRUCKS FOR EVERY PURPOSE

QUALITY, workmanship, price, service — in fact, all things Garford—are determined by what the Garford *must* ultimately give you—the *low cost ton mile.*

"USERS KNOW"

The Garford Motor Truck Company, Lima, Ohio
Motor Trucks of all Capacities
Distributors and Service Stations in all principal cities

(Concluded from Page 134)

Mrs. Hadley-Smith went toward them. In the same instant Miss Smith silently had opened the nearest door and, beckoning to Miss Ballister to follow her, was tiptoeing softly out into the empty hall. The door closed gently behind them.

Miss Ballister laughed a forced little laugh. She turned, presenting her back to Miss Smith.

"Now untie me, please do." In her eagerness to be free she panted out the words.

"Surely," agreed Miss Smith. "But I think we should get entirely away, out of sight, before the bells stop ringing and the hoax begins to dawn on them. There's a little study right here at the end of the hall. Shall we go there and hide from them? I'll relieve you of that handkerchief then."

"Yes, yes; but quickly, please!" Miss Ballister's note was insistent; you might call it pleading, certainly it was agitated. "Being tied this way gives one such a trapped sort of feeling—it's horrid, really it is. I'll never let anyone tie my hands again so long as I live. It's enough to give one hysterics—honestly it is."

"I understand. Come on, then."

With one hand slipped inside the curve of the other's elbow Miss Smith hurried her to the study door masked beneath the broad stairs, and opening it, ushered her into the inner room.

It contained an occupant: a smallish man with mild-looking gray eyes, who at their entrance rose up from where he sat, staring steadily at them. At sight of the unexpected stranger Miss Ballister halted. She uttered a shocked little exclamation and recoiled, pulling away from her escort as though she meant to flee back across the threshold. But her shoulders came against the solid panels.

The door so soon had been shut behind her, cutting off retreat.

"Well?" said the stranger.

Miss Smith stood away from the shrinking figure, leaving it quite alone.

"This is the woman," she said, and suddenly her voice was accusing and hard. "The stolen paper is in that necklace she is wearing round her neck."

For proof of the truth of the charge Mullinix had only to look into their captive's face. Her first little fit of distress coming on her so suddenly while she was being bound had made her pale. Now her pallor was ghastly. Little blemishes under the skin stood out in blotches against its dead white, and out of the mask her eyes glared in a dumb terror. She made no outcry, but her lips, stiff with fright, twisted to form words that would not come. Her shoulders heaved as—futilely—she strove to wrench her arms free. Then quickly her head sank forward and her knees began to bend under her.

"Mind—she's going to faint!" warned Mullinix.

Both of them sprang forward and together they eased the limp shape down upon the rug. She lay there at their feet, a pitiable little bundle. But there was no compassion, no mercifulness in their faces as they looked down at her.

Alongside the slumped form Miss Smith knelt down and felt for the clasp of the slender chain and undid it. She pressed the catch of the locket and opened it, and from the small receptacle revealed within, where a miniature might once have been, she took forth a tightly folded half sheet of yellow parchment paper, which had it been wadded into a ball would have made a sphere about the size of the kernel of a fair-sized filbert.

Mullinix grasped it eagerly, pressed it out flat and took one glance at the familiar signature, written below the close-set array of seemingly meaningless and unrelated letters.

"You win, young lady," he said, and there was thanksgiving and congratulation in the way he said it. "But how did you do it? How was it done?"

She looked up from where she was casting off the binding about the relaxed hands of the unconscious culprit.

"It wasn't hard—after the hints you gave me. I made up my mind yesterday that the paper would probably be hidden in a piece of jewelry—in a bracelet or under the setting of a ring possibly; or in a hair ornament possibly; and I followed that theory. Two tests that I made convinced me that Madame Ybanca was innocent, they quite eliminated Madame Ybanca from the equation. So I centered my efforts on this girl and she betrayed herself soon enough."

"Betrayed herself, how?"

"An individual who has been temporarily deprived of sight will involuntarily keep his or her hands upon any precious object that is concealed about the person—I suppose you know that. And as I watched her after I had blindfolded her ——"

"After you had what?"

"Blindfolded her. Oh, I kept my promise," she added, reading the expression on his face. "There was no force used, and no violence. She suffered herself to be blindfolded—indeed, I did the blinding myself. Well, after she had been blindfolded with a thick silk handkerchief I watched her, and I saw that while with one hand she groped her way about, she kept the other hand constantly clutched upon this locket, as though to make sure of the safety of something there. So then I was sure; but I was made doubly sure by her actions while I was tying her hands behind her. And then, after I had her tied and helpless, I could experiment further—and I did—and again my experiment convinced me I was on the right track."

"Yes—but tying her hands—didn't she resist that?"

"No; you see, she let me tie her hands too. It was a part of a game. They all played it."

"Some of the others were blinded, eh?"

"All of them were; every single one of them was. They still are, I imagine, providing my cousin is doing her part—and I am sure she is. There'll be no suspicion of the truth, even after their eyes are unhooded. Claire has her explanations all ready. They'll miss this girl of course and wonder what has become of her, but the explanation provides for that: She was taken with a sudden indisposition and slipped away with me, not wishing to spoil the fun by staying on after she began to feel badly. That's the story they'll be told, and there's no reason why they shouldn't accept it as valid either. See! She's coming to."

"Then I'll get out and leave you to attend to her. Keep her here in this room until she's better, and then you may send her back to her hotel. You might tell her that there is to be no prosecution and no unpleasant notoriety for her if only she keeps her mouth shut about all that's happened. Probably she'll be only too glad to do that, for I figure she has learned a lesson."

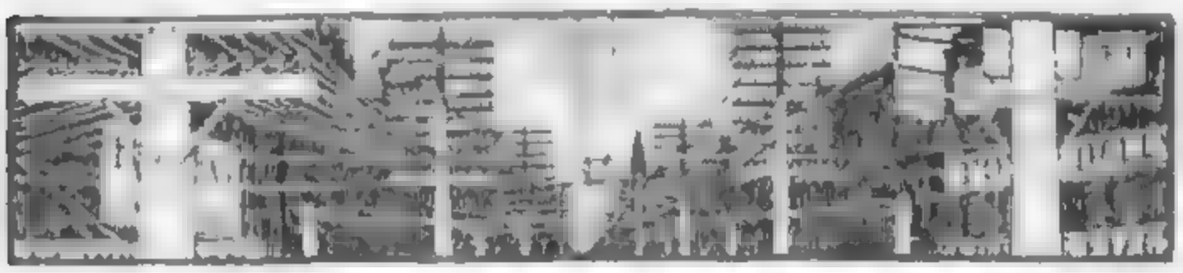
"You won't want to question her, then, after she has been revived?"

"It's quite unnecessary. I have the other ends of the case in my hands. And besides I must go outside to meet our dear friend Geltmann when he arrives. He should be driving up to the house pretty soon—I had a telephone message five minutes ago telling me to expect him shortly. So I'm going out to break some sad news to him on the sidewalk. He doesn't know it yet, but he's starting to-night on a long, long trip; a trip that will take him clear out of this country—and he won't ever, ever be coming back.

"But I'll call on you to-morrow, if I may—after I've seen to getting him off for the West. I want to thank you again in behalf of the Service for the wonderful thing you've done so wonderfully well. And I want to hear more from you about that game you played."

"I'll do better than that," she promised; "I'll let you read about it in a book—an old secondhand book, it is; you saw it yesterday. Maybe I can convert you to reading old books; they're often full of things that people in your line should know."

"Lady," he said reverently, "you've made a true believer of me already."



LIFT *the* DOT TRADE MARK *Fasteners*

The "Lift-the-Dot" three-side lock fastener has three chief points of superiority. It holds securely. It is operated in a most simple manner. It is neat, compact and ornamental.

The great thing about this fastener is its simplicity. It is fastened simply by pressing the socket down on the solid post. The instant it snaps it is locked on three sides—and stays put. Yet it unfastens instantly—and easily—when you lift the fourth side, the side with the dot.

The universal success of "Lift-the-Dot" on automobile tops and curtains has led to its general use on luggage, sporting goods and many other kinds of leather and canvas articles.

The Lift-the-Dot along with five other fasteners goes to make up

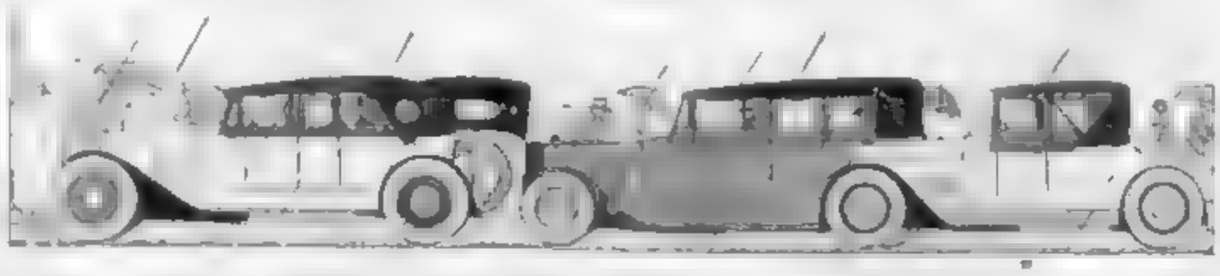
The TRADE DOT MARK *Line of Fasteners*

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

TRADE MARK

The "Lift-the-Dot" Fastener
The "Durable Dot" Fastener
The "Velvex Dot" Fastener
The "Amzo Dot" Fastener
The "Segma Dot" Fastener

A fastener to meet every fastener need. Manufacturers of goods requiring fasteners should investigate The Dot Line. Catalog mailed upon request.



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Makers of The "DOT" Line of Fasteners

"Smoother Faces"

YOU have pictured—every man has—the happy shave; the just right heft of the razor, the painless purr of the blade, the quick job, the silken skin.

That's the shave you have always wanted. That's a Smoother Face. A Smoother Face is a business asset; a social necessity; the daily habit of the fastidious; the mark of the Gem user.

Millions of Gem users on six continents know this shaving truth—

"The Blade is the Razor"

Gem Damaskeene Blades—keen as Damascus steel—have a durable delicacy of edge that actually gives a silken skin, a happy shave.

Specially tempered, hardened and ground, they are then patent-processed, tested and double-inspected. Only our 39 years of experience and "know how" could produce such blades!

The Gem frame—so simple to the eye and yet so vital to your shave—holds the blade against your face at the Universal Angle. No adjustment is necessary.

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Learn to know the Gem. Learn the comfort, the pride, the content of a Smoother Face. Fit a Gem Damaskeene Blade into a Gem frame and get the full service you can ask from any razor.

Every man should read the new folder "Smoother Faces and How To Get One." Shall we send you a copy?

The Standard Gem Set includes frame and handle, stropping device and seven Damaskeene Blades in compact, velvet-lined case.

$1.00

GEM CUTLERY CO., Inc., New York

Canadian Branch: 991 St. Catherine Street, W., Montreal

WILSONVILLE

(Continued from Page 7)

the morning. This is Mr. Wilson's leverage. He does everything he does with long historical handles. He is rowing daily with thousand-year oars.

The only person who can unworthily govern President Wilson's action or make him afraid will be someone—some man of genius who will entrance and hold the world forever with anything he might choose to say about Woodrow Wilson or anything he might fancy to think about him—taking a poor President Wilson all tied down as he is of course in the heavy toting job of merely making history, and writing up the history Mr. Wilson has really made, in a way Mr. Wilson has not time to write it.

This man could elbow in ahead of Mr. Wilson with posterity, and tuck him into any little place he would like in the minds, in the effective working judgments, the smiles and tears of men forever. Shakspere could possibly—I do not make this as an accusation, but if anyone could do it at all I should say Shakspere could possibly swerve Wilson from his course and lure him into not being true to his larger purpose. Some men are bribed by dollars, some by hundreds of thousands of dollars, some by a thousand years. Aristophanes or Cervantes could manage Mr. Wilson best, Cervantes especially. But since there is no Shakspere, no Aristophanes, not even a Carlyle in America, the country and the world are going to be saved from President Wilson's being corrupted, being swerved from his true course; and America is going to achieve in President Wilson the longest-ranged, the most historical-minded, independent, unpolarized public career in history.

Inasmuch as the genius of the moment and the tragedy of the hour call most of all for the particular kind of arbitration-board aloofness, the particular kind of independence of the passion of the moment of which Woodrow Wilson is master, it is not a little fortunate that the world in its present mood of toploftical crowds and babels of hot and roaring cities is fitted up with it.

VIII

I CANNOT help thinking what Mr. Lincoln, if he could manage to get back for four weeks, might say to Mr. Wilson's going before the American people and Congress with a League of Nations—I cannot help thinking what Mr. Lincoln, if he were to step one side and have a quiet word with him, would say to Senator Lodge; or what Mr. Lincoln would say to Colonel Harvey.

I do not know, but I do know that if Mr. Lincoln could come back and have a talk with Mr. Lodge and Colonel Harvey, whatever he said or whatever he did, we should not find Lincoln petering out into a mere Republican. We should find him speaking of the world and of what a hundred million people in America in the desperate civil war of a world, in the staggering and stuttering of forty nations, could possibly do in the course of the next few years to help the man the world has appointed to pull it together. The world has apparently given Mr. Wilson this appointment not only because he represents a world, not only because he represents us, but because in a very singular and very extraordinary degree he represents his own soul and has a vision and stands by a vision.

And what the world wants most desperately at the moment is a vision or a working ideal to turn on. It has chosen Mr. Wilson because he has one. A man with a vision at this time becomes the linchpin of the world.

I admit that the idealism of a man who has the philosophic temperament does not appeal to me so much as the idealism of the man who has the artistic temperament. In a time when everything turns on visualizing ideals to people, I would have said, if I had been asked, that an idealist with a special genius for visualizing rather than for philosophizing would be more practical and would do quicker work than Mr. Wilson.

But I am tired—for one—of trying to point out to God the kind of idealist I think he really ought to use at this time. The fact that in wild moments I feel Mr. Wilson ought to be more like me, or even the idea Senator Borah seems to have that he ought to be an Idaho idealist, seems to me irrelevant. Mr. Wilson has the position of head idealist of the world at the present moment, and if God himself puts up with using the kind of idealists we have, why should not Senator Lodge and Senator Borah and several of us? Some people have a slinking preference for the kind of idealist one can slap on the back, and they never quite forgive Mr. Wilson for not being this kind but what of it?

If we could get Lincoln back from the day Wilkes Booth shot him, and have him finish out from to-morrow morning on Mr. Wilson's term of office for him, what would James M. Beck at a Lincoln dinner in New York be saying about Lincoln? Or what would Senator Lodge say, trying to stop a world, full head-on, by little jerks of criticism in the Senate? We want criticism, but we want criticism in the motor or constructive spirit in a world crisis like this—criticism running alongside and keeping up.

It is our world, it is everybody's world; it is the world we are all going to manage to move on in together in one way or in another. If we all of us of all parties spend our time in pushing in the same general direction though with variations and in different degrees, everybody's impulse is going to work a momentum up that will soon bring us to a common point. Events begin vague and funnel-shaped, and then people and their likes and their dislikes by the sheer force of moving on are all crowded together.

IX

A STATESMAN is a man who hews out of the future, out of apparent blankness and oblivion, huge chunks of events he wants to have happen. We call him or are apt to call him an idealist, but he should be called, more accurately, a visualist. He wants things in precisely the way other men do, by seeing the things; but he has a faculty of seeing the things the way a gardener sees his seeds—the way they are going to look.

Mr. Wilson's strong point is that he is a new kind of historian. He sees very clearly and in perspective history he already has, from the point of view of getting some more history he would like to have. Historians in the world before have usually been collectors or spectators or picture makers of history. Mr. Wilson deals daily with the stuff history is made of—the future. With a kind of yeast or seed of To-morrow daily he mixes the Past.

It is this creative desire of Mr. Wilson of reaching forward to a visualization of what might happen and delighting in it and dwelling on it until he turns it into a realization of what has got to happen, which makes him what he is. Then he takes the realization of what has got to happen and works it over into the embodiment of what does and of what has. This is what Mr. Wilson, as compared with Clémenceau or Orlando and with most American Republicans and Democrats, is doing for the world to-day.

I do not feel sure always that what Mr. Wilson has is spiritual vision, but he has spiritual will in a high degree. He has grit with the unseen, a sublime obstinacy in keeping on looking at the unseen until it shows itself. He seems to me to be better at seeing with clearness and courage that we have got to have a League of Nations, for instance, and that we have got to have it as a first part and an essential part of everything else we want to have, than he is at seeing what peace consists of, and at picking out men to work for him who know peace when they see it, and who have the technic to get it.

X

NO ONE can say that Mr. Wilson invented the League of Nations.

What he invented was the idea of standing up for it and having it, and having it now and having it first as the organic basic seed or core of assumption round which all terms of peace and guaranties of peace could be made—the core of assumption out of which peace should grow and be a living, self-renewing thing, and not the static laid-together, stratified, treatified dead thing peace has been before.

What Mr. Wilson has contributed has been his own personal will summing up the will of forty nations that there shall be a league, a league now or never, in the nick of time for the crisis of free peoples.

What we have from Woodrow Wilson for the league is a foot in the door.

He invented putting a foot in the door.

There are innumerable things the matter, all of which could be attended to afterward.

(Continued on Page 141)

The Red Seal Continental Motor is the Feature She Looks for First

Today when economy and sureness of operation are of primary importance, the man or woman who buys an automobile gives first attention to the motor.

Unless the motor is satisfactory, all else in a motor car goes for naught. More than that, the motor's merit must be proved in advance. The buyer must be sure of its power, its speed, its silence, and above all its dependability.

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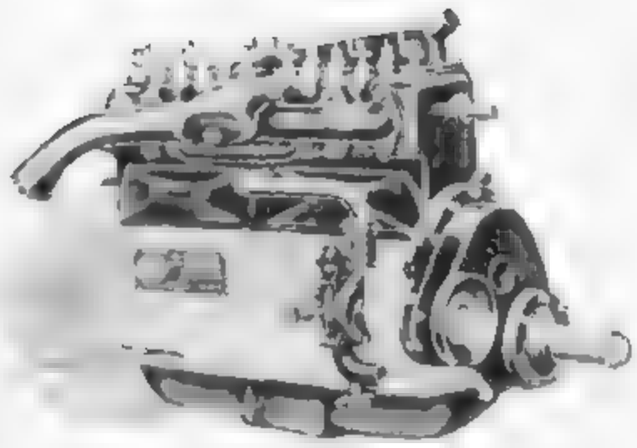
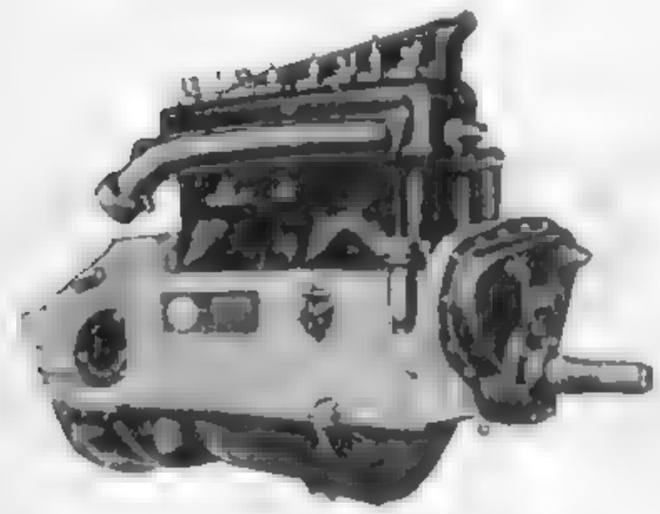
Look first, then, for the Red Seal on the motor in the car or truck you buy, and be sure of motor satisfaction.



America's Standard Passenger Car Motor. Look for the Red Seal Nameplate.



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Offices, Detroit Michigan — Factories, Detroit-Muskegon

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This Seal when shown on Continental Motor Nameplates has a Red Circle Border

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Fire means loss from every point of view. Fire insurance only mitigates the individual loss. The Hartford Fire Insurance Company tries to prevent the real loss, a loss this country suffers to a greater degree than any other country.

This loss is due to national habits of carelessness

Don't allow yourself to believe that a fire insurance policy provides full compensation. You should not look upon fire insurance as merely an unavoidable item of expense, but rather as your best ally in preventing loss. Hartford service in your community means that near you, in your neighbors' buildings, if not in your own, precautions are being taken against fire.

The possession of a Hartford policy entitles you to Hartford service, but that service cannot be fully effective until you personally do your part toward preventing fires. If you do not do this, you are a danger to your neighbors just as their carelessness is a menace to you, and you cannot escape your share of the responsibility for the nation's fire loss. You share in that loss.

If you own anything that can be burned up, whether you have a fire insurance policy or not, whether you *want* a fire insurance policy or not, consult the Hartford agent about safeguarding *your* property.

Any agent or broker can get you a policy in the

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The Two Hartfords—the Hartford Fire Insurance Co. and the Hartford Accident and Indemnity Co.—write practically every form of insurance except life.

HARTFORD FIRE INSURANCE CO.
HARTFORD ACCIDENT AND INDEMNITY CO.
Hartford, Conn.

(Continued from Page 138)

But putting the foot in the door could not be attended to afterward.

Woodrow Wilson has done this. He has done it practically alone.

It is an act of supreme immortal audacity in the biggest, most blazing, desperate, memorable moment of all history—a clairvoyant reading of the heart of a world, of the will of thirty generations and a thousand years, against the political dovetailers and quibblers, the puttering moral plumbers and fitters of forty nations.

It is no more than fair, in dealing with a man who has done what the next thirty generations would do if they were here, that nearly the whole of this one should at least stand by and see him through, see that he has fair treatment from the politicians and diplomats of this and other nations.

It is no more than fair that the American people should give the representative of thirty generations a little more leeway in acting for them than Senator Lodge would or than conventional national etiquette with the ordinary run of great men would allow.

The way for Mr. Lodge and others to criticize Mr. Wilson is to outreach him in vision and courage. Mr. Wilson's way of dealing with his enemies is to let them talk and keep still himself, and then he cuts in ahead of them with doing things they did not think he would dare to do, and that they did not even dare to think he would dare to do.

He has courage for himself. Courage for other people. Imagination about what is going to happen, and nerve in making it happen.

A nation that will waste such a man at such a time, that will let go such a chance for peace and democracy as Woodrow Wilson is, that will let such a tool for free peoples be thrown away, and do it for local personal or party reasons, will be reckless beyond belief.

The League of Nations, the idea of literally and practically having it, of having forty nations set their teeth and have it now, is the most characteristic, most original idea America could have.

The League of Nations writes America across the consciousness of a world, across the cynical and timid hearts of forty weary nations.

In one act, in one stupendous moment it sums up the autobiography of a hundred million people.

XI

IF GOD were going to make Woodrow Wilson over in the next two or three weeks in the nick of time to save a world, there are certain things I should suggest to the American people to pray for. But there are no indications that He is. What is there that we can do, we the plain people of America—what shall we pick out and what not in the Woodrow Wilson we have, to make the best use of him?

Wilson is here. The way for the American people to fling free, to swing out as a nation into a clean-cut, manful action which shall make a ring on every nation in the world, is for us all to thank God—even if we do it between our teeth—that Woodrow Wilson has certain qualities we could not hope to get out of any other man, and thank Mr. Wilson too; and then in exchange for telling him this tell him frankly that there are certain other qualities which would make his qualities work, and tell him that we hope he is going to let in very soon now people who can supply them.

Millions of people who are coldly watching Wilson rushing off to save a world alone—going off to save it all by himself on a motorcycle—would swing their hats at once for a Wilson who would discard his motorcycle and who would let five or six other people pile in with him—save the world with him—in a motor bus.

I believe Mr. Wilson would prefer a motor bus.

But what kind of men should get into the motor bus with him?

A President who has creative imagination in the business of being a President and touching the imagination of a nation, who has great conceptions of things to do, should have got into the bus with him men who have creative imagination about how to do things.

The men who have shown the most creative imagination in America about how to do things are our big business men.

I have been jealous in behalf of the President and his world policy for the nation that the dominating creative practical idealists we have in big business in this country should understand him, believe in him, like him and like to work with him.

One would have said theoretically that a dominating type of man like the President, who leads his party out of obscurity because he has more practical imagination about it and what it can do than anybody else, and who leads his nation out of its comparative provincialism and obscurity to the undisputed first place among the nations of the world because he has more imagination—and more historic imagination—about his people than anybody else, would instinctively understand and like, and like to work with, the biggest men America has produced, the men who have succeeded by showing the most imagination and the most courage in business.

Mr. Wilson had all of these men standing with him once.

No Administration has ever had one-twentieth of the men of this kind in its service that President Wilson's had during the war.

It was because the American Government was taken over by men of business genius in this country the last two years of the war, it was because American business men thrust themselves upon the Government, that the miracle of two million men in France was achieved, and that the Germans with their scoffs at what an American Government could do in two years were brought to their knees.

Everything the Germans said about the loose-jointedness and helplessness of the American Government was true, and we all know it was true, and that it would have proved to be true if American business men of the creative type had not practically commandeered the government offices at Washington, taken the Government for all practical purposes out of the hands of the Government, made a new Government, a great new impromptu Government, and run it themselves.

They did this because America was facing the horrors of war.

America is facing to-day the horrors of peace, the far more serious, more perplexing, more original, more unprecedented horrors of peace—facing the running of forty nations instead of running one. And where now are the business men who stood by the President?

It may be partly his fault and partly theirs, but where are they now?

Unless the essence or quintessence of this war can be kept from being thrown away, can be bottled up where a whole world can get at it and have the use of it forever in some sort of League of Nations, unless the men who have stood by Mr. Wilson for a war that went to the root of war will stand by him now for a peace that will go to the root of peace, America will have to back away from the most stupendous opportunity to be a great nation—to be a great nation at one stroke in six months—that has ever been offered to any nation since the day when nations first began toddling before God on this poor puzzling little planet trying to grow up and be great!

Just at the present moment, with Mr. Wilson returning to us with his great but not filled out or worked out conception of a League of Nations in his hands, the fate of the world hangs upon Mr. Wilson's still being backed up by the powerful men who hurried to stand behind him during the war and who will have to stand behind him now for precisely the same reasons, in precisely the same spirit—overriding all personal and all party considerations—in which they stood behind him before.

What lies most in the way of this seems to be not a political difficulty or an intellectual difficulty but a very lively personal, almost temperamental difficulty.

The men I have in mind have in a quite astonishing degree a dislike and distrust of Mr. Wilson, and feel that he has a dislike and distrust of them.

It cannot be said that it is the business men alone who are to blame for this.

Why is it that the President looks, even if it is not true, as if he did not really like to have big business men get into the bus with him?

Why is it that Woodrow Wilson in rushing to save a world does it in this reserved motorcycle way?

Just Woodrow Wilson?

Just the motorcycle?

And the plain people looking on, afar off?

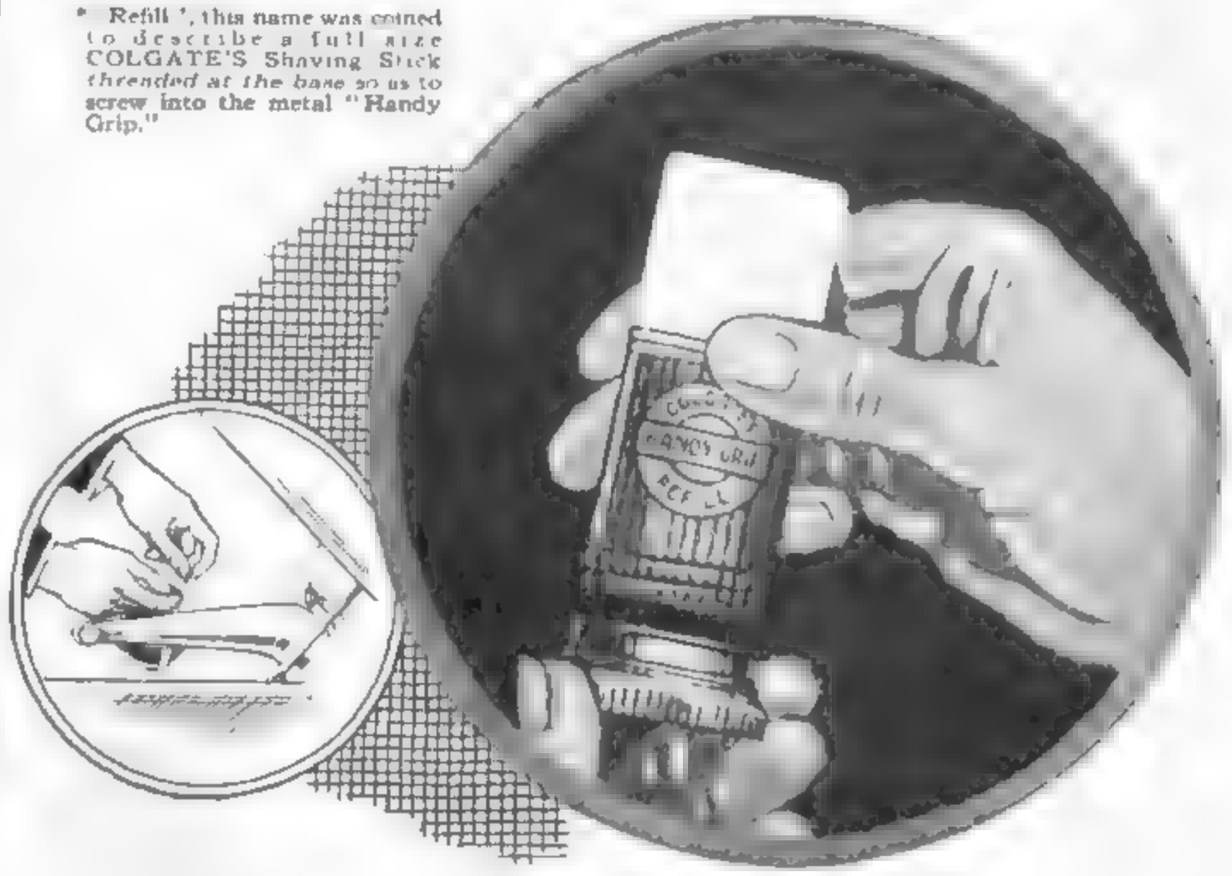
I think it is because President Wilson, partly by politics, partly by temperament and partly by overwork, is out of touch with the real typical American business man as he really is.

COLGATE'S

"HANDY GRIP"

The*Refill Shaving Stick

*"Refill", this name was coined to describe a full size COLGATE'S Shaving Stick *threaded at the base* so as to screw into the metal "Handy Grip."



"like putting a new needle in a phonograph"

YOU can renew the soap in your Colgate's "Handy Grip," just as you can put a fresh needle in your phonograph. The "socket" has a screw thread and when the soap is used up you can screw in a "Refill" stick, which costs less than the complete Grip.

"Handy Grip" 30c

"Refill" Stick 22c

You get *extra* economy with Colgate's "Handy Grip" for, besides the "Refill" feature, you can unscrew the last ½-inch of soap and stick it on the "Refill" so that it is *all* used. That saves you some fifty shaves—and every Colgate shave is so smooth and comfortable that it is worth saving.

COLGATE & CO. *Established 1806* NEW YORK

Some men still prefer to shave with a Cream though it is the least economical way. To these men, this friendly word: Clip this paragraph and mail it to us before Sept. 19, 1919. We will send you, free, a trial tube of Colgate's Perfected Shaving Cream. You cannot be sure you know the best till you have used Colgate's. But we give you the impartial advice to use the "Handy Grip" as the most convenient and economical way to shave. We can do this impartially as we make all three forms of shaving soap—Stick, Powder and Cream. Address Colgate & Co., Dept P, 199 Fulton Street, New York.

Wet the old stub and press it on the "Refill"—it sticks.

Silent
SI-WEL-CLO

MANY large hotels and apartment houses have discarded the noisy flushing water closet.

We have been able to show them how they could better serve their public by using the silent Si-wel-clo.

The Si-wel-clo closet incorporates all the good mechanical features a water closet should have and *adds* that of extraordinarily quiet operation.

The Si-wel-clo is only one item of

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"Tepeco" All-Clay Plumbing

"Tepeco" plumbing is beautiful, practical and permanent. How permanent can only be realized after experience with other kinds.

"Tepeco" plumbing is china or porcelain, solid and substantial. Dirt does not readily cling to its glistening white surface, nor will that surface be worn away by scouring. With time, inferior materials will lose their sanitary value, dirt will adhere, the appearance become unInviting—the piece lose its usefulness.

Insist that all your plumbing fixtures be of "Tepeco" ware. A wise investment—a beautiful one.

If you intend to build or renovate your bathroom be sure to write for our instructive book, "Bathrooms of Character."

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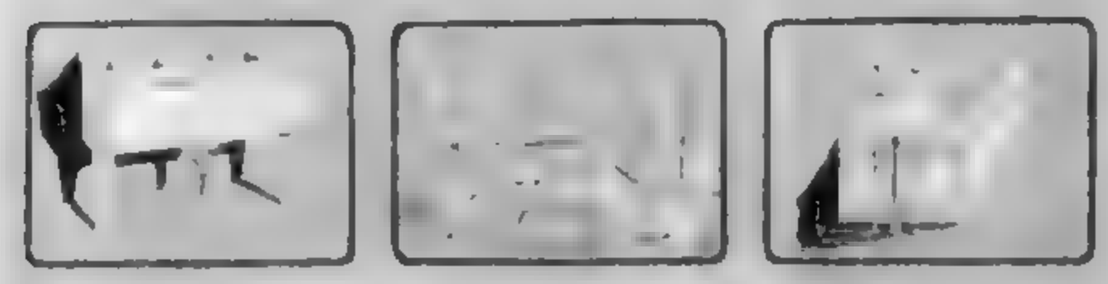
Trenton, New Jersey, U. S. A.
World's Largest Makers of All-Clay Plumbing Fixtures



I wish someone would stand up with the President for the working idealist in America as I see him.

I am afraid the President is waiting for business angels. He does not really like our rough-hewn idealists or American men who have plain practical business imaginations. He does not trust us.

Very well then.

Let us stand by him, fight for him and fight alongside him until he does, until he knows us better.

The short cut to being understood by Mr. Wilson is to understand him, get into the harness with him, into close quarters with him until he cannot help understanding us.

All we have to do is to stand by his elbow, working with him, showing the same kind of creative imagination in seeing ways to get things done by a nation that he has shown in seeing things for a nation to do.

We are idealists too. And we can prove it. We cannot get what we want without his idealism and he cannot get what he wants without ours. He has had the grit with the unseen and the grit with the seen, to stand out in the presence of forty nations, to put his foot in the door of the world for what we want, and hold it there with a vision and a courage that no other statesman in any other nation or in any other time has ever dreamed of; and if we disappoint him now the peoples of forty nations will turn away their faces in sorrow and defeat, and our children and our children's children for a thousand years will mock us!

The most distinguished and characteristic achievement of America is that our American men have put social prestige, social meaning, intellectual distinction, idealism and practical working imagination into business and not into the homely affairs of life. American business men have made business a new art, a new science and a new profession.

Now is America's chance to prove, and to prove in three weeks to forty waiting and listening nations, what American business men are really like.

Incidentally we shall prove it to Mr. Wilson that we are idealists too. The way to do with Mr. Wilson's disbelief or comparative disbelief in American business men is to do things, and do things now, that will make him wonder why he had it, that will make him feel he is wrong about American business men.

No man living to-day will be more glad, more proud to be wrong than Woodrow Wilson will be when we come flocking up round him and in the stupendous moment he has thrust upon the world, in the hush of forty nations, line up beside him, work out for him, work out with him the will and the vision of the peoples of the earth!

XII

AT A TIME when every few minutes someone is getting up and trying to hold off a League of Nations by making little weak, scared and puttering improvements in it, the characteristic and conclusive thing for a people like the American people to do is to believe in the League of Nations so much and back it so hard that practically any kind of League of Nations will work.

A situation in which everybody is asking questions and in which absolutely nobody knows is one in which a very few people who are very much afraid can tip over a country and upset a world.

After all the main thing that is the matter with the league is the scared people—the scared and fretful people it is weighted down with.

It is the spirit of the American people at a time like this to clear these people away, set them down hard in the back seats of the world, until the nucleus of the league goes through.

Stop puttering, believe and act; putter when there is time for it—is the spirit of the American people to-day.

The situation seems to be one in which a hundred and fifty years has been getting ready to prove to the American people and prove to the world what Americans are really like.

It is just the sort of situation Americans have been practicing a hundred and fifty years to meet.

It is our genius as a people to feel and act as Isabella acted and felt when she sold her jewels for Columbus to discover America. We are all discovering America too. We are a nation of immigrants, selected out of a world by our not being afraid of oceans.

Either in person or by proxy we all crossed one kind of ocean to get to the America we have, and we are ready to cross another or a row of oceans to get, in defiance of a world, the America we want. And it is not only our genius, our instinct, our spirit, it is our special gift, it is our special practical technic to whack the incalculable, to butt the undetermined, to turn the incalculable into what we want, and to make the undetermined over, as fast as it comes, into what we have determined to have.

We have all kinds of people in America. The immediate question we have to meet in the next few months during our settlement of the League of Nations is: Which kind shall we emphasize; which kind, in the particular situation we now have to meet, is the best, the most limber, the most supple, trustworthy temperament to meet it? We shall have to choose during the next few months in America between the quibblers and the darers.

People and nations that are too particular in working out details of big things that are going to happen to them before they will allow the big things to happen to them have to put up with little ones.

The only dangerous or real risk some people ever had anything to do with was in being born, and that was run for them by other people.

Here we are with our weak, queer, funny, unbelieving League of Nations everybody has been trying to compel President Wilson to have. Everybody so shuddery about his own nation in a great lonely world. Everybody putting in his own anxious local twist. Senator Borah gets up and bellows into the ears of forty nations how Idaho feels and what Idaho wants—keeps Idahoing away day after day on the great central problem of having a world. Senator Lodge Bostonizing on it. And all the while poor President Wilson, heckled by two continents, going back to his room, to his League of Nations, once more, once more—shaving the poor thing down and peeling it away!

Until at last, what is it we are beginning with? A League of Nations with a cotton-string spine. A League of Nations without any face, without any teeth, with only voice enough to clear its throat—voice enough to clear its throat and in the presence of the assembled nations of the world say "Ahem! Ahem!"

Once a year, too, perhaps. And in that low, beautiful, faint, foggy international tone!

Or it says to a nation when it begins suddenly jumping up and being naughty: "Tut! Tut! Oh, dear! Do please be good!"

Why is it a League of Nations has to be weak like this, has to make the will of the world ridiculous, and the hearts of the peoples ashamed?

Because diplomats and politicians are afraid.

The world's conception, Mr. Wilson's conception of America is that the present crisis of the world is a crisis for which the motor or constructive genius of America, a nation of people who have struck out—a nation of immigrants—is especially adapted to act.

If I had a God I could understand He would not be a God to me. If I had a League of Nations the details of which I could tell people beforehand, in five minutes or a week, it would not be a League of Nations I should want.

The main fact about the world in the next fifty years is that it is leaning out upon nothing—upon the undetermined. A League of Nations that did not lean out upon nothing would not realize the world situation as it is and would not be competent. There have been such things as leaning out upon nothing before, and there are still a few things left, thank God, like dying and like being born in this world, which have to be taken as risks.

Senator Borah in refusing to have anything to do with a League of Nations he does not know all about beforehand is like a woman refusing to have a child without first seeing it and unless she can pick out just the shade she wants for the color of its eyes.

If every woman in this country for the next twenty years should take the position that she would not marry a man unless he could show her specifications of what his children were going to be like, she would be acting in precisely the way Senator Borah does about the League of Nations.

There are many people who want to go into marriage in a foolish life-insurance

(Concluded on Page 145)

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(Concluded from Page 142)

spirit instead of going into it the way likely young people usually do, making the wager and the adventure and the determination in it a part of what it is for. But I will not believe the American people as a whole are going into a League of Nations the way old men and old women marry, balancing and quibbling querulously with seventy-two-year-old feelings.

We are leaning out upon nothing, but in the way an airplane does by keeping its motor going.

People need not sneer at leaning out upon nothing.

Children do it.

Democracy does it.

Airplanes do it.

Genius does it.

Germany doesn't do it.

The whole quarrel of the nations with the German nation is that the other nations are geniuses and that the German nation is a monster aggregation of talent.

The German calculates everything out to a tenth of an inch, but in all those things and all parts of a thing in which calculating and plotting will not work and in which the only thing that will work is guessing and guessing right, initiative and inspiration, in leaving places for initiative and inspiration to work, the Germans are comparative failures. The blunders of France, England and America, the gaps and inefficiencies in democracy, the creative instincts, the subconscious procreative instincts of democratic institutions are beyond the Germans. With spirited people life is made up of big guesses, of following a force within which leads us to that which we know but cannot prove, to that which we feel but cannot see.

The things we care for in the non-German nations, that we live for and die for, are the latent, the possible, the probable, the magnificent uncertainties, the adventures in ourselves and in other people. We daily live like a garden or like a child, in what we are not, and in the sense of what we are going to be. We lean out upon nothing.

It is the difference between genius and talent. It is the difference between creating worlds ourselves and grabbing up sheer mathematics and numbers and multiplication tables and machinery—worlds other people have created.

There is just one initiative the Germans have—the initiative a machine has, the initiative of going on with a thing after flesh-and-blood human beings are bored with it. What the German mind has is a kind of momentum—the momentum of other people's momentum. This may be a bad quality to have, but a fine use of it can be made, which Germany will like, by the other people.

If the world were a woodpile to be cut up, the Germans would naturally do the sawing best, and the rest of us would naturally prefer splitting. We would cook and the Germans would wash dishes; or they would fix up cooking so that it would be like washing dishes—a central national kitchen probably.

But the thing for the other people to do in the world is to put off on to the Germans the things which we want done by machinery; and we should treat the Germans from now on the way they have shown they like to be treated and the way they treat one another, more or less as machines. They like it, we like it. We will set them going and keep an eye on them, but not particularly associate with them.

The question now before the American people is: Are we or are we not in the present crisis of the world going to act like the Germans or are we going to be the kind of people other nations suppose we are?

There are times in the lives of men and women and of nations that can be faced only without absolutely knowing, like childbirth and like death.

It is not a time, with forty desperate nations knocking on the door, for us to ask each other.

Or to ask a committee of the Senate; or to ask the President.

It is a time to plank down millions of votes, billions of dollars, and ask God.

The fate of a world cannot be calculated out and put on paper by a few talented men on a committee.

It has got to be a vast improvisation from hour to hour and from day to day, God and four billion people are working out together.

In dealing with things so important for us that they are unknowable, the things so important for us that God is playing the leading part, glad and proud we go on without knowing absolutely.

In the last twelve months on this planet twenty million women have faced childbirth.

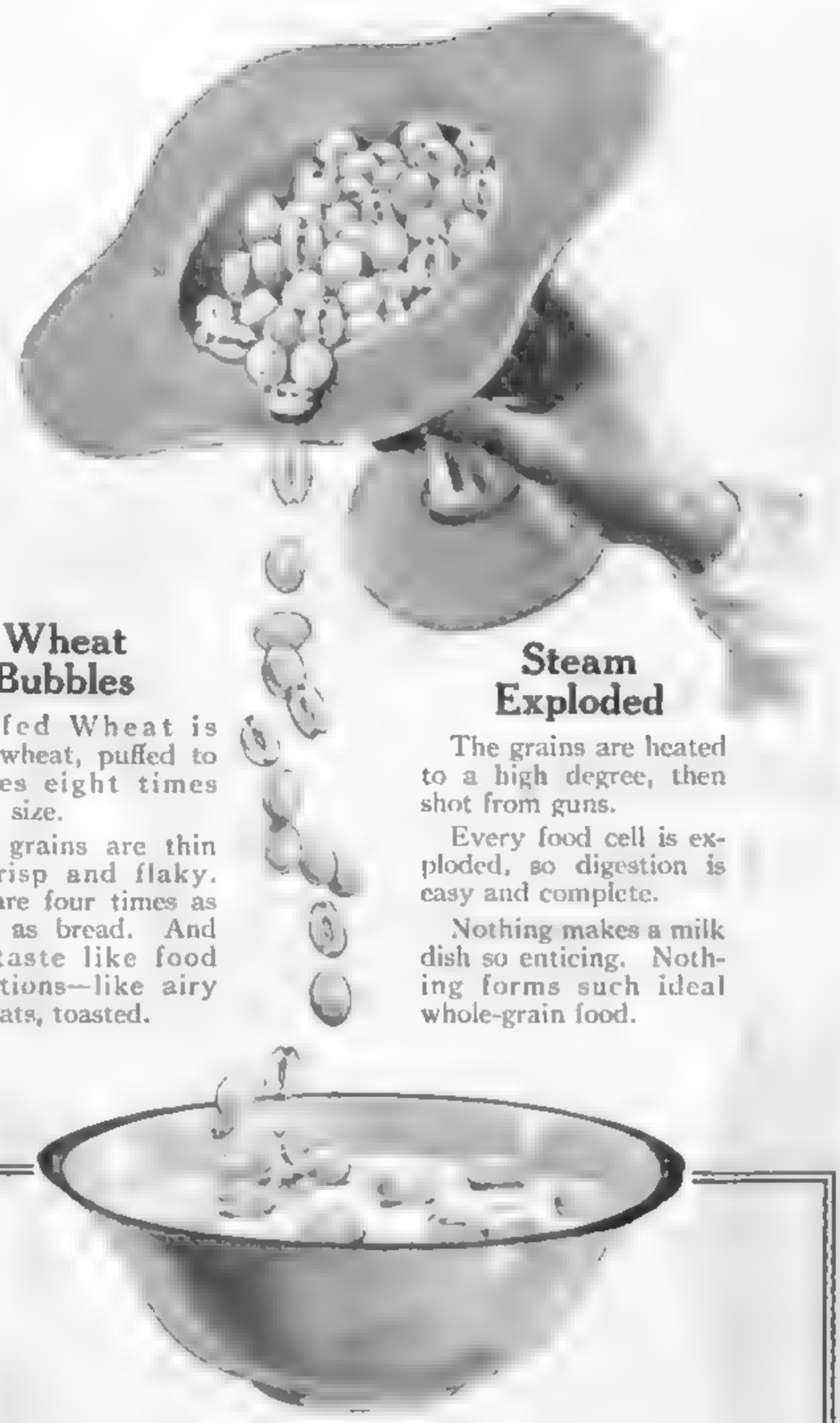
Twenty million men have faced death.

A new world has been conceived. Out of flame and thunder the vision has appeared before us.

We can only be ready.

And now are the nations gathered together in silence and in darkness in the early morning of the night.

And now are we waiting outside the door—forty nations—for the first cry of a world!



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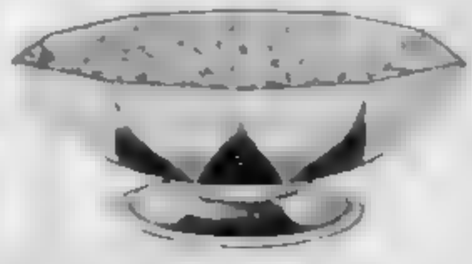

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"ÇA NE FAIT RIEN"

(Continued from Page 5)

He had got that, too, from the general.

Gray did as he was told, smiling grimly the while. If Tommy felt that way about things, all right. But just then the honors were his and he knew it. It was the beginning of the feud between them.

His rage against Tommy was most unjustly increased at finding himself far below decks in a room with five others—to be exact, with the stable sergeant, the mess sergeant, the supply sergeant and two duty sergeants. They were dropping down the river by that time and the stable sergeant, having selected the best bunk, was lying in it closely covered. Every now and then he put the blankets over his head. Sergeant Gray eyed him with some contempt.

"If you're sick now," he observed, "you'll never reach the other side."

"Sick, hell!" said the sergeant. "D'you see that sign?"

The sign was a melancholy one. It forbade absolutely all smoking below decks and on the decks above after dark. To defeat which ruling the stable sergeant was blowing the smoke from his cigarette under the bed clothing.

"Put a dog under this blanket," he said complacently, "and he'd come out deloused all right. Say, I'm going to suggest that to ——"

But Sergeant Gray was not listening. He was making an interesting experiment, which was to see whether or not he could swallow the smoke from a cigarette. He failed.

By twelve o'clock he felt very empty and extremely forlorn. The city was not even on the sky line and already illimitable distance seemed to separate him from Peggy. He stood at the rail and gazed back, but he had extreme difficulty in imagining what she might be doing at that hour, their common life having covered something less than twelve hours out of the past week. But twelve hours was seven hundred and twenty minutes and life was measured by heartbeats; seven hundred and twenty minutes at, say, eighty heartbeats a minute ——

After the noon mess of boiled cabbage, tripe and tea, orders began to issue from headquarters.

The general had had a large desk put in the sitting room of the bridal suite and sat behind it thinking up orders to issue. He did this because his stomach was none too good and occupation kept him from worrying about the sea.

"First of all," said the general, "is the matter of neatness. Take this order, Lewis." Lewis was the secretary and was trying to steady the tripod of the field typewriter between his knees—there was some motion on—and to conceal a certain indigestion he had felt since the first roller. "'As military neatness is one of the first qualities of the soldier, special attention is to be paid by the officer personnel to cleanliness of the decks. It is therefore forbidden to throw burned matches about.'"

He leaned back and closed his eyes. He was feeling a trifle dizzy.

"Tommy!" he called.

The aides were in the next room, playing chuck-a-luck in cautious silence. They had laid a folded bath towel on the top of the table and on it the dice fell softly.

"Coming, sir," said Tommy, and appeared in the doorway, rigidly at attention, but with the edge of a two-dollar bill protruding from a pocket of his blouse.

"When my aides-de-camp have finished shooting craps," observed the general suavely, "I would be greatly pleased if they will ask the staff to meet me here at four o'clock."

"Craps, sir?" said Tommy, greatly hurt.

"And I'd like to know whether you young gentlemen have entirely finished with the candy my niece sent me."

"Candy, sir?" Tommy's tone was indignant.

"Don't repeat everything I say!" warned the general as the ship gave a real wallow. "Anchor that damned typewriter to something, Lewis, and then go and bring me a cup of hot water. I'm heading for a bilious attack."

Then he eyed Tommy. He was in that state of mind and body when he cherished no illusions about his friends, and the possibility of Tommy as his nephew-in-law was not particularly pleasant. Tommy was just a bit too military. His neatly shined boots were at too precise an angle.

The general, who had outlived that phase of militarism some twenty years before and liked to relax now and then, felt sometimes that Tommy was trying to set him a good example.

"About that candy, sir," said Tommy, still aggrieved and every angle of him correct, "I would like to say ——"

The ship gave another roll. No, Tommy would not do. He was too damned persistent.

"If my aides-de-camp have finished shooting craps, as I observed before when you interrupted me," said the general most unjustly, "I should be highly gratified if they will say to the staff that, if they have quite finished their various poker and bridge games, the commanding general will see them here at four o'clock."

Which, of course, was not precisely the message Tommy and the others delivered. That is what aides-de-camp are for.

Now the real story of the enmity between Tommy and Sergeant Gray dates from precisely thirty seconds after that speech of the general's. For Tommy, going out slightly ruffled, met Sergeant Gray in the passage—or whatever they call it on a ship—and the sergeant, having just been thrown against a doorway, had struck his right crazy bone and was holding himself tight so he would not yell. Tommy, ignorant of the accident, paused before Gray and said in his most aide-de-camp-ly manner:

"Sergeant!"

At which the usage of war demands that the sergeant salute and reply "Sir."

But Gray was past even the usages of polite society. He still stood looking into vacancy and trying not to yell.

"Well?" said Tommy, waiting for the proper thing to happen.

Slowly Sergeant Gray came back to partial consciousness and turned a pair of eyes filled with fury on Tommy.

"Oh, go away and lemme alone!" he said. Which was neither Harvard nor regulations, and immediately made him liable to court-martial.

Tommy flushed.

"I'm in no hurry, Gray," he said urbanely. "I'll just wait here until you have a moment to think."

"I've d—— I've darned near broken my arm."

"I'm waiting."

A dogged resolution not to salute Tommy at any price was rapidly forming in Sergeant Gray's mind. He dropped his right arm limp at his side and made an abortive effort to raise it.

"Can't lift my hand, sir. Awfully sorry."

"There's no hurry," said Tommy. "The voyage will last ten days and I'm prepared to stand here until you salute me, if "

"If it takes all summer," finished Sergeant Gray. "Very well, sir. But I shall be obliged to report to my captain that I am being subjected to persecution."

It had ceased entirely to be a matter of rules and regulations and was now a matter of a girl. Both of them knew it. The anger between them was primitive jealousy complicated by a Sam Browne belt and two parallel bars. Tommy under ordinary circumstances was a nice chap who sent his mother flowers on her birthday and would pick up pedestrians in his car and give them a lift quite often, unless he was on his way to play golf. On those occasions he hadn't time to stop. And Gray was one of those fellows, even at Harvard, who liked to chat with motormen on street cars and always sent the telephone girl a box of candy at Christmas and was likely to pick up a stray dog 'most anywhere and take it into whatever place was nearest and order it a square meal. Wrapped in paper of course.

But a very brief acquaintance with a girl—the same girl—had changed them both.

So they stood there rigidly and in silence until at two minutes after four the general put his head out of the door and said:

"Tommy!"

"Yes, sir."

"What the hell has happened to the staff?"

"Sorry, sir." Tommy was a bright pink. "Gray has refused to salute me and—I'll notify them at once, sir."

The general stood in the doorway and drew himself to his full and awful height. He was not, at that, much taller than Gray,

(Continued on Page 149)

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(Continued from Page 146)

but he had a chest like a hogshead and room enough for a whole constellation of stars on his shoulders.

"Come in, sergeant," he said grimly, and stalked into his room grimly and creaked into his chair grimly.

Of course he would normally have done nothing of the sort. He would—the matter forcing itself on his attention as it had—have ordered Gray in irons at once. But there was the Peggy complication. He was very fond of Peggy.

"Of course," he said, also grimly, "you know this is a court-martial offense?"

"Yes, sir."

"Unless there are extenuating circumstances. In that case ——"

He eyed Gray.

"I couldn't move my arm, sir. I'd knocked my crazy bone."

"Can you lift it now?"

"I think so, sir."

"Very well," said the general. "You will salute Captain Trowbridge fifty times. In the passage when he returns."

There was, for just the fraction of a second, the exchange of a glance of understanding between the general and Sergeant Gray. It was, on the general's part, by way of being a twinkle; and on Sergeant Gray's, of triumph.

"May I ask a question, sir?"

"Well?"

"Is Captain Trowbridge to return the salutes?"

"According to regulations, he will."

And again, for the fraction of a second, they exchanged glances. The general liked Tommy, and in a sort of watchful and reminiscent way—remembering West Point probably—he liked Gray. But whom a general loves he chastens.

It was a very sulky Tommy who returned to the chuck-a-luck game some time later, while the staff smoked cigarettes in the general's room and discussed such matters as physical exercise for the troops; and mumps and submarines and the rotten food the Navy gave the Army; and what the deuce had happened to the heavy freight; and seasickness; and the fundamental motives of Pershing's strategy. A certain number of them began several times to say: "When I was in the Philippines ——" and were cut short hastily.

It was when they had all gone that the general sent for Gray and made him his sergeant orderly. He made it very clear that Gray was still under the ban of his displeasure and that the real reason he was taking him in at all was to clean up after the staff. For the floor of headquarters looked rather like the floor of a pool room, being covered with burned matches and cigarette ashes and torn-up bits of paper on which various members of the staff had noted suggestions to be made to the general—and then thought better of it.

"I have come to the conclusion, Gray," finished the general, "that the only way to keep you out of trouble is to keep you in it. You'll have plenty of it right here."

"Yes, sir," said Sergeant Gray with a sort of sinking conviction that he would now have to polish the general's boots, until he remembered that the general had a valet along. What the deuce did a sergeant orderly do, anyhow?

"You will stay within call," said the general, "and make yourself generally useful. Better clean up this floor now. And hereafter, sergeant, you will make note of the name of any officer throwing matches or ashes on my floor. Keep a pad and pencil in your pocket."

Then he went to have tea with the captain on the bridge, accompanied by the chief of staff carrying his tea ball. The general drank only his own tea.

This is really the story of a feud and its culmination. Feuds are of two sorts: The sort that spring up spontaneously out of an initial injury, and the ones that grow slowly from small things to greater ones. This was both.

Some time later Tommy sauntered into the general's room for one of the general's cigarettes. His own tobacco tasted queer to him—not that he was seasick of course. And seeing Gray there he did not see him—which happens in the Army now and then—and lighted a cigarette and threw the match on the floor. Whereupon Sergeant Gray got a pad out of his pocket and wrote something on it.

Tommy was vaguely uneasy. He went into the aides' room next door and pondered. And when he had lost three dollars and twenty cents more he went back for another cigarette and lighted it and waited developments. They came. Gray got out the pad again and wrote on it.

This time Tommy told the aides and they put their heads together, but it was no use. It wasn't the taking of the cigarettes. The general expected that, for—having almost as much privacy as a canary bird—he had never found a place where they were sufficiently concealed. Though he had done fairly well for a few days once with a box marked: "Memoranda for book on the new warfare."

During the time the general was having tea Sergeant Gray's list grew. He got—to be exact:

The divisional judge advocate.
The divisional adjutant.
The chaplain.
The master-at-arms.
The ship's executive officer.
A seasick brigadier general—who threw his whole cigar on the floor and groaned. Gray had hardly the heart to put him down.

A lieutenant colonel. This latter waited some time and threw three matches and two butts on the floor. But this was because he was impatient. He had been notified that he was promoted to a full colonel, but his papers had not come before sailing and he wanted permission to put on his eagles for dinner.

Some time later the general returned. He was quite cheery, having done all the talking and made an excellent case for the Army versus the Navy, and he smiled grimly over Sergeant Gray's list.

"Tommy!" he called. And when Tommy came, neater than wax and slightly dignified owing to the matter of returning fifty salutes, the general very pleasantly read:

"Captain Trowbridge, two matches.

"I am determined," said the general rather oratorically, "to enforce military neatness about me. Pick 'em up, Tommy."

Which Tommy did, grinning sourly and avoiding Sergeant Gray's eye.

"And the evening and the morning were the first day."

The first thing that was noticeable was the Gallicization of the ship. The doughboys had French phrase books and pored over them diligently. There was a sprinkling of British added to the conversation also, owing to the magnificent presence of an English sergeant major on board.

"Attention for the sergeant majah!" or "Gangway for the sergeant majah!" they would call when he appeared. "Cheer-o" and "Feeling rather ducky this morning, aren't you?" vied with such French phrases as "*Très bon*," pronounced tray bone, and "*Combien*," pronounced according to taste and directed at the boy behind the grating who sold tobacco and candy. The routine of the ship went on, varied by reveille and mess calls, by shooting craps and by physical exercise which consisted mostly—owing to lack of space—of putting the men on their backs and having them raise their legs in the air, on the count dropping them with tremendous thuds to the deck.

"Not dignified," reflected the general, watching them, "but better than nothing. It might be good for the waistline."

He took to doing it himself in his stateroom and one morning Sergeant Gray, drowsily keeping watch on the deck outside the window of the general's cabin, was electrified to see a pair of strong and muscular bare legs, topped by feet, rise into view and disappear some six times.

This keeping watch had been Gray's idea. It had come as a result of the united efforts of William, the general's colored valet, and Lewis and Sergeant Gray to get the general each morning into his rubber life-saving suit for practice in case of necessity; and into his life belt in time for fire drill. The general always blamed the suit for his troubles—or his valet.

"What the hell's the matter with you this morning?" he would roar. "Arms paralyzed?"

And when it was all over and the general was near his boat and the troops were rushing up the companionways like battering rams, each man holding to the breeches belt of the man ahead, with the little fellows who lost their footing swinging like the cracker on the end of a whip, while the staff stood at different stations timing the drill with stop watches, Lewis and Gray and William would sink into chairs and perspire.

"Eleven minutes!" Lewis would groan. "If we're struck he'll go down like a stone. He's too big to move fast."

The Salisbury New Rear Axle

Pressed Steel Standard Type

"Always Safe"

AN automobile is only as good as its *rear axle*. Remember—you may have the best engine in the world in your car but that does not and cannot make it a *good motor car* unless the *rear axle* is mechanically correct and physically perfect.

Few people realize that the *rear axle* of an automobile is, next to the engine, the most important mechanical factor in producing a good automobile. The engine's power is transmitted to the rear (driving) wheels through the pinion gear of the propeller shaft and differential mechanism—all part of the *rear axle*.

The *rear axle* of a carriage or wagon carries the weight of the vehicle on the spindle.

The *rear axle* of an automobile carries the weight of the vehicle on its *housing*—the pressed steel case which encloses the differential gear, driving shaft and all bearings—and includes the wheel hubs, brakes and brake mechanism complete ready for use.

One may better understand the importance of the *rear axle* when it is said there are over 150 individual parts of the *rear axle* mechanism that must be carefully machined and fitted to micrometer measure. This mechanism must be compact, silent and of great strength to transmit the power of the engine to the driving wheels with the least possible friction or loss of power.

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Made in three standard sizes for cars weighing 1700 to 4000 pounds.

The automobile manufacturer who specifies our axles adds a strong selling point to the prospective purchaser.

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Established 1909
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1788 Broadway, New York

"Dollars to doughnuts he'd refuse to leave without full equipment," said Gray rather bitterly. "There's only one thing to do, Lewis. He oughtn't to be alone at night."

"He's got a bunch of aides."

"He has," assented Gray grimly. "I call 'em, don't I? D'you ever know 'em to waken until I've banged at their doors for ten minutes? Eleven o'clock this morning before one of them showed up! No, this is up to you and me, Lewis."

"All right," said Lewis without enthusiasm. He loved the general as a mother loves a child, but he generally felt that he was running the entire division. In speaking of the general to his intimates he always said "we."

"We issued an order about throwing cigarettes overboard this A. M.," he would say, for instance. "If a sub should pick up two in a line she could get our course."

Or: "Sorry, old-timer. No cards for me. We're seeing the staff at ten-thirty."

So: "All right," he said. "Well?"

"He's all right in daylight," said Gray. "Or he will be as soon as he gives up that rubber-suit business and sticks to a life belt. It's night I'm thinking about."

All of which leads merely to the next step in the feud. For Lewis and Gray and William—at his own request—divided themselves into three watches and hovered like ministering angels on the deck outside the bridal suite. But things were uneventful enough, except that William, his first watch on, hearing strange and stertorous sounds from beyond the porthole, roused Gray with a shuddering fear that the general had had an attack of apoplexy.

And except that the general, finding Gray yawning all over the place one morning, observed tartly that he'd better stop shooting craps all night.

"Yes, sir," said Sergeant Gray.

It is unfortunate perhaps that the night Tommy could not sleep for thinking of the girl, and the night Sergeant Gray saw the submarine should have coincided. It was not really a submarine, so there is no need for excitement.

Gray saw the periscope quite plainly. It may have been merely a nocturnal whale dreaming, like Tommy and Gray, of a lost love—it must be so frightfully easy for a whale to lose track of his love in the Atlantic—or it may have been the leg of a table or an empty crate. Considerable excitement was wasted on empty crates in the Atlantic during the late unpleasantness. Whatever it was, Gray was not in much doubt. But he waited to be quite sure, because a fellow hates to get five thousand men up on deck in the middle of the night for what may turn out to be the carcass of a horse.

So he stood bent over the rail. And at that moment a figure came along the empty deck, walking as men walk at night when they dream of a house in the country with a lot of vines and things and a girl waiting in a runabout for the five-twenty from town—and the figure held between wistful lips a lighted cigarette.

It took just one and a half seconds for Gray to knock the cigarette out of the aforesaid wistful mouth—and then he did it by jarring rather than direct action. For he miscalculated his distance and hit Captain Trowbridge, Yale '16, aide-de-camp and captain of artillery, a mighty slam on the ear.

Some moments later the general opened his porthole and put out his head. On the deck just outside was a darkish mass which seemed to be still and yet in violent movement.

"Stop that!" roared the general. "Get up out of that and get below decks. What the ——" There has been considerable military language so far. We'll call it mischief. "What the mischief d'you fellows mean, anyhow?"

The mass slowly became two masses and took on vertical instead of horizontal dimensions. But neither mass spoke. By common consent they separated, looking—as Elizabeth Browning says—two ways, and moving in the direction they were looking.

It was the chaplain who first noticed next morning the coincidence that one of the general's aides-de-camp had a swollen left ear and that the sergeant-orderly had a cut lip.

The chaplain sauntered into the bridal suite and—having been most military for two seconds—took one of the general's cigarettes, surveyed himself in the general's mirror and observed: "Been having a family row, I see."

"Pick up that match, chaplain," said the general testily. "What sort of a row?"

"Been some sort of a mix-up between Tommy and Gray. Wish I'd seen it. Must have been considerable of a scrap."

"Nonsense," snapped the general. "What'd they fight about?"

"Search me!"

"Besides, an officer and a noncom ——"

The chaplain, who was fond of boxing, had doubled up his fists and was making tentative passes at the general's trench coat, which was swinging on a hook.

"They haven't liked each other much for some days," he said, and got in a beautiful hook on the general's collar. "If you ask me, it's mutual jealousy."

"I see," said the general in a thoughtful tone. He greatly admired the chaplain, though he complained of him bitterly. "Can't teach him discipline," he would say at dinner parties. "Goes A. W. O. L. whenever he wants to and turns up blithely with some excuse or other and a box of cigars for me. I don't know what to do with the fellow."

"How dreadful!" the débutante on his right would breathe.

"Horrible," the general would agree. "But I can't put him in the guardhouse, though I've threatened it. The men love him. They call him the Bird of Paradise. Fact. I'm the Old Bird and he's the Bird of Paradise."

Upon which his great shoulders would heave and the débutante would try to think of the proper thing to say.

So the general saw how the chaplain's mind was working.

"There wasn't much time," he observed.

"It wouldn't take much time. Not with the young lady I have in mind. If I were not a married man ——"

But the chief of staff came in just then, very military and precise, and the chaplain became just as military and precise and went out.

During the day the general issued more orders, to keep him from thinking about his stomach, and went on deck to read for a while, taking a book on military tactics and a detective story with him. So long as Tommy was near him he read tactics. But for quite a long time he sat and looked at the sea and thought about his niece back home, who was all the daughter he had, and these two young rascals pummeling each other under his window the night before. It took him back quite a number of years.

"The young fools," he said reminiscently.

Well, there was no use worrying about it. They were going to war and no one could tell who would come back. He looked aft along the deck to where those fine boys of his were clustered against the rail, and he wondered.

II

THEY landed eventually and a code signal went back overseas at once, liberating several thousand post cards announcing their safe arrival. And a certain girl who lived near the port of debarkation and had been meeting the postman every morning for some time, got three of them. Two of them she put in her desk and the third one she put in the pocket of her sweater and carried with her. It is too soon to tell which one that was. But her mother found it and took it to her father—pretty well worn it was by that time—and he said: "The kiddie's always off at some sort of a tangent. She'll forget him in a week."

"She isn't eating."

"Probably eating between meals," he said callously. "Ice-cream sodas and that sort of stuff. Cut her allowance."

But a morning or two later at breakfast he said over the morning paper: "Looks as though Charlie wouldn't get any fighting after all. They're breaking fast."

Charlie was the general.

"Damned shame too," he added.

"Father!" said a choked voice. "How can you? Wouldn't you be glad if it was all over? And they'd all come home and ——"

Here the girl lost her voice and left the table in a hurry.

"Humph!" said her father thoughtfully. "What was the name on that card?"

And on hearing it: "Better take her down to Aiken for a few weeks," he said. "She's got some sort of a bee in her bonnet."

"She has," said her mother grimly. "She can tell you herself. I won't."

But of course she did, almost immediately, and the cook in the kitchen heard

(Continued on Page 153)

A Personal Experience with Threaded Rubber Insulation

I have one of the original lot of Still Better Willards, put out in 1916 before any announcement had been made to the general public.

It was in February, 1919, that I discovered my battery had Threaded Rubber Insulation. The car has seen plenty of hard service. I drove it all through the hard winter of 1918—extreme cold and lots of dark days.

But I never had any battery trouble of any kind till one morning in February when I found the battery dead. The day before, the distributor was out of order and a friend of mine who was driving, punished the starter severely and exhausted the battery.

I went to the nearest Willard Service Station, got a rental battery, and had mine recharged. I was told what I didn't know—that I had Threaded Rubber Insulation in my Willard Battery.

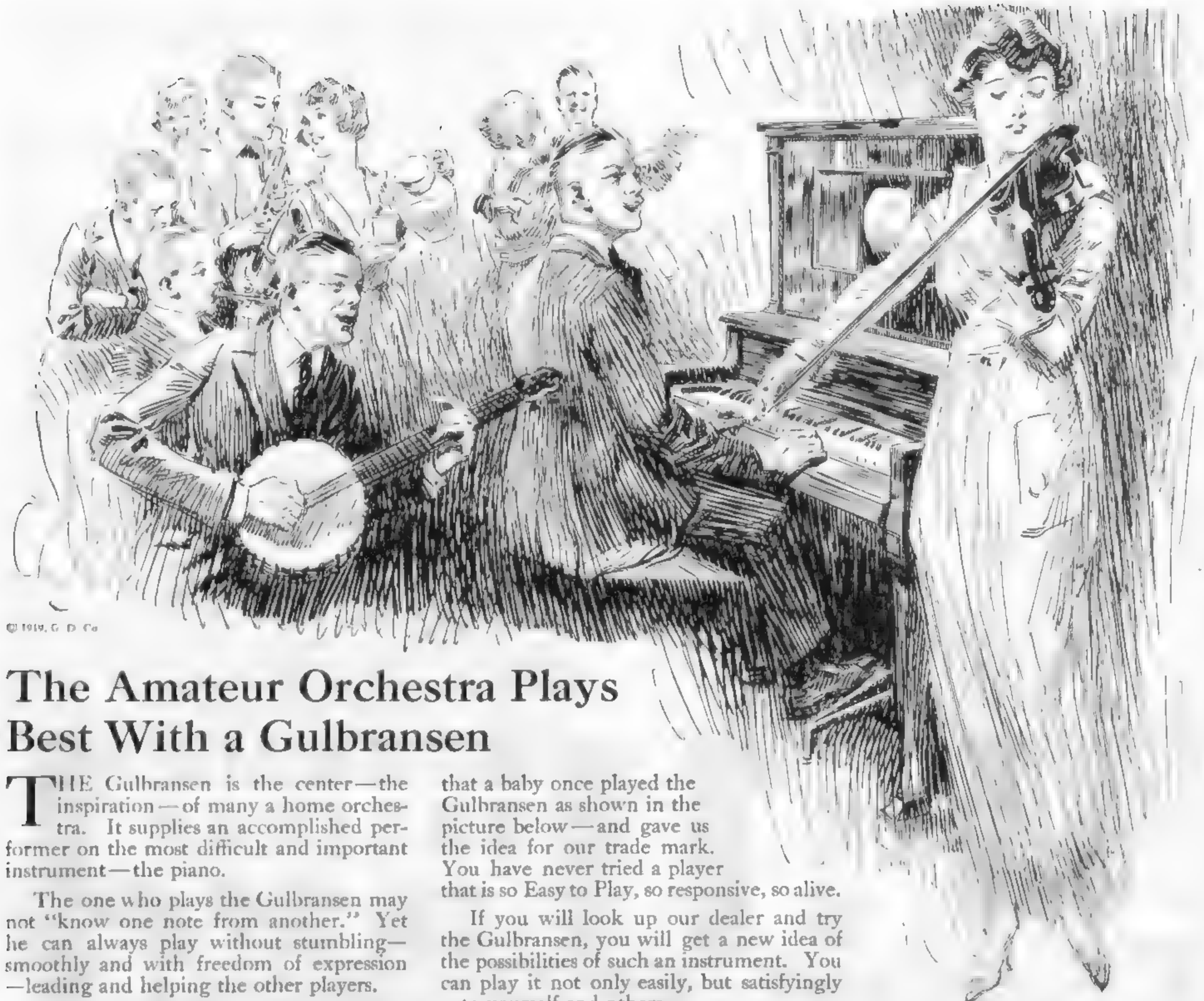
I haven't had it recharged since, and it has the same old punch and pep today (June 1st). That's some record, I'll say.

A. JUDSON,
13740 Euclid Ave., Cleveland, Ohio

The above is a fair sample of what Threaded Rubber Insulation means. If this battery had had wood insulation, it would long since have had to be reinsulated; for the owner frankly admitted he had never been any too regular about keeping it filled with water.

Of course, starvation, overheating and improperly regulated electrical equipment will injure even a Willard Battery with Threaded Rubber Insulation, and therefore it's impossible to guarantee any definite length of life. But under equal conditions Threaded Rubber Insulation greatly extends a battery's life and indefinitely postpones reinsulation.

Three years' experience on thousands of cars has established this fact beyond any question.

THIS is the battery referred to above, from a photograph taken three years and five months after it went into service. It was put back in the car and is still alive and kicking. Only once in its life was it recharged from an outside source.

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The one who plays the Gulbransen may not "know one note from another." Yet he can always play without stumbling—smoothly and with freedom of expression—leading and helping the other players.

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There are many refinements in the Gulbransen that help in playing with other instruments. It transposes to any key that is easiest for the other instruments. It responds instantly to changes in tempo. Any part of a roll may be silenced. Either bass or treble on the entire scale may be subdued to bring out solos on other instruments.

The Gulbransen is so Easy to Play that it never tires you. The pedals act so gently that a baby once played the Gulbransen as shown in the picture below—and gave us the idea for our trade mark. You have never tried a player that is so Easy to Play, so responsive, so alive.

If you will look up our dealer and try the Gulbransen, you will get a new idea of the possibilities of such an instrument. You can play it not only easily, but satisfyingly—to yourself and others.

At the right are a few selections appropriate for the home orchestra. Try them on the Gulbransen at our dealer's store. He shows the Baby at the Pedals in his window and newspaper advertising. If you don't know him, write us for his address.

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Four models, all playable by hand or by roll, sold at the same prices to everybody, everywhere in the U. S., freight and war tax paid. Price branded in the back of each instrument at the factory.

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Country Seat Model	535	Suburban Model	450

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Those marked * specially arranged for orchestra accompaniment.

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I'm Wild About Animal Rag
Dear Old Pal of Mine
*Humoresque Dvorak
*Liebestraum Liszt
*Intermezzo Mascagni
Hungarian
*Sextette from Lucia
*Angelus Avery Isaacs
*Largo from Xerxes Handel
After the Ball
Carmen Grand Fantasia
*Intermezzo from Jewels of the Madonna Wolf-Ferrari
*Ladies' Mechanical
Sextette from Lucia
Jocelyn Berceuse
American Patrol Meacham
Stars and Stripes Sousa
Admiral's Barge
Humoresque Dvorak
Heart o' the Hills Ingraham
Largo Handel

Gulbransen Trade Mark

(Pronounced Gul-BRAN-sen)

GULBRANSEN Player-Piano

(Continued from Page 150)

a loud roaring from the dining room and slipped into the pantry to listen.

"Never!" said the roaring voice. "Never, with my consent. D'you think I've lost my mind? Send her here! I'll tell her! I'll settle this matter! This is one time when I shall assert myself in my own family."

So they sent for the girl and she came and he asserted himself for fifteen minutes. At the end of which time he apologized. Then he argued for fifteen minutes, at the end of which he was perspiring and humble. At the end of an hour he was a cringing, pleading male, offering bribes of new cars and saddle horses; and was only met with something like this, delivered in a gentle, patient tone:

"I only feel that it is my duty, father dear. Of course I cannot expect you to understand. It is the call of my country. I must accept. Some one person out of this family ought to do something."

"Your brother is over there fighting."

"Exactly," she said in her patient way. "And millions of other people's brothers to be looked after."

"What d'you mean then—some 'one' person?" he persisted, sensing a gibe.

"From the three of us."

"Look here," he thundered, "aren't we working? Haven't I runed my voice for the Liberty Loan?"

"Not noticeably," she said coldly.

But everybody knows the rest of that conversation. It took place in about a million homes, and in a certain fixed percentage of instances it ended in a trip to Washington and certain tearful fittings of girlish uniforms. And in the end one blue-and-white or pink-and-white bedroom being closed off; and certain sheepish visits to its emptiness; and a renewed, terrified scanning of the daily papers for submarine sinkings. From which it will be seen that the girl did not go to Aiken. That is the story.

The curious thing about this story is that it is a war story without any war in it whatever. Of course the people at home did not know that. Sergeant Gray's family, playing golf at Del Monte, always visualized him as a sort of storm center for Hun strafing. They considered that German shells would seek him as orange juice seeks the eye. And Peggy's people saw her wandering over battlefields at night, stooping ever and anon amid flying bullets to soothe the wounded, and perhaps being captured by the enemy.

But the real facts were rather different. Not that the girl wouldn't have gone straight into the jaws of hell if she had had a chance, or that Sergeant Gray wouldn't have done his fair share of the fighting and considerable more. They were both just out of luck, that's all.

It was late summer when the division reached France and went into training in the general direction of the Front. It had been trained pretty fine already and was reported to G. H. Q. as being in first-class condition by a lot of inspectors-general—nicknamed the Pickwick Club by the general in confidence to the chief of staff.

The general had a compartment in the train going up, and he took the chief of staff in with him and put Sergeant Gray in an upper berth because it might be necessary to speak French during the night. He had been studying French himself, but the French didn't seem to know their own language, and when he got excited he mixed considerable Filipino Spanish in it and it was rather like a salad.

Tommy had been missing when the arrangement was made, and sometime after midnight he turned up and in—on the floor of the compartment. He was sleeping there quite peacefully when a German shell struck him in the chest and a startled voice belonging to Sergeant Gray said:

"Awfully sorry, sir. Just wanted to get a drink of water. Had no idea you were there." He thought he had jumped on the general.

"Wuf!" coughed Tommy, holding his chest. "Wuf! Wuf! What the dickens do you mean—trying to murder me?"

Sergeant Gray listened. The general was wide awake by that time, but continued to snore.

"Why the devil don't you sleep where you belong then?" whispered Sergeant Gray furiously. "I've sprained my ankle on you."

The next snore the general gave sounded strangely like a snort.

Now I am perfectly aware that in our Army no commissioned officer swears at a noncom, and that if he ever did the noncom would of course not swear back. But it must constantly be remembered that the situation between Tommy and Sergeant Gray was extramilitary. It was man to man. It was Yale to Harvard and Harvard to Yale. And it was jealousy to jealousy.

Well, they got to their area finally and did the usual things, such as getting rid of the manure heaps in the street and learning to brush their teeth in the mornings while the astounded French populace looked on. Except the officers, they washed mostly in the street at the town pump, and, drill over, they bought chocolate sweetened with saccharin, and writing paper and *vin ordinaire* at the little shops. They grew quite accustomed to cows breaking through their ranks when they were drawn up for the solemn ceremony of retreat; and to having these same cows wander at night into the stables where some of them were billeted and lie down with them to pleasant dreams. And they gave their monkey meat and tin willie to the French children and their extra underwear—finding how badly they needed it—and bought green cheese at the cheese shop, and had to report to the regimental doctor afterward.

But always, always, they waited for the order to move up to the Front. And it did not come.

The Headquarters Troop got very low in its mind. There they were, on their toes to get to work, and life consisted of trucking every blasted thing they needed six kilometers from a railhead, fighting the military police for diversion and as usual attempting to evade the early-morning shave by liberal applications of talcum powder to jaws and upper lips. They had been there about five weeks when William, arriving in the kitchen for breakfast after helping the general into his clothes, announced that the general was sick.

"Or if he ain't he's goin' to be," he asserted. "He was readin' the morning mail and talkin' to himself something awful. Then I give him the last of that there grapefruit we brought over, and all at once he give a yell and I ain't seen him since."

"Where's the grapefruit?" inquired Sergeant Gray anxiously. As sergeant-orderly he was now a part of the household and ate in the kitchen. He didn't mind that at all, but it gave him an uncomfortable sense sometimes of being warmer and better fed than the other fellows. It was awfully good for him, too, being an excellent offset to being a spoiled only son. Every now and then he helped the cooks pare the potatoes. But he sometimes wondered about his mother playing golf in California. He was afraid she might think she hadn't raised her boy to be a potato parer.

"If you ate that grapefruit!" he threatened William.

"It's there—unless the aide-de-camps've got it," said William. "They're like these here vacuum cleaners, them aide-de-camps. They ——"

Sergeant Gray, who was of the age that is always hungry, tiptoed into the hall of the little French house and gazed into the dining room across. The grapefruit was there, and sitting behind it was Tommy, booted and spurred, with a new riding crop on the table and a fresh morning shave and a very feminine-looking letter in his hand. A hot wave of jealousy flashed over Sergeant Gray.

Tommy glanced up.

"Sergeant!"

"Yes, sir," said Sergeant Gray with suspicious eyes on the letter.

"Bring me some powdered sugar."

"Sir?" said Sergeant Gray.

"Powdered sugar," repeated Tommy in a cold voice.

"I beg your pardon, sir?"

"You heard me!" bawled Tommy. "Sugar! Powdered sugar!"

Now a sergeant-orderly has many duties. They consist frequently in doing anything that the proper person for the job may flunk. He may be put to anything from raking the general's lawn to leading a platoon over the top in battle. But there is nothing in the regulations about powdered sugar.

"Yes, sir," said Sergeant Gray and retired to the kitchen. It was empty.

"Sugar," muttered Sergeant Gray furiously. "I'll see him in blazes first. Sugar!" He sat down.

"Sergeant!" came a very military voice from across the hall.

"Sugar! I'll sugar him!" mumbled Sergeant Gray, glancing round the kitchen.

Almost thirty seconds later he stalked into the dining room and placed a bowl

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before Tommy, and Tommy—feeling the magnanimity of victory—observed that it was a nice morning.

"Yes, sir," said Sergeant Gray, and retired, taking Tommy's glass of water with him, ostensibly to refill it. Having done that he proceeded systematically to empty the water pails in the kitchen.

It was only an instant after that that he heard wild and choking speech from the dining room, and ran in. Tommy was on his feet making hideous grimaces.

"Water!" he yelled. "Quick! Get me some water! I'm poisoned! I'm ——"

"Just discovered there isn't any water, sir," said Sergeant Gray. "I'll run to the town pump for some, sir."

Tommy, however, shot past him to the kitchen and was making a frenzied round of the water pails. Finding none, however, he poured some scalding coffee instead and but substituted one agony for another.

"Awfully sorry, sir," said Sergeant Gray in the tone one uses to a sick child. "If I can do anything ——"

Tommy steadied himself with an effort and confronted him.

"Gray, what did you bring me for sugar?"

"For sugar? Wasn't it sugar, sir?"

"You know darned well it wasn't sugar."

"It was in a box," protested Sergeant Gray in an aggrieved voice. "I'm no cook, sir, but it looked like sugar. If you didn't notice the difference yourself, sir ——"

Tommy looked at him speechlessly and went out. And Sergeant Gray's smile was a mirthless one, for there was the edge of a pink envelope sticking out of the breast pocket of Tommy's blouse.

It is most unfortunate to have to record that that day the general developed mumps. It was given out in the division as bronchitis, of course, and the general lay in a high French bed and roared orders to the chief of staff outside the door and threw a puttee at William when he suggested a hot lemonade. But part of the time he lay in the bed and nursed two grievances: First, that the Germans were breaking fast and unless they moved up soon they might as well not move at all. And second, that his family had had an attack of insanity and had allowed Peggy to come to France. He considered that girls were of two kinds: The ones to be taken care of and babied and have their railroad tickets bought for them and the automobile rug tucked in round them and a kiss for every birthday and one to grow on. And the others. The general's niece belonged to the first kind.

She was in Paris.

"I'm going to come to see you before I really settle down to work," she had written. "Lots of people here say I can't do it; but I saw the nicest general yesterday and two colonels to-day. They all seem to be going in your direction soon and they all think you are a perfectly wonderful soldier and that if anything happens to General Pershing, which of course we mustn't hope for ——"

"Little minx!" said the general. "She'll have the whole general staff eating out of her hand in a week!

"And I'll be in a pretty pickle if she comes here."

However, the word pickle brought a terrible pain immediately in front of his ears and changed the trend of his thoughts.

The general had considerable time to think during the next few days. Mostly he thought about war and what wires he could pull to get to the Front. But he also thought about Peggy and Tommy and Sergeant Gray. He was a very wise man and he considered it unlikely that pure family affection was bringing the girl to visit him. Which was it then? Gray or Tommy? The general decided that it was Gray by a very easy method. He simply tried to think which one he would choose if he were a pretty girl and twenty, and he decided that it would be Gray.

Yes, the girl was only twenty. She had fibbed about her age a bit to get over; but, then, a good many others did. Only it was unfortunate that she had antedated her birth a number of years before her parents were married.

It was some days later that the general told Tommy she was coming. Tommy stood in the doorway, very rigid and trying not to inhale germs, and acknowledged that he, too, had had a letter.

"She can't stay here," said the general. "Don't know how the deuce she's put it over, anyhow. Against every regulation. Likely to make trouble all round. You fellows will have to look after her, y'know. Only going to keep her one day."

"I was wondering, sir," said Tommy, "if I could get Paris leave for a day or two. I need some uniforms, sir. Not immediately, sir," he added hastily, seeing something in the general's eye. He had no mind to be sent back to Paris while she was in camp.

"I'll see about it."

"And—if you are well enough to talk, sir ——"

"I'm not," said the general fretfully. "What is it?"

"I have been thinking about Gray, sir. I understand he is anxious for a commission and that you are thinking of —— The recommendations for the candidates' school are ready to be filled out."

There was a small twinkle in the general's eye.

"Run away and play, Tommy," he said. "There are moments when I realize my age and general unfitness for the service. But I'm still running this division, thank God! And you might intimate as much to the chief of staff sometime."

Left alone, the general reflected.

"Now Gray," he considered, "wouldn't have done that. He'll use his wits or his fists or both. But I miss my guess if he'd try to put Tommy out of the way."

Here, however, he dozed off and was only awakened by the arrival of the storm center, accompanied by two very important general officers and a fatuous captain, who had tucked her up most of the way in the motor and already had the light of insanity in his eyes.

"Mumps!" she said to Tommy. "Why, the poor old dear! Then I'm going to stay right here and nurse him."

"He needs you," said Tommy in a maudlin tone. "He needs you awfully. We can put you up, you know. We ——"

But she was not listening to Tommy. As a matter of fact, for the last thirty miles she had not heard a thing the general officers said, such as: "It was the plan, in case the enemy reached this point ——" or: "These buildings on the right contain engineers' stores. Those are pontoons for bridges." Or even the captain: "Are you quite sure your feet are warm?"

She was homing like a pigeon, though she did not know it.

She greeted them all: The judge advocate, who was not really so formidable as his title and should have been in his office at headquarters quarreling with the mayor about taking over the town hall; and the chaplain, who had an open tenderness for her—only he would have called it *tendresse* now; and such of the staff as could pretend it had business there; and naturally all the aides. And then she saw Sergeant Gray.

Now it is hard to say just how she had thought of Sergeant Gray. She had always known that Tommy, for instance, and the others, would be living comfortably somewhere and mostly sending out orders to fight and that sort of thing. But Gray was different. She had always pictured him in his helmet, one of a long, grim line crouched waiting to go over the top. She had had a number of such pictures of him stored away, but she had not exactly anticipated finding him in charge of a detail cleaning out the town well.

Yet when she looked down the narrow street that is precisely what he was doing. She looked away for fear he might feel uncomfortable and said at once:

"How military you all look! You're so imposing. Some of you may have noticed," she added, "that I am in uniform myself." But she was really saying to herself fiercely that it took all sorts of things to make a war, and certainly clean drinking water was one of them.

So Sergeant Gray kept on with his work and found a number of things that the French population had missed for years, and had continued healthy in spite of, and the general's official family surrounded one member of his personal family, and clanking with spurs and swollen with rank, took Peggy inside. The odds were certainly Tommy's that afternoon.

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